



SHAKESPEARE  
**THE TEMPEST**

*Edited With :*

**General Introduction, Text with Paraphrase, Story of the Play,  
Character-Sketches, Explanatory Notes, Explanations of  
Important Passages, Questions and Answers  
including Objective Type Questions, etc.**

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EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS : AGRA-3**



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## 1. HISTORY OF THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

The story of the birth and early development of English drama is rather complicated, if traced in all its details. But the various stages and transitions through which it passed, can be clearly followed. Before the Norman conquest, there was no drama in English as such. It should be remembered that the bulk of Old English writings is overshadowed by the influence of Latin Christianity. The Latin Church had always feared the powerful appeal that drama made to the eye and ear—an appeal to the senses being a direct challenge to its spiritual authority. Since the decadence of the pagan drama of Rome, the Church had done nothing to encourage the stage. But strangely enough, the Mass in Latin Christianity was in reality a sacred drama—and contained at any rate dramatic possibilities. Thus, under the shadow of the Church drama rose again, phoenix-like, from its ashes.

First, on the continent as early as the tenth century, the clergy requisitioned the most elementary kind of dramatic representation—a sort of *tableau*—to bring home to the spectators the simple truths of Christianity. From the continent it passed over to England with the Normans. To this source may be traced the origin of both Miracle plays and Moralities. A distinction is made between *Miracles* and *Mysteries*. The Miracles are plays dealing with miraculous incidents in the lives of Saints and Martyrs. The Mysteries are stories taken from the Scripture narratives. The Church services at Easter and Christmas, and particularly the responses in which the clergy and choristers took part, first showed the possibility of the dramatic representation of the truths of religion. While developments in this direction had been taking place, the Latin plays of Plautus and Terence were studied and imitated in the monasteries. Thus, Hrotsvitha, Abbess of the Benedictine convent in Gandersheim (Eastphalia), wrote in the tenth century six Latin plays modelled on the comedies of Terence.

The earliest extant Miracles written probably by an Englishman, Hilarius, are three, composed about the time of Stephen. They are in Latin, with refrains in Old French. Not until the next century did plays begin to be written in the vernacular. But a lost Miracle on the subject of St. Katherine is referred to, and its performance might have taken place towards the end of the eleventh century. It was the work of a certain Geoffrey, settled at Denstable. By the latter half of the twelfth century, these performances had become quite common.

The important point that should be noted is that the earliest dramatic performances arose in this connection with the Church

rituals, and were performed within the Church itself. The plays were written and presented by the clerics. But for reasons which are stated below they gradually passed out of the hands of the clergy into those of the laity, from the Church into the churchyard and then into the street. Now, first, as the plays began to be popular, the over-crowding of the spectators led to the desecration of the graveyards. Secondly, the comic element and farce began to predominate gradually over the religious element; and the clergy who took part in the performances, began to feel scandalized. Thirdly, the trade-guilds started celebrating the feasts of their patron-saints and began to perform mysteries on the occasion.

Outside the church, these plays were represented upon what were called pageants, *i.e.*, movable platforms, which were steered round the town, halting at different stations where the performances were repeated. The Council of Vienne in 1311 revived the feast of Corpus Christi, which had been instituted by Pope Urban IV, in 1264. This festival, falling usually in June, was observed by trade-guilds as a public holiday; it was also absorbed into the dramatic representations of the day. The Christmas and Easter scenes, which were the original repertory, were now expanded until a complete cycle was formed, starting from the Creation and Fall of Man, dealing with the principal events in the life of Christ and terminating with the Judgment. Four such cycles have been preserved—the York, Towneley, Chester, and Coventry cycles.

The York cycle numbers forty-eight plays and dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. To different guilds were assigned different sets of plays:—

1. *Barkers*—(*i.e.*, Tanners), 'The Creation', 'Fall of Lucifer'.
2. *Plasters*—'The Creation of the Fifty Day'.
3. *Cardmakers*—'God Creates Adam and Eve'.
4. *Fullers*—'Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden'.
5. *Coopers*—'Man's Disobedience and Fall'.
6. *Armourers*—'Adam and Eve driven from Eden'.
7. *Glovers*—'Sacrifice of Cain and Abel'.
8. *Shipwrights*—'Building of the Ark'.
9. *Fishers and Mariners*—'Noah and the Flood'.
10. *Parchmaners and Bookbinders*—'Abraham's Sacrifice'.
11. *Hosier*—'The Israelites in Egypt, the Ten Plagues and Passage of the Red Sea'.
12. *Spicers*—'Annunciation and Visit of Elizabeth to Mary', and so on.

The Towneley or Wakefield cycle belongs to about the same date. They are thirty-two in number, and five of them correspond to five in the York cycle. The comic and realistic elements are more highly developed in these plays. A typical example is the farcical episode in the scene of the visit of the shepherds to Bethlehem and we find how a certain Mak puts the simple shepherds to sleep by using a pill, steals a sheep and passes it off as a baby to which his wife Gyll has lately given birth, and that when Mak's fraud is discovered and commotion follows, an angel appears singing '*Gloria in Excelsis*'.

The Chester plays are twenty-five in number. They were acted at Whitsuntide instead of Corpus Christi. The Chester plays more than any other cycle kept the object of religious instruction steadily

in view. The Coventry cycle numbers forty-two plays. They are connected with Coventry by a doubtful tradition, and they were performed by a company of strolling players. Abstract personifications are introduced in the Coventry plays; so there are such characters as Veritas Misericordia, Justitia, Pax, etc. The Coventry plays are evidently of a later date, and the feature of abstract personifications links the cycle with the earlier Moralities.

These plays continued to be performed till the close of the sixteenth century. The last performance of the York plays was in 1579. We have mentioned the pageants above. The pageants may be described as a moving play-house. It was a high scaffold with two rooms, a higher and a lower, upon four wheels. This lower room served as the green room and the higher served as a stage, being all open on the top, so that spectators might hear and see everything. They played all along the street. Thus, they began first at the Abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played, it was wheeled to the High Cross before the Mayor, and then to every street. So every street had a pageant playing before it at one time, till the pageants appointed for the day had been played. At the end of the performance all the pageants in different streets assembled at one place.

The exact relation of the *Miracles* to the Shakespearean drama has been thus stated by Courthope: "They prepared the ground in the first place, by spreading a taste for theatrical exhibitions among the people; in the second place, by furnishing opportunities, in many of the Scriptural scenes, for the direct imitation of human nature; and in the third place, by importing into the representations foreign materials and characters, which led to the invention of the plots beyond the range of Scripture invention. These early dramatists too furnished the hints for all the nameless, generic characters which figure so prominently in Shakespeare's plays. His first and second Citizens, Carriers, Gentlemen, and Soldiers have all of them prototypes in the pageants of the craftsmen; and from the familiar talk by which the actors helped the townfolk to realize, the Scripture narrative was generalized, the style made classical in the mouths of Bottom, Dogberry and Falstaff." There were other elements too, which influenced the later history of the drama—the pathetic situations in the scene between Abraham and Isaac and in the story of Christ the comic element in the character of Lucifer, developing later into the colour; the undramatic character of the bombastic Herod; the pastoral element in the scene of the annunciation to the shepherds, etc.

The Morality plays represent the intermediate stage between the Miracle play and the true drama. The Coventry cycle first introduced, as we have noted above, allegorical characters. The Moralities develop on this line. The oldest Morality play in England seems to have been what is called a *Paternoster* play, one of a cycle of seven plays, based upon the assumption that each of the seven clauses of the Lord's Prayer is directed against one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The play was performed at York, prob-

fourteenth century, and a guild was formed to ensure the regular performance of this cycle.

Of the Moralities of the fifteenth century, we have two examples—*Pride of Life* and *Castle of Perseverance*. In general interest and dramatic power the moralities fall far below the Miracles. But there were advances in other respects. The Miracles drew their themes from the Scripture narratives, and therefore, had ready-made plots. But the writers of Moralities had to invent a plot, and try every ingenuity of construction to create interest, there being otherwise none in the allegorical characters themselves. Every possible source was used to make the shows interesting. Scene-painting, of course, of an elementary kind, was attended to, and dramatic 'properties' were used. A distinct advance was made towards unity of construction by grouping the incidents of the play round a central figure. In the attempt to individualize allegorical characters, some real characters were depicted under moral nicknames. The barrier was finally broken when actual historical or contemporaneous people were substituted for abstract virtues and vices—and so the form and substance of true drama gradually appeared.

The Miracle plays are not of great literary value. But much importance attaches to them in that they popularized the desire for dramatic representation and especially by the intermingling of the comic element with the tragic, prepared the way for the romantic plays of Shakespeare. The Morality plays are more important in this respect. They appear first in the fifteenth century. They gradually develop into didactic interludes and other dramatic compositions. They advanced the dramatic art by making for individuality of characterization and realism of dialogue.

The next stage in the development of drama is the *Interlude*. The Interlude differs from a Morality in dealing with secular and comic subjects, and may be said to anticipate the early form of comedy. With the performance of the interludes is connected an important feature of the Elizabethan drama. The interludes were acted by household-servants and retainers. This led to the custom, among the noblemen of wealth, of maintaining a band of more or less well-trained actors. So in the later part of Elizabeth's reign, we find theatrical companies, attached to noblemen, e.g., the Earl of Leicester's servants, the Queen's players, and so on.

The *Masque* is another form of dramatic art, which requires a brief notice here. The masque seems to have been in its origin merely a spectacle or pageant with a certain amount of pantomime thrown in. It has a dual character. Dancing and concerted movements made it resemble the modern ballet; songs and dialogues made it resemble the modern opera.

In the development of English drama, we may trace three influences—(1) the native tradition; (2) the Latin influence; and (3) the Italian influence. In many of the works of the later Elizabethan playwrights, these three elements often blended. The Mystery and the

Miracle, the Morality and the Interlude represent the development of the native tradition. From the latter two develop the rough farce and chronicle play, partaking of the nature of them both. The latter Elizabethan historical plays and the jesters and fools owe much to this development. So far as the development of the Latin influence is concerned, Seneca was taken as model in tragedy, and Plautus and Terence supplied the hinterland suggestions for comedy. Even the comical or farcical elements of older plays owe something to Plautus and Terence. Udall first wrote a comedy, thoroughly English in plot, incident, tone and dialogue, but followed the classical principles in construction. The Italian influence is marked in tragedies like Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, and Wheatstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, and in comedies such as Gascoigne's *Supposes*.

We may note here some examples of the early form of drama. The interludes, as we have pointed out above, discarded the abstract personifications of the Morality plays in favour of the living types. Heywood made this innovation, and he might have been influenced by the contemporary French *sotie* or *force*. The names of some of Heywood's interludes are *A Play of Love*, the *Four P's*, *John the Husband*, *Tyb the Wife* and *Sir John the Priest* and *A Merry Play Between the Pardoner and the Friar*, the *Curate and the Neighbour Pratt*. They are all more or less realistic sketches. *The Four P's* will serve as a typical example. It has but a single incident and more dialogues. It is concerned with a dispute as to which of the three of the P's (Poticary, Pardoner and Palmer) can tell the biggest lie, the fourth P (Pedlar) being appointed judge. The Poticary begins by calling the Pedlar an honest man, but the Pedlar lets it pass, and bids them each tell (in the form of a narrative piece) a specimen lie. The Poticary tells the story of a marvellous cure. The Pardoner easily beats him by telling the story of the release of a woman's soul from hell, representing that the devil was too glad to get rid of the woman. The Palmer expresses his marvel at the story of the Pardoner, and protests in good humoured sarcasm that he has never seen any woman out of patience. He wins easily.

Nicholas Udall is the author of the first regular English comedy—*Ralph Roister Doister*. He followed Latin models. His play is divided into Acts and Scenes and is written in rhyming couplets; the action is clearly developed, the dialogue is lively and the plot has some substance, and the *dramatis personae* are live characters. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, traditionally attributed to Bishop John Still but now assigned to William Stevenson, disputes the claim of being the first English comedy with *Ralph Roister Doister*. There is some fun in it. All the fuss is made about Gammer Gurton's loss of a needle. The action is rather farcical. There is one noted drinking song in it—*Back and side go bare, go bare*.

The first English tragedy, *Gorboduc* or *Ferrex and Porrex* was written by Sackville and Norton, and played early in 1562. The plot is this: "Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realm in his old time between his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell in dissonance."

The younger (Porrex) killed Ferrex. The mother (Videna); that more dearly loved the elder (Ferrex), killed the younger in revenge. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, suppressed the rebels, and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, etc." The play is divided into Acts and Scenes, and written for the most part in stiff blank verse. There is a dumb-show before each Act, foreshadowing what is next to appear on the stage, and a chorus in rhyming verse, ends the Act. The speeches are inordinately long. The atmosphere is one of unrelieved gloom. The only merit it possesses is the regularity of the plot and metre. The Latin models were followed in the tragedy as well as in the comedy. The comedy was founded upon Plautus; the tragedy was founded upon Seneca. But in the subsequent developments of English drama the classical influence is to count far less than the native genius and tradition. The *Jocasta* of Gascoigne needs mention here. Like *Gorboduc*, it followed the classical models, and was written in blank verse, and had a chorus after the Act and a dumb-show before it. *Jocasta* was itself an adaptation of Euripides' *Phoenessae*.

The later developments of English drama are to be traced through the works of the University Wits—scholars who were fostered under the atmosphere of either Oxford or Cambridge. Of the University Wits the following are the chief. George Peele of Oxford wrote *David* and *Bathsheba*, full of poetical beauties, and a court play, *The Arraignment of Paris*. Robert Green of Cambridge and then of Oxford, led a dissipated life and wrote plays and numerous pamphlets; his best play being *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the Margaret of which is almost worthy of Shakespeare's. He is chiefly remembered for his spiteful attack on Shakespeare in his pamphlet, *Groatworth of Wit*. Thomas Lodge of Oxford wrote indifferent plays, with the exception of *The Looking Glass for London*, in which he collaborated with Greene. From his prose novel, *Rosalynde*, Shakespeare borrowed the plot of *As You Like It*. John Lyly of Oxford is hardly important as a dramatist. As the inventor of *Euphuism*, as set forth in his *Euphuës the Anatomy of Wit and Euphuës and His England*, he had great influence on Shakespeare's development. The bastard Euphuism is ridiculed in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, but genuine Euphuism is more truly illustrated in the tongue-fence between Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Thomas Kyd lived and wrote as one of the set, though we are not sure that he was at either University. He produced two very popular plays, *Hieronymo* and its sequel *The Spanish Tragedy*, both alike full of blood-curdling horrors and vulgar rant. Yet here and there are passages of lofty poetry. The most important of the whole group and one who influenced Shakespeare's development most was Christopher Marlowe of Cambridge. His chief plays are *Tamburlaine*, *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward II*. Marlowe was Shakespeare's predecessor. Shakespeare's *Richard III* was inspired by

Marlowe's example, *Richard II* was influenced by Marlowe's *Edward II*. Marlowe's great merit lay in discovering and calling into life that blank verse which Shakespeare perfected. Marlowe, however, had no touch of humour and no sense of artistic proportion; in straining after the vast and awful, he sometimes degenerated into bombast. But a large proportion of his work has a force and poetic beauty, hardly surpassed by Shakespeare.

The work of the University Wits is thus summed up by Saintsbury: "In all we find the many-sided activity of the Shakespearean drama, as it was to be, sprawling and struggling in a kind of swaddling clothes of which it cannot get rid and which hamper and cripple its movements. In all, there is present a most extraordinary and unique rant and bombast of expression which reminds one of the shrieks and yells of a band of healthy boys just let out to play. The passages which (thanks to Pistol's incomparable quotations and parodies of them) are known to everyone, are scattered and broadcast in their originals, and are evidently meant quite seriously throughout the work of these poets. Side by side with this is another mania, foible of classical allusion. The heathen gods and goddesses, the localities of Greek and Roman poetry are put in the mouths of all the characters without the remotest attempt to consider propriety or relevance. On the other hand, the merits, though less evenly distributed in degree, are equally constant in kind. In Kyd, in Greene still more, in Peele more still, in Marlowe most of all, phrases and passages of bright and dazzling poetry flash out of the mist of the bombast and the tedium.

Shakespeare belonged not to the University group, but to the rival set of actor-playwrights. Of the actor-playwrights who preceded Shakespeare, we know very little. They worked in groups, not individually, for the benefit of their respective companies. The work they contributed was the creation of drama, rather than of poetry. They made the characters and the plot develop each other, acting and reacting on each other as organic parts of a living whole, instead of using the plot as a peg on which to hang splendid speeches, or as in Marlowe's case, a mere background to throw out in lurid light the hero's all-devouring egotism.

Of Shakespeare's contemporaries, four were specially connected with him by personalities, or by the character of their work—Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Dekker. Ben Jonson made his name, (through Shakespeare's good offices, it is said) by *Everyman in his Humour*. He wrote many plays, the chief being his two Roman plays, *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, which are deficient in human interest. He had a keen eye for the characteristic foibles of men and women and a wide range of observation. His plays thus exhibit every variety of wit, subtle character-analysis, and knowledge of the world. Jonson's genius was too unsympathetic to make him a perfect master of the drama. His *dramatis personae* do not come home to our hearts as Shakespeare's do. George Chapman was a close friend of Jonson's and partly resembled him both in personal character and



literary skill. His best comedy is *All Fools*, his best tragedy, *Busyd Ambois*. His dramatic work is far inferior to Jonson's, except in occasional passages. John Marston wrote several plays, the earliest and best being *Antonia and Mellida*, his best comedy, though based upon an improbable and unpleasant plot, is *What You Will*. In spite of blood-curdling bombast there are fine passages in his plays. Thomas Dekker, rather a hack writer, did a large amount of dramatic work chiefly in collaboration with others. He approaches Shakespeare far nearer than any of his contemporaries in pathos and in the delineation of womanhood.

## 2. LIFE IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

Two potent forces—the Renaissance and the Reformation—are to be reckoned with in estimating Elizabethan England. In England happily, one was not opposed to the other—both the forces blended and co-operated. The Reformation in England tended to be *humanistic* and the Renaissance was not divorced from morality, as it was in Italy. A great uplifting of the spirit was produced by these two movements. In the first place the medieval obsession with death and the other world was replaced by the very joy of living. Secondly, intellectual curiosity, quest for knowledge unbounded and unexplored became the keynote of the age. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* well expresses the spirit of the age :

"Nature that fram'd us of four elements  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :  
Our souls, whose facilities can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless spheres  
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest."

A sense of the unlimited potentialities of man must have been engendered by the Renaissance spirit when we find Shakespeare writing :

"What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculties, in form how moving ! How express and like a god ! The beauty of the world ! The paragon of animals !"

Believing in its own unlimited powers the man's soul was out—questing in both spiritual and material spheres. That is the meaning of the manifold energy and productivity of the Elizabethan age in music, poetry, drama, and not less in geographical discoveries and explorations. We might say that it was the spiritual fusion of the old and the new world that gave birth to the Renaissance—the old world of Greece and Rome, and the new world across the seas.

This is only one side of the picture. The Elizabethans lived in the full tide of life. Life and more life—and its aching joys and

dizzy raptures held them fascinated. They aimed at draining the cup of life to the dregs. To exhaust all possibilities of life, material and spiritual, to enjoy all that life may yield, and to know all that life may mean—this goal the Elizabethans set before them. They had very sound views about education. No academic education would do for them. Education must be broad-based upon all the needs of human nature. Music on the one hand, proficiency in field-sports on the other, were parts of that education. Education too was directed towards increasing the range and power of enjoyment and self-expression, increasing the pleasures of the cultivated senses as well as of the cultivated mind.

Love of pomp and pageantry was a characteristic of the age. Queen Elizabeth delighted in fine and magnificent clothes. She insisted too that her courtiers should be richly dressed. Gifts of fine clothes were very commonly exchanged and highly appreciated. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, we find this a topic of the day ; " It were good you turned four or five hundred acres of our best land into two or three trunks of apparel." Hentzner, a German who visited England in 1598, gives this picture of Queen Elizabeth going to Chchurch on a Sunday. " That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads ; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness ; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels." Of pageants and processions people seemed to have had no end. We have the description of the elaborate entertainments, given by the Earl of Leicester in honour of the Queen, at Kenilworth Castle. As a boy, Shakespeare might have witnessed the entertainments at Kenilworth. In this pageant, there was Triton in the likeness of a mermaid, and Proteus sitting on a dolphin's back. Within the body of this sham dolphin was hidden a band of musicians ; and, as usual, fireworks and rockets gave an additional glamour to the scene. Perhaps Shakespeare alludes to this pageant in his *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii :

'Once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.'

The age was distinctly and avowedly in favour of sensuous enjoyment, which the growing wealth of England enabled them to realize. William Harrison in his *Description of Britaine* (1567) has the following observation on the innovations that were brought about by the growing wealth of England :

"There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain who have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance ; and other things too much increased. One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected

in their young days there were not above two or three, if so many in most uplandish towns of the realm (the religious houses and manor places of their lords always excepted, and peradventure some great personages, but each one made his fire against a reredos in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat). The second is the great (although not general) amendment of lodging; for, said they, our fathers yea and we ourselves also have lain full oft upon straw pallets on rough mats covered on with a sheet under coverlets made of dogswain or hopharlots (I use their own terms) and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster or pillow....pillows (said they) were though meant only for women in childbed.....The third thing they tell of is the exchange of vessels, as of treene (wooden) platters into pewter, and wooden spoons into silver or tin." New houses and new inns sprang up everywhere over the land. Visitors from foreign countries noted the prodigality of England in diet. Harrison says that many strange herbs, plants, annual fruits were daily brought into England from the Indies, the American colonies, Taprobane, Canary Isles and all parts of the world. The nobility of England, who employed French and foreign cooks, fed upon variety of dishes, preparations of different kinds of meat, beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony, capon, pig, etc., and of different kinds of fish and wild fowl.

'Naval fights and naval enterprises and colonizations provided stirring times of which records have been left in Richard Hakluyt's book, *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*. Piratical activities, often of the most daring and reckless kind, formed the principal part of the naval expeditions. But apart from these organized voyages, single individuals sometimes undertook extensive journeys not only through Europe but into the remote East. Echoes of the far sounding adventures occur in the literature of the time. Shakespeare makes Othello narrate his adventures to Desdemona, the best art, perhaps, of capturing the fancy of a young girl in those days. In *The Tempest* there is an allusion to the popular practice of travellers, in those days, of leaving their money with a merchant on condition that he might keep it if they failed to return but must pay it five-fold if they safely returned. Shakespeare's phrase, "putters out of five for one," has made this practice familiar to the reader.

"Travelling was also a part of education. For example, it was an ambition of the educated young Englishmen to visit Italy, the home of the Renaissance. Shakespeare in his days must have personally met many who had returned from Italy. His unerring touch in the description of Italian scenery and atmosphere—and even of minor details regarding such can be accounted for by his acquaintance with such travellers. The educated Elizabethans could speak several languages. Apart from classical learning which was diligently pursued, many in the course of their travels picked up French and Italian, and paraded their bits of learning. Thomas Wilson in his *System of Rhetoric* writes, 'Some far-journeyed gentlemen, at their return home,

like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will powder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking.' Similarly, Ascham in his *Schoolmaster* speaks of the English Italianate as a devil incarnate, one who has adopted the vices of Italy and abandoned the virtues of his own country. Broad-based education, supplemented by travels, should have liberalized the mind and abolished superstitions and barbarous practice. But it did nothing of the kind. The existence of witches exercised a tyrannic spell upon the imagination of Elizabethans. The Statute against witches was passed in the very year of Shakespeare's birth, and stringently enforced in Elizabeth's reign, and re-enacted with severer penalties in the first year of James I. The penal code of the Elizabethan age was most brutal. 'Whippings, hangings, burnings, drownings, disembowellings, and mutilations were as common and apparently as attractive as bear-baiting and cock-fights. Carcasses on gibbets, traitors' heads on spikes, living felons with mutilated hands and ears must have made the counterfeit horrors of *Titus Andronicus* more amusing than painful to the average play-goer. Whipping was the mildest of punishments on shipboard. It seems to have been a superstition that to avert misfortunes the ship-boys should be regularly whipped whether or not they deserved it, a sacrifice to the malignant fates. Children were unmercifully beaten alike by their parents and teachers; even a girl of royal blood and a modest child, Lady Jane Grey, was cruelly punished, as Ascham relates, for the slightest fault."

Glimpses into the condition of the common folk in the Elizabethan era are far and between in the chronicles of the time. Harrison admits the superiority of the English husbandmen and artisans. He describes the skilful craftsmanship of the builders; the excellence of the fruits and vegetables grown by the gardeners; and the good breed of English cattle sheep. Trevelyan writes, "In the country-towns and villages where the industry as well as the agriculture of the country was carried on, a considerable proportion of the inhabitants were trained craftsmen. Apprenticeship was the key to the new national life almost as much as village had been to the old. The apprentice system was no longer left to local usage and municipal enforcement, but was controlled on a uniform national pattern for town and country by Elizabeth's Statute of Artificers which remained in force with little modification for over two hundred years. No man could set up as master or as workman till he had served his seven years' apprenticeship. In that way, the youth of the country obtained technical education and social discipline that went some way to compensate for the unfelt want of a universal system of school education. Youth was under control of a master, in some case until the age of twenty-four."

Traders and lawyers seemed to have had the best of it. Harrison writes, "All the wealth of the land doth flow i

common lawyers, of whom some one having practised little above 13 or 14 years, is able to buy a purchase of so many thousand pounds; which argueth that they wax rich apace, and will be richer if their clients become not the more wise and wary hereafter." The Elizabethans, it appears, were as ready to go to law as they were ready to fight. Shakespeare's knowledge of legal phrases and legal terminology cannot be anything but remarkable if this fact is remembered. The point was that the rich got richer and the poor got poorer. There was unemployment in the country-side in those days though the problem was not so acute as it is at present. Owing to unemployment there was a growing number of landless and masterless men, sturdy beggars, thieves and highwaymen who infested the common highways and made travelling unsafe. The Gadshill robbery in *Henry IV* is but a burlesque of the actual happenings in those days. The unemployed drifted mostly to London. They were chiefly soldiers and sailors disbanded from the wars in Ireland and the Low Countries, refugees and outlaws from abroad; and they were armed with some kind of weapon from the primitive cudgel to the latest rapier. The street-quarrels of the Capulets and Montagues in *Romeo and Juliet* were probably a reproduction of scenes that Shakespeare had so often witnessed in the streets of London.

The Elizabethans had but a poor idea of sanitation. Travelyan writes, "Washing of clothes and person was much neglected especially in winter. Conveniences, which we consider necessities, did not exist. The death-rate even in upper class families was very heavy, and the poor only expected a slender proportion of their numerous progeny to survive. Medicine was in its infancy." London was frequently in the grip of epidemics. It was twice ravaged by plague in Shakespeare's life time. Consumption was quite common; small-pox commoner still; in the low-lying areas ague raged from year to year. "It is hard for us to realize that the abounding vitality and buoyancy of spirit which so amaze us in the Elizabethans co-existed with a state of public health in which disease almost unchecked scourged rich and poor alike."

It was an age of overflowing energy and spirit. Man sought to break away from the fetters of human body and social and political bondages to face the sun, to touch the sky, to reach the moon and to talk to the stars. The keynote of the age was "adventure". People revelled in bloodshed, murder, violence and vengeance on the one hand, and in bravery, heroism, chivalry and sacrifice on the other. Naturally, therefore, we find that Shakespeare's comedies abound in chivalry, romance, adventure and youth, and his tragedies are full of murders, bloodshed, vengeance, oppressions, atrocities and madness. This is what the age demanded and this is what Shakespeare bountifully supplied.

Art and literature can grow only in an atmosphere of peace, order and prosperity. The Elizabethan Age assured all the three requisites. In the world of religion the long consuming controversy

between Roman Catholicism and Anglicanism was settled and peace established. The reformation in religion had been accomplished and, therefore, perfect peace and calm prevailed in the country.

It was the age when trade and commerce of the country were also revolutionised. With the dissolution of monasteries there was a huge increase in the national wealth. The manufacture of glassware, pillows, cushions and carpets was newly introduced in the country. People were overjoyed to have such unprecedented and undreamt of comforts and luxuries.

It was also the age of great and glorious national victories. England defeated France and crushed the 'invincible' Armada of Spain. A number of internal Dukes and Barons who had been revolting from time to time against the British sovereignty and claiming their independence, were all crushed. England enjoyed internal peace and order on the one hand, and on the other commanded foremost respect and influence over the continent. Tidal waves of nationalism flowed through the country. This accounts for so many historical plays written by Shakespeare. Songs of glory were sung in praise of England. Shakespeare speaks through the lips of Richard II :

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise !  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea !  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England !

The narrow insular geographical boundaries were melting away and new islands and continents were discovered and added to the British empire, in quick succession.

The vast continent of America together with her rich gold mines was discovered and added to the dominion of England. Sailors returned with adventurous and fictitious tales of their meetings with fairies and demons and filled the English atmosphere with unprecedented thrill and magic. *The Tempest* may be cited as a direct outcome of this new spirit which had taken England in its grip.

Along with all these new discoveries and inventions, there also emerged above the mundane plane of the earth an intercourse with stars. Scholars were irresistibly drawn by the lore of the luminary heavenly bodies :

A star looks down at me  
And says, "Here I and you  
Stand, each in our degree  
What do you mean to do"?

And the man replied, "I mean to conquer you." Stars were conquered in the Elizabethan Age, revealing new mysteries of life and earth.

With all these favourable conditions for the growth of arts and literature, there prevailed a vogue of classical studies and scholarship. The curiosity, excitement, wonder and imagination having been roused by the above factors, a literary shape was given to them by the supreme and perfect examples of great classical masters of Greece and Italy. In no time, England was turned into a vernal grove of sweet singing birds.

### 3. THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE CONDITIONS

A play without an audience and actors is inconceivable. Therefore a dramatist has to adapt his plays to the conditions of the stage on which they have to be performed, to the actors who are to act them and to the audience who are to witness them. Shakespeare's dramas, accordingly, were greatly influenced by the conditions of the Elizabethan stage. The Elizabethan audience had no experience of the elaborate construction and decorations of the modern stage. Therefore, Shakespeare had to regulate his plays in accordance with the crude representation and limitations of the stage available in those primitive days.

Prior to the Elizabethan age there was, really speaking, no fixed stage in the sense we understand the term today. Although dramatic art had long established itself as an important profession in England, the stage was not yet fixed. There were strolling theatrical companies which carried their simple and crude stage from place to place. The stage was just a simple affair; a kind of open tent with two side-doors, one serving for 'entrance' and the other for 'exit', with a small door in between the two serving the purpose of 'inner' stage. When Shakespeare arrived in London about 1585, the Elizabethan stage was in the state of final evolution.

There were three kinds of theatres in London when Shakespeare reached there: (i) Public theatres, (ii) Private theatres, (iii) the Halls of Royal Palaces and the Inns of Court. The Curtain, the Theatre and the Newington Butts were the three public theatres to which was added the Rose two years later (1587). They were either circular or octagonal in shape, with a raised dais in the centre. They were open overhead and performances took place in broad daylight. Shakespeare's plays were performed in all these theatres. Many of his plays were also performed in private theatres and at least a few in the Royal Palaces too.

It was in 1599 that the Globe Theatre in which Shakespeare himself had a share, was constructed. It became the permanent headquarters of the Shakespearean Theatrical Company. It was the most typical play-house of the Elizabethan age. An analysis of its structure can give us an idea of the common Elizabethan play-house. It was circular in structure and the inside yard was open to the sky. It was surrounded by three tiers of galleries overlooking the main stage in the centre. There was a circular area known as the 'pit' around the stage. There were no seats in the pit and,

therefore, poor spectators, called the 'groundlings', kept standing throughout the performance. More fashionable and respectable spectators sat on seats arranged in the three galleries, one over the other. The uppermost gallery was covered with a thatched roof. The tickets varied from one penny in the 'pit' to 2s. 6d. in the highest gallery.

The stage proper was technically called the 'apron stage'. It comprised the following main parts : First, there was an outstretched rectangular platform. The 'groundlings' stood on three sides of it. Above it were thatched roof and hangings but no side or front curtains. In the floor was a hidden trap-door which was usually kept closed and through which occasionally ascended or descended ghosts and witches as in *Macbeth*. Secondly, at the back of the stage on either side there were two doors by which the characters entered and disappeared. Between the doors there used to be a small recess behind a thin curtain. The recess formed a kind of inner stage to present certain scenes as 'behind'. It represented, for example, the bed-chamber of Desdemona, the cell of Prospero, the cave of King Lear or the tomb of Juliet. Thirdly, over the recess there was the upper stage or a balcony, technically called 'the heavens' which was used for 'tiring-house' or for representing upper scenes as the balcony of Juliet's bed-chamber, a curtain being hung from the balcony to conceal or disclose the 'recess' below.

The stage usually lacked in scenic arrangements. There was acute scarcity of scenery. Bradbrook writes : "The stage had properties but no scenery ; the trees of the popular orchard or woodland set, whether real or not, must have provided rather thin illusion, and this was certainly the most elaborate scene of the early stage. Spectacle replaced scenery." Among the properties of the stage a few typical things were a human head, a grave, a lion, an artificial moon, a bush or a flower plant which were so commonly required in Shakespeare's plays. The costumes of the actors were gaudy, rich and expensive. But they were all Elizabethan costumes irrespective of the period and country where the action of the drama was supposed to take place. Harrison says, "Shakespeare was no archaeologist ; as the medieval artists who gave us the wall-paintings and sculptures of our churches, represented Pilate's Roman soldiers in plate armour : so his Romans in *Coriolanus*, for example, carry pistols, are put in the stocks, say grace before meat and generally behave and look like the Elizabethans who watched them performed. Costume was a means of indicating rank and office more than time and place : it was meant to reveal the characters than the setting of the story."

Female actresses had not yet appeared on the stage. The parts of female characters were, therefore, played by young boys who appeared on the stage in foppish and gaudy female costumes. Considering the large number of female characters in Shakespeare's plays, it may be safely inferred that young men must have played the female roles perfectly in the Elizabethan age. Yet in order to compensate for the absence of actresses, Shakespeare often contrived to represent



his heroines in comedies disguised as men. Instances may be cited from his comedies—Portia playing the part of the judge, Rosalind visiting her lover as a young shepherd, and Viola serving as the boy-messenger of Duke Orsino. In addition to this, Shakespeare also avoided very intimate or passionate scenes of love lest they should arouse ridicule. Granville Barker observes: "There is, when one comes to examine the point, quite extraordinarily little intimate love-making in Shakespeare. How often, that is how seldom, do we want to insert the stage direction 'they kiss?' It will be found, I think, that Shakespeare almost always interposes some sort of barrier as the balcony in *Romeo and Juliet* or an intellectual barrier, as with Beatrice and Benedick, who are always at wit's rapier's distance and so on. Also, as a minor point, Shakespeare uses circumstances for occasional effect as when Cleopatra thinks of a squeaking Cleopatra buoying her greatness, or Rosalind delivers an epilogue much of which is pointless on the modern stage."

Flexibility was a chief characteristic of the Elizabethan stage. This flexibility was at once an invitation to licence. Time and place could be neglected or telescoped to serve a dramatic purpose. The Elizabethan stage was free from any suggestions of particular locality or time. Bradbrook writes, "The unlocalized dreams allowed Shakespeare to indulge in loose flowing construction, episodic plots, and complex action. It is responsible for most of those features of his plays which appeared to be faults to the eighteenth century, and for the fact that he was largely unplayable in the nineteenth century. This vagueness of place may have been encouraged by the frequency with which allegorical figures were allowed to move on the same plane as a human being in the plays, which confused the sense of time and place." "To the audience, the stage was stage—it represented nowhere and, therefore, everywhere.

The absence of scenery had far-reaching effects on the construction and style of Shakespeare's plays. The absence of scenery led Shakespeare to have comparatively short scenes which could be quickly changed. It put a great limitation upon the ways in which a Shakespearean scene or act could terminate. The drop-curtains were unknown in the Elizabethan age. Therefore at the end of each scene, the actors had either to walk away or were carried off the stage, leaving it empty. For this reason an Elizabethan scene or Act could not end on a climax. Even the most overwhelmings scene of Shakespeare closes relatively quietly and the stage is usually cleared at the close of each scene. Another method of indicating the close of a Shakespearean scene was the use of a rhyming couplet at the end. The rhymed couplet was believed to ring the death-knell of the scene or the act.

The lack of scenic effect was made good by the poet by gorgeous descriptions and graphic effects of poetry. Had there been elaborate scenery on the Elizabethan stage, we would have missed much of the rich descriptive poetry of Shakespeare. The actors had to use highly emotional and exalted poetry in order to arouse the emotions of the spectators. With a view that this kind of poetic style

may not look incongruous in the day-to-day world, Shakespeare has taken care to place his scenes in far-off lands like Venice or Sicily or in the land of his own imagination haunted by angels and fairies as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The wonderful poetry of Shakespeare "caused him to make up for the deficiency of the scenery by his wonderful descriptions of landscapes, castles and wild moors. All that poetry would have been lost had he painted scenery at his disposal."

All these peculiarities of the stage and its limitations had marked influences on the structure, action and even style of Shakespeare's dramas. Shakespeare wrote his plays primarily for the stage. Ben Jonson rightly hailed him as "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage." Thomas Carlyle regretted that Shakespeare's dramatic skill had to be curbed down to the limitations of the Globe Theatre: "his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould".

St. John Ervine describes Elizabethan stage thus: "When Shakespeare went to London, it was a circular wooden booth, in many cases open to the sky, except over the stage or the gallery, where it was roofed in from the weather. Some lanterns shed a dim light through the body of the house, and a few branches with candles stuck into them, hung over the stage. The orchestra, if so it might be called, was comprised of several trumpets, coronets and nautboys (wooden flutes). The stage itself was generally strewn with rushes, except on extraordinary occasions, when it was matted. It had a fixed roof to represent the sky, and when tragedies were performed it was generally hung with black. There was little or no movable, painted scenery. A board was hung up, containing the name of the place where the action was supposed to take place. The stage properties or furniture were of the humblest description. The exhibition of a bedstead indicated a bed-chamber; a table with pen and ink, a sitting room. A few rude models of trees, walls, flowers, tombs, were sometimes introduced. No such things as a female actress existed or would have been tolerated. All female parts were played by boys, who frequently wore masks. At the conclusion of each performance, the actor knelt on the stage, and offered a prayer for the Queen."

#### 4. ELIZABETHAN AUDIENCE

"The drama's rules the drama's patrons give." In other words, the audience, which is the real 'patron' of the drama, goes a long way in determining the form and spirit of drama. In order to enter into the spirit of Shakespeare's dramatic art, it is essential, therefore, to understand the nature and characteristics of the audience for which Shakespeare wrote his dramas.

The Elizabethan audience for which Shakespeare wrote his plays was of a most heterogeneous kind. It comprised two distinct classes of people whom we may conveniently characterize as the 'vulgar' and the 'refined'. To the former class belonged all sorts of vulgar and

uncultured people like sailors, soldiers, thieves, pickpockets, cheats and immoral men and women. The other part of the audience comprised educated men and women, respectable businessmen and public officers, critics and scholars, and at times, members of royal families. Shakespeare and all other contemporary playwrights had to cater to the tastes of both the classes.

It was the class of 'the vulgar' which formed the bulk of the audience in public theatres. They generally stood in the pit round the stage or sat in the gallery above. They were the most noisy persons of whom even the actors were afraid. Brandes gives a very lively description of this class of audience in the following words: "The frequenters of the pit, with their coarse boisterousness, were the terror of the actors. They all had to stand, coal-heavers and bricklayers, dock-labourers, serving men and idlers. Refreshment-sellers moved about among them, supplying them with sausages and with apples and nuts. They ate and drank, drew corks, smoked tobacco, fought with each other, and often when they were out of humour threw fragments of food and even stones at the actors. Now and then they would come to loggerheads with fine gentlemen on the stage, so that the performance had to be interrupted and the theatre closed. The sanitary arrangements were of the most primitive description, and the groundings resisted all attempts at reform on the part of the management. When the evil smells became intolerable, juniper berries were burnt by way of refreshing the atmosphere."

The refined gentry usually sat on chairs close to the stage and sometimes upon the stage itself. There were special boxes for very high officials and public men. Ladies usually came with silken masks drawn over their faces. Foppish and very fashionable ladies generally occupied the first row. But the Elizabethan theatre was usually a scene of most boisterous actions and obscene remarks; and therefore, highly respectable ladies did not usually visit 'public' theatres. There were 'private' theatres to cater to the demand of this class of the Elizabethan audience.

The Elizabethan audience, in general, revelled in boisterous scenes of murders, bloodshed, vengeance, oppressions, and atrocities. They patronized what we call melodramatic plays. This explains the recurrence of too many melodramatic scenes in Shakespeare's tragedies. The ingratitude of Macbeth, the frailty of Hamlet's mother, the suspicious nature of Othello, the inhumanity of Regan and Goneril and so many other scenes of murder, bloodshed and battles, were not repulsive to most of the Elizabethan audience. The Elizabethans rather delighted in them. They highly appreciated Marlowe's *Tamberlaine* which is nothing but a long succession of inhuman murders and battles.

Thus theatres were very much in vogue in the Elizabethan England. For the spectators, in general, theatres were not merely places of amusement and entertainment but also of social gathering and instruction. The theatres served the purpose of newspapers, magazines and journals. The Elizabethan dramas, being the mirror

of the age, exhibited to the public what was going on in England and abroad. What Francis Bacon said of 'Studies', he might well have said of the dramas of his age, as serving "for delight, for ornament and for ability."

## 5. LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

### Shakespeare at Stratford

The following entry in the register of baptism is relied upon in fixing Shakespeare's birth approximately :

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus Filius Johannes Shakespeare"  
[William son ( of ) John Shakespeare]

The practice was to baptize the child within a few days of its birth ; so 23rd April is conventionally fixed as Shakespeare's birthday.

His birthplace was Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. Round the town there are more or less distant hills, and the view of it from the nearest, the Welcombe Hills, shows the town nestling in the broad valley.

His father, John Shakespeare, appears to have been a glover. He was besides a corn-dealer or farmer, and trader in all kinds of agricultural products. William Shakespeare was the first son and third child of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, daughter of a husbandman and landowner. John Shakespeare prospered in worldly life till he rose to be the Mayor of Stratford, and then its chief alderman,—and thus he gained a coat of arms as a gentleman.

It is usually held that Shakespeare went to the free Stratford Grammar School at the age of seven and stayed there till he was fourteen or sixteen at the latest, when he picked up his "little Latin and less Greek". If his picture of the whining school boy, with his satchel and shining-morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school be not impersonal, then we may suppose that Shakespeare was at some school, and had written the above account from his personal experience. There are frequent references to schoolday's pranks in his plays. "The blessed son of heaven prove a micher (*truant*), and eat black-berries ?" (*I Henry IV*, II, iv). It is pleasing to the fancy to imagine that Shakespeare had his full quota of a schoolboy's experience and pranks. He must have gone bird's-nesting and joined in Mayday. Christmas, and New Year's games ; helped make hay, gone to harvest-homes and sheep shearings (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii), fished (*Much Ado*, III i), ran out with the harries (*Venus and Adonis*, st 113-118) and loved a dog and a horse (*Venus and Adonis* st. 44-52 ; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, VI. i, *Richard II*, V. v ; *I Henry IV*, IV. i, etc ; as dearly as every boy in England did.

Lately Prof. J. D. Wilson (*The Essential Shakespeare*, p. 41) has questioned the Grammar School education of Shakespeare, and imagines that, Shakespeare's father being an ardent Catholic, the boy might have received his education as a singing-boy in the service of some great Catholic nobleman, which explains how he became an actor.

Now, whether Shakespeare had any schooling or not, he seems to have had a keen and alert mind which amassed a rich store of learning, quaint and miscellaneous. Lowell writes, "What kind of culture Shakespeare had, is uncertain : how much he had is disputed; that he had as much as he wanted, and of whatever kind he wanted must be clear to whoever considers the questions."

John Shakespeare later appears to have fallen on evil days and his son was consequently withdrawn from school. What Shakespeare did after he had left school is uncertain, and must be left to the fancy of every reader. It is variously stated that he was for some time a schoolmaster in the country, that he was apprenticed to a butcher and that he was apprenticed to his father. All that we can be certain of is that he stayed for some time longer at Stratford, that he noted the many rural scenes around him, took stock of the wild flowers and the birds, and learnt much of the lore of dogs and horses which he displays in his works. His frequent references to sports, hawking, coursing and hunting, make us believe that he must have seen all of these frequently and probably may have indulged in them personally.

It is on record that Shakespeare at the age of eighteen was married to Anne Hathaway, his senior by eight years, by special licence on November 28, 1582, and the issue of the marriage, Susanna, a daughter, was baptized on May 26, 1583. His twins—Hamnet and Judith were baptized on February 2, 1585. Thus, when he was hardly twenty-one he was burdened with three children and a wife eight years older than himself; and it is believed that he must have been much worried about them.

Whether his marriage was a happy one, must remain an open question. Shakespeare, of course, dwells on the incongruity of a woman marrying one younger than herself in *The Twelfth Night*, II, iv, of the disdain and discord which grow through such incompatible union in the *Tempest*, IV. i, of a wife's jealousy in the *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. But the inference must be left to every reader as it pleases him. J. D. Wilson asserts, "In any case—to nail one more slander to the counter—there is no ground whatever for imagining that his married life was an unhappy one, which is not the same thing as saying that he himself was a model husband."

His domestic entanglement might have been the reason for his abruptly leaving Stratford to seek his fortune elsewhere. Tradition gives a different cause, that Shakespeare joined some wild young fellows in breaking into Sir Thomas Lucy's park at Charlecote, about three miles from Stratford, and stealing his deer, for which and for writing an awfully bad ballad against Sir Thomas, the latter so persecuted the poet that he had to leave Stratford. But it is all uncertain. It is, however, generally supposed, through without any sure ground, that Shakespeare left Stratford in or about 1586. "The Queen's Players" paid a visit to Stratford in 1587. It is said by some that this was probably the turning-point in Shakespeare's life. At any rate, sooner or later, he left his birth-town for London, and took the way to fame and fortune.

## Shakespeare in London

The legend that Shakespeare, on his first appearance in London, employed himself to holding horses outside theatre doors, or worked in a printer's or lawyer's office, is now discredited. The earliest notice of Shakespeare in London occurs in 1592 in the death-bed effusion of Robert Greene—*A Groatworth of Wit bought with Million of Repentance*, in which Shakespeare is referred to as "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers" and as "Johannes factotum." Henry Chettle, who edited Greene's pamphlet, makes a nice apology to Shakespeare. It may be inferred from Greene's ill-natured allusion that Shakespeare must have been actively engaged in writing plays by 1592, that some at least of them were based upon the work of other men.

The playhouse with which tradition connects Shakespeare was called "The Theatre", built by a player and joiner, James Burbage in 1577, in the fields outside the City Walls, on the west of Bishopsgate Street, in Shoreditch. In 1598 it was pulled down and in 1599 rebuilt as "The Globe", on Bankside Southwark.

The records of Shakespeare's life and career henceforth are fairly continuous. Not long after he found a patron in Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. In 1596, he seems to have been well off enough to apply for a coat-of-arms. On August 11, 1596, Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died and was buried at Stratford. His son's death must have been a great blow to Shakespeare, wishing as he did to found a family. Now he seems to have been growing rich. In 1597, he bought for £ 60 the largest house in his native town, New Place, and later he made further investment in land in the neighbourhood. When "The Theatre" was rebuilt as the "Globe", Shakespeare was taken in as a partner—"a fellowship in a cry of players"—(*Hamlet*, III, ii.). The admission as a partner into the profits of the New *Globe* marks definitely his success in London better than his purchase of New Place at Stratford.

In the beginning of the year 1601, Essex's rebellion broke out and, for his share in it, Lord Southampton was imprisoned in the Tower whence he was not released until James I's accession in 1603. Shakespeare's fortunes thus suffered a temporary eclipse. On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died, and as Chettle complains, "the silver-tongued Melicent" (Shakespeare) did not "drop from his honied Muse one stable tear." On James' accession, Shakespeare's company, entitled "The Lord Chamberlain's Company", originally entitled "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" assumed the title of "The King's Players".

## Shakespeare at Stratford Again

Shakespeare's life in London is an unbroken record of success and growing prosperity. "The rest of his story, so far as it can be read in the records, is one of continued good fortune. In the meanwhile, at least, Shakespeare had become, and remained till his death, a prosperous and wealthy man. The numerous documentary

rences to him that have come down to us are mainly concerned with property bought, money sued for in the courts, or his plays which were acted or published."

In or about 1609, after the period of his great tragedies, Shakespeare is supposed to have left London for Stratford. "There is nothing definite to fix the change to any one year; but the internal evidence of his plays and sonnets, as well as the fact that he must, before he made his will, have sold or released to his partners all his interest in the Globe and Blackfriar's profits and in his plays, almost obliges us to conclude that his leaving town dates from 1609 or thereabouts." Since his retirement to Stratford he seems to have come to London once, suing for the recovery of his share in the tithes which he had bought in 1605, and to have purchased a house and a piece of ground near the Blackfriar's Theatre. The Blackfriar's House was part of a large property belonging to the Bacon family, and when this was cut up and sold, Bacon's widow Anne (mother of the great Francis Bacon) retained the title-deeds. On April 26, 1615, Shakespeare associated himself with his fellow-buyers in a Bill of Complaint to recover the title-deeds, and the window's heir, Matthew Bacon, was ordered by the Lord Chancellor to bring the deeds to court.

Having executed his will on March 25, Shakespeare died a New Place, on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church on the 25th. The only report as to the cause of his death is in the Diary (printed in 1839) of the Rev. John Ward who was appointed Vicar of Stratford in 1662, that "Shakespeare, Drayton and Ben Jonson had a meric meeting, and it seems drank too hard for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted."

## 6. CHRONOLOGY OF CHIEF EVENTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE

- 1564 April 26, Shakespeare baptized.
- 1571 At the age of seven, according to the custom of the time Shakespeare's school-life probably began.
- 1575 Queen Elizabeth visited the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth. Shakespeare's father might have taken him to witness the Kenilworth festivities—(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, iii).
- 1578 Shakespeare left school. His father's fortunes at a law ebb.
- 1582 Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway.
- 1583 May 26, Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna baptized.
- 1585 February 2, Shakespeare's twin children, Hamnet and Judith baptized.
- 1586 Shakespeare left Stratford.
- 1592 Shakespeare referred to in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*.
- 1593 *Venus and Adonis* published and dedicated to Southampton.
- 1594 *Titus Andronicus* acted by the Earl of Sussex's men.
- 1596 August 11. Shakespeare's son, Hamnet buried.

- 1597 May 4. Shakespeare bought New Place.  
 1598 Francis Mere's *Palladis Tamia* published, which contained a list of Shakespeare's plays up-to-date in a chronological order. Shakespeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.  
 1599 Shakespeare purchased shares in the *Globe*.  
 1601 Essex executed, and Southampton imprisoned.  
 1602 May 1. Shakespeare purchased one hundred and seven acres of arable land which he added to New Place.  
 1603 February 2. Shakespeare's company performed before the Queen at Richmond.  
 1604 March 15. Shakespeare took part in the procession on the occasion of James' entry.  
 1608 September 9. Susanna's mother buried. Shakespeare established himself at New Place.  
 1609 *Sonnets* published.  
 1613 *The Tempest* performed at the festivities in celebration of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Frederick. The *Globe* burnt down.  
 1616 January 25. Shakespeare made his will, not signed till March 25. April 23. Died.  
 April 25. Buried in the chancel of Stratford Church.

## 7. CHRONOLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

### *Evidence—External and Internal.*

External evidence consists of : (1) Entries of Poems and Plays, before or on publication by publishers, in the *Registers* of the Stationers' Company incorporated by Queen Mary in 1557. (2) The publications of the Poems and Plays. (3) Allusions in contemporary books, diaries, letters, etc.

The *Stationers' Registers*, and publication establish the dates of two Poems and six Plays, all printed in Shakespeare's lifetime, except *As You Like It* which is mentioned in the *Stationers' Registers*, and of which the date can be conjectured to be 1600.

Below is given the table of results :

*Venus and Adonis* entered and published in 1593;  
*Lucrece* entered in 1594;  
*I Henry IV* entered in 1597 and published in 1598.  
*Much Ado* entered in 1600.  
*Hamlet* entered in 1602, published in 1603-04.  
*King Lear* entered in 1607, published in 1608.  
*Pericles* entered in 1601, published in 1609.

Allusions in contemporary books, etc., give the dates of five plays : *Romeo and Juliet*, before 1595; *Julius Caesar*, 1601; *Twelfth Night*, February 1602; *Winter's Tale*, 1611; *Henry VIII*, 1613.

The books and diaries which supply the dates are as follows : Weever's Sonnet in his *Epigrammes*, 1595; for *Romeo and Juliet*;



Weever's *Mirror of Mortyrus*, 1601 for *Julius Caesar*; Manningham's, *Diary*, Feb. 2, 1601-02, for *Twelfth Night*; Dr. Forman's *Diary*, for *Winter's Tale*, 1611; (1) Thomas Lorkin's letter to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last day of June, 1613", and (2) John Chamberlaine's letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613, both of which refer to the burning of *The Globe* or *The Playhouse*, during the performance of *Henry VIII*.

Internal evidence consists of allusions in the plays to past or contemporary events, and also relies upon the style and temper of the works. Allusions in the plays to contemporary events suggest positively the date of one play, *Henry V*. The Prologue to Act V refers to the Earl of Essex:

"Now the general of our gracious Empress,  
As in good time he may from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit,  
To welcome him!"

The Prologue to Act I refers to the newly-built wooden "O" or Globe Theatre, opened in 1599:—

"Can this cockpit hold,  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram,  
Within this wooden O, the very casques,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

The reference to the great earthquake of April 6, 1580, in *Romeo and Juliet* helps to determine its date:—

"Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls:  
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: but, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:  
That shall she, marry; I remember it well,  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,"

This gives either 1591 or 1593 for the date of the play.

For the rest of Shakespeare's plays, *i.e.*, twenty-six out of thirty-seven plays, we have to depend on the style and temper of the works. First, we may take the evidence of metre. If we compare *The Comedy of Errors*, an earlier play, with *The Winter's Tale*, we may deduce the following results: In the *Errors* the 'end-stopped lines, *i.e.*, with a pause at the end are a marked feature but in *The Winter's Tale*, the lines are *run-on* (*i.e.*, the sense is carried from one line to the next) with a fair proportion of weak or light endings which help the process, and varied central pauses—thus the lines in the *Errors* are stiff and formal, while in *The Winter's Tale* they have the ease and freedom of natural talk. Further, in the *Errors*, lines are regular—five iambic feet, but in *The Winter's Tale* there is sometimes an extra or eleventh syllable or even a twelfth syllable. The results may be thus tabulated:

- (i) Run-on lines in the *Errors* : 1 in 7·66  
*The Winter's Tale* : 1 in 23.
- (ii) Extra-syllables in the *Errors* : nil  
*The Winter's Tale* : 1 in 1·75.
- (iii) Weak endings in the *Errors* : nil  
*The Winter's Tale* : 1 in 4·2.

The proportion of rhyming lines is another test, *Love's Labour's Lost*, a very early play may be compared with the latest plays, *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*.

*Love's Labour's Lost*.....1,028 rhymes to 579 blanks or 1 to 56.

*The Tempest*.....2 rhymes to 1,458 blanks or 1 to 779.

*The Winter's Tale*.....0 rhyme, to 1,825 blanks or 1 to infinity.

So we may compare the proportion of *run-on* to end-stopped lines in three of the earliest and latest plays.

Earliest Plays :—

*Love's Labour's Lost*.....1 in 18·14.

*The Comedy of Errors*.....1 in 10·7.

*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.....1 in 10.

Latest Plays :—

*The Tempest*.....1 in 3·02.

*Cymbeline*.....1 in 2·52.

*The Winter's Tale*.....1 in 2·12.

Dowden, in his *Growth of Shakespeare's Mind and Art*, thus sums up the characteristics of Shakespeare's early plays—(i) frequency of rhyme in various arrangement; (ii) occurrence of rhymed doggerel verse; (iii) comparative infrequency of feminine or double ending or weak ending of unstopped line; (iv) regular internal structure of the line; (v) frequency of classical allusions; (vi) frequency of puns and conceits; (vii) wit and imagery drawn out in detail to the point of exhaustion; (viii) clowns, who are, by comparison with the later comic characters, outstanding persons in the play, told off specially for clownage; (ix) the presence of termagant or shrewish women; (x) soliloquies addressed rather to the audience (to explain the speaker's self); (xi) symmetry in the grouping of persons.

Now, proceeding from Shakespeare's early to later plays, we can trace the changes in style and metre which marked the progress of Shakespeare's mind and spirit. He soon gave up the doggerel, the excessive word-play, the quip and prank of his early plays, their puns, conceits and occasional bombast; he curbed his exuberant fancy by the control of the higher imagination and poetic creation; he subdued the rhetoric of his historical plays; he exchanged the playfulness of fancy, the verbal ingenuity, the farce of the early plays for the death struggle of the passions, the terror of his tragedies, laying bare the innermost recesses of the human soul; and then passed serene and tender, to the pastorals and romances of his later age.

*A Note on Folio and Quarto* : The term *folio* is applied to a book, the pages of which are formed by a sheet of paper folded once, and the term *quarto*, to a book the pages of which are formed by a sheet of paper folded twice. All the plays of Shakespeare except *Pericles* were issued in Folio (known as the first Folio), in 1623 by his friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell, and dedicated to the Earls of Pembroke and of Montgomery. Only seventeen of Shakespeare's plays were printed in Quarto during his lifetime. The first Folio is of great value, as it is, in some instances, more correct than quartos, and contains seventeen plays, of which no quarto editions, exist. The second Folio appeared in 1632, the third in 1663-64, the fourth in 1685. Single plays appeared in Quarto form during Shakespeare's lifetime and throughout a large part of the seventeenth century.

## 8. CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS IN THE FOLIO OF 1629

### Histories

*Henry VI, Richard III, Richard II, King John, Henry IV (Parts I and II), Henry V, Henry VIII.*

### Tragedies

*Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Timon of Athens.*

### Comedies

*Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Taming of the Shrew, Merry Wives of Windsor, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, Twelfth Night, All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, Troilus and Cressida, Winter's Tale, Tempest.*

## 9. DEVELOPMENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMATIC ART

### First Period

The following plays belong to the First Period (1587-1594 ?) :

*Love's Labour's Lost, The Comedy of Errors, Midsummer Night's Dream, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Romeo and Juliet* (with the poems of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and probably the *Troilus* part of *Troilus and Cressida*), *Richard II, I, 2, and 3, Henry VI and Richard III.*

In the first period, Shakespeare served his dramatic apprenticeship. In the earliest of his plays he shows an extraordinary facility in expression and a rare gift of phrasing which ever distinguished his work. But the verse form with the practice of rhyming and five rigid iambic feet did not make far appropriate dramatic expression. Even when rhyme was not used, the verse seemed to be crude and strained.

The use of Blank Verse by Marlowe in *Tamburlaine* (1587) opened a new era in dramatic composition. The possibilities of

blank verse were but partly revealed by Marlowe in his creation of glowing forms and gorgeous scenes, inspired by the stirring events and great stories of danger or discovery of Elizabethan days. Shakespeare saw his opportunity. From blank verse he drew music and colour myriad-toned and myriad-tinted. He could express through its medium the delicate beauty of a flower, the most gentle and the most unruly of emotions, the sadness of the death-scene, the splendid pageantry of state and arms.

In his striving towards freedom of expression, Shakespeare first began to discard rhyme, and resort to such metrical devices as *double endings*, *light* and *weak endings*. In *Love's Labour's Lost* there are only 9 double endings (i.e., extra unaccented syllables at the end of lines) but in *Richard III*, which ends the First Period, there are 570 double endings. In the plays of the first period there are only 17 light endings and 2 weak endings, but in the later play of *Antony and Cleopatra* alone there are 71 light and 28 weak endings—and they are ever on the increase in his later plays. A light ending is a monosyllable at the end of a line, on which the voice can dwell in reading and a weak ending is a monosyllable at the end of a line, which both, in sense and pronuciation, is carried on to the next line, *And* is a *light* and *where* is a *weak* ending in the following verse from *Coriolanus*. III. ii.

and mind. The lyricism of Shakespeare's early plays comes to full flowering in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The poems *Venus and Lucrece* are the work of a student who is intoxicated with beauty—the beauty of the material universe as well as the beauty of mind and imagination,

#### Second Period

To the Second Period (1594 to 1601) belong *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and the *Sonnets*.

In the Second Period the art of characterization is considerably advanced. First he touches on many different phases of life and presents a gallery of portraits. The political plays (*King John*, *Henry IV*, *Henry V*) epitomize the great era of Elizabeth's reign, and embody her political insight and wisdom.

"Henry IV advises his son that foreign wars unite a nation and Henry V acts on that policy; the questions of Elizabeth's sovereignty, her right to the crown, are reflected in *John and Henry IV*, as are the Elizabethan necessity of preventing foreign intervention in national politics, and the principle that vexatious controversy, concerning the right to rule, might be, and was, less important than the duty of ruling strongly, wisely, and well. Throughout is the plea for national unity: throughout is the exultation of national strength, pride of England, love of its green fields and its sea-bound shores, rejoicing in conquests, faith in its power, and hope for its future."

As illustrative of Shakespeare's insight into character, it may be pointed out that he shows wonderful knowledge of the Celtic temperament in these plays; Glendower in 1 *Henry IV*, credulous, superstitious, passionate, overruled in his contracts by prophecies; Gower in 2 *Henry IV*; Fluellen in *Henry V*, one who loves arguments, quotes precedents, forgets names, likes literature and is brave and hardy; and lastly, Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives*, a most "vehement" man.

Secondly, Shakespeare shows rare skill and delicacy in drawing the female characters. Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* is the beginning of that succession of beautiful types of splendid womanhood whose watchword is *devotion*, and whose beauty and purity touch their character with pathos in their struggles against fate. Portia foreshadows Helena, Ophelia, Isabella, Desdemona and Cordelia. Rosalind and Celia of *As You Like It* are of an ideal cast. Rosalind and Celia wandering wearily, with their devoted Touchstone, through the wild wonderful ways of a strange forest remind one of Virgil's *Eclogues*, where love-lorn shepherds tell the stories of their love-sorrow in metrical cadences. There is a less pleasant and more passionate note in *All's Well That Ends Well*.

The links that connect this period with the first may be noted: the magnificent lyrical outburst of *Romeo* is echoed in the *Merchant of Venice*, when Jessica, so like Juliet, and Lorenzo tell over again

the story of their love; Marlowe's influence appears again in Shylock, and to Marlowe, Shakespeare pays a tribute in *As You Like It* :

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might.  
Whoever loved who loved not at first sight?"

Rosalind and Celia repeat in part the story of Julia and Silbia in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and the device of mistaken identity, employed in the *Dream and the Errors* is used again in *Twelfth Night*. For *Venus* and *Lucrece* we have the "sugared" *Sonnets*—and the sonnets strike that note of gloom and despair which prelude the Third Period of foul-racking tragedies.

Lastly, the *metrical advance* in the Second Period. The proportion of double endings increases from 8 per cent in the First Period to 11·2 per cent in the Second. Light and weak endings in the First Period are as rare as ·162 per cent; in the Second Period they rise to ·359 per cent. The ratio between rhyme and blank verse in the First Period is 1 : 33 ; in the Second Period it is only 1 : 10·04.

### Third Period

To the Third Period (1601-1609) belong *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*.

In the tragedies, Shakespeare deals with the problems of life and fate, evil-doing or error or excess followed by punishment, and also the wider net spread by evil, in which the innocent are often involved, with the suggestion of a dark power which crushes down the wicked and the innocent alike. As side-issues, there are the stings of ingratitude and treachery, a *Motif* which is further worked out in his plays of the Fourth Period, with the crowning result of forgiveness and reconciliation.

In *Julius Caesar*, Caesar pays the penalty of pride, and Brutus falls through error or want of judgment—and there is the suggestion of dark forces which man reckons without. The strain of speculation in Brutus anticipates Hamlet and in Hamlet speculation usurps the place of action. In *Hamlet* the bright and happy life of the young prince is darkened by the lust and ingratitude of his mother and eclipsed by the revelation of his ungrateful uncle's foul murder of his father. Of the dark forces that drag down the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy there is almost always an innocent woman victim such as Ophelia in *Hamlet*. *Measure for Measure* is a comedy, against the gloom of lust and filth which touches his comedy, rises, radiant as star, the figure of the "enskyed and sainted" Isabella. In her is recaptured the breath of his earlier comedies. There is a note of stark realism in *Troilus and Cressida*. Hector alone is untouched by this realism—and Hector with his sentiment of honour and impracticality recalls Brutus. In *Othello* the treachery of the trusted friend, Iago, ruins the hero and involves the innocent Desdemona in ruination, the gloom of which is only relieved by the idyll of the winning and wooing and wearing his pride. In *Macbeth*, Shake-

for the first time introduces a woman who appears to be unsexed—and all for ambition. The idea of moral retribution—death of Lady Macbeth under the pangs of conscience and death of Macbeth from Macduff's sword—is nowhere more clearly worked out than in this tragedy. Then follow the terrors and horrors of *Lear*. "Ingratitude of daughters, treachery of a son—driving father to despair, to madness, and to death, infidelity of a wife, plotting her husband's death, and poisoning her sister, to gratify her own lust, the heavens themselves joining in the wild storm of earthly passions"—These are at the core of the tragedy of *Lear*. *Antony and Cleopatra* is admired for its gorgeous eastern colour and the most wonderful study of a woman that Shakespeare has ever made. "In the earlier group of tragedies, from *Julius Caesar* to *Lear*, a woman is the passive confidant, the helpless victim, the good angel, or the deadly foe, of the tragic hero; in the later group she becomes a companion-spirit, holding him by the spell of personality, of passion or blood. Sex has no part in the sinister magnetism of Lady Macbeth; but in the "strong toil of grace" cast by Cleopatra over Antony, the magnetism of sex becomes a source of tragedy, less harrowing indeed than the tragedy of Othello or *Lear*, but even richer in consummate poetry. *Coriolanus* is linked, on the one hand, with *Julius Caesar* by its picture of mobility and with *Lear* by portraying the self-will and pride of the hero. But in *Coriolanus* is struck the keynote to the plays of the Fourth Period: "Thinkest thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?" In *Timon* there is real hardening of the soul of the hero, not by crime, but by ingratitude. He cries, "I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind." And so he ends, "who, alive, all living men did hate"

Now the metrical advance. In the Second Period the double endings are 11·2 per cent; in the Third Period they increase to 22·08 per cent. In the Second Period the light and weak endings are 359 per cent; in the Third Period they increase to 1·43 per cent. The ratio of rhyme to blank verse in the Second Period is as 1 : 10·04; in the Third Period it is as 1 : 25·8.

#### Fourth Period

To the Fourth period (1609 to 1613) belong *Pericles*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII*. Shakespeare passes from the storm and stress of the Third Period to "a great peacefulness of light," a harmony of earth and heaven. The new notes are the notes of mercy and forgiveness, reunion and reconciliation. Two features specially distinguish the plays of the Fourth Period.

First, there is a tender touch about the woman. We may contrast the women of the Third Period with the woman of the Fourth Period. Portia, the gentle wife of Brutus, is lost amid plots and assassinations. Ophelia is denied her love and is drowned. Isabella sorely tried by temptation, barely escapes ruin. Desdemona is crushed by fate against which her simple and perfect womanhood cries out in vain. Poor Lady Macduff is deserted and murdered.

Cordelia is disowned, banished from her father, is wronged and slain. Chaste Octavia is wedded to Antony and deserted. Volumnia and Virgilia are made the instruments of that ruin which they sought to avert. Now, gracious tenderness environs the women of the Fourth Period; Thaisa and Marina, separated from Pericles, patient in adversity, are united at last and find happiness. Miranda, unaffected, unsophisticated, untainted by one ungenerous thought or impulse, tender, pitiful, open-hearted, so different from the Stratford-type women of Period I, the lively, pert and competent London-type women of Period II, the fate-stricken women of Period III, nurtured in the love and wisdom of a noble father, is at last rewarded with the love of a noble prince. Imogen, belied, wronged by her husband, is at last reconciled, and forgives all who have done her harm. Hermione, disgraced, and thought to be dead, suffers in silence and finally forgives the husband who had so injured her. Perdita, the fair shepherdess, fragrant with the breath of the open fields and wild flowers, lost to her kin, is found again and takes part in the joyful reunion.

Secondly, these Fourth Period plays take us back to the joys of the simple life of nature. They paint Shakespeare's Stratford life—the wild flowers of the countryside, the junketings of the rustics, the merry roguish pedlar with his fairings for the maidens, the shepherds, the sheep-shearing. And as the country-scenes point to Shakespeare's, renewed life at Stratford, so the scenes of reconciliation between husband and wife, the love of fathers for their daughters, and their watchful care over their children's destiny, point to his renewed life with his wife Anne, and his care of his two daughters—all that then remained alive of his children.

In the Fourth Period, Shakespeare returns to his original method of construction. Instead of concentrating the action in two or three main characters, as he did in his tragedies, he intermingles them, as in the First Period, but paints them on a broader canvas, still keeping character in the forefront. In many things Shakespeare seems to return to Period I—in pictures of a country-life, in the portraiture of girls, in themes like the sleeping; but here the handling of materials is finer, characterization is deeper, charity and forgiveness are everywhere—we seem almost to be in a new heaven on earth.

In metrical matters, the double endings increase to 30.3 per cent from the 22.08 per cent of Period III; the light and weak endings increase to 5.06 per cent from the 1.43 per cent of Period III; but the rhyme to blank verse decreases to 1 : 53.8 from the 1 : 25.8 of Period III.

## 10. SHAKESPEARE'S SELF-REVELATION

Shakespeare is a dramatist, and a dramatist does not lay bare his soul in his plays. The idea of getting at the soul of Shakespeare through his plays will be resented by many critics. The drama is an "objective" art; the less said about the dramatist's self-revelation



the better. As a matter of fact, the dramatist conceals his self behind his character—and particularly in the case of Shakespeare who has created such a bewildering variety of characters, no two being alike, his personality, if he has reflected it in any of his characters, is absolutely elusive. Yet Prof. J. Dover Wilson claims to have discovered the "Essential Shakespeare" in his interesting study of the problems. His book is a high watermark of the "subjective" interpretation of Shakespeare. We need not go the whole hog with Prof. Wilson, but we may accept the reasoned conclusion of Leslie Stephen. And here is Leslie Stephen's summing up of the case :

"A dramatist is no more able than anybody else to bestow upon his character talents which he does not himself possess. If—as critics are agreed—Shakespeare's characters show humour, Shakespeare must have a sense of humour himself. When Mercutio indulges in the wonderful tirade upon Queen Mab, or Jaques moralizes in the forest to learn that their creator had certain powers of mind just as clearly as if we were reading a report of one of the wild combats at the "Mermaid". It is harder to define those qualities precisely than to say what is implied by Johnson's talk at the "Mitre", but the idiosyncrasy is at least as strongly impressed upon such characteristic mental displays. If we were to ask any critic whether such passages could be attributed to Marlowe or Ben Johnson, he would enquire whether we took him for a fool. If we were considering a bit of purely scientific exposition, the inference to character would not exist. A mathematician, I suppose, could tell me that the demonstration of some astronomical theorem was in Newton's manner, and the remark would not show whether Newton was amiable or spiteful, jealous or generous. But a man's humour and fancy are functions of his character as well as of his reason. To appreciate them clearly is to know how he feels as well as how he argues : what are the aspects of life which specially impress him, and what morals are most congenial. I do not see how the critic can claim an instinctive perception of the Shakespearean mode of thought without a perception of some side of his character. You distinguish Shakespeare's work from that of his rivals, as confidently as any expert judge of handwriting. You admit, too, that you can give a very fair account of the characteristics of the other writers. Then surely you can tell me—or at least you know "implicitly" what is the quality in which they are defective and Shakespeare pre-eminent.

"Half my knowledge of friend's character is derived from his talk, and not the less if it is playful, ironical and dramatic. When we agree that Shakespeare's mind was vivid and subtle, that he shows a unique power of blending the tragic and the comic, we already have some indications of character ; and incidentally we catch revelations of more specific peculiarities. Part of my late reading was a charming book in which Mr. Justice Medden sets forth Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of field-sports. It seems to prove conclusively a proposition against which there can certainly be no presumption. We may be quite confident that he could thoroughly enjoy a day's

coursing on the Costwold Hills, and we know by the most undeniable proof that his sense of humour was tickled by the oddities of his fellow-sportsmen, the Shallows and the Slenders. It is at least equally clear that he had the keenest enjoyment of charms of the surrounding scenery. He could not have written *Midsummer Night's Dream* or *As You Like It*, if the poetry of the English greenwood had not entered into his soul. The single phrase about the deffodils—so often quoted for its magical power—is poor enough, if there were no other, of a nature exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of flowers and of spring time. It wants, again, no such confirmation as Fuller's familiar anecdote to convince us that he could listen to and probably join in, a catch by Sir Toby Belch, or make Lord Southampton laugh as heartily as Prince Hall laughed at the jests of Falstaff. Shakespeare, again as this suggests, was certainly not a Puritan. That may be inferred by judicious critics from particular phrases or from the relation of Puritans to players in general. But without such reasoning we may go further and say that in the very conception of a Puritan Shakespeare involves a contradiction in terms. He represents, of course, to the fullest degree, the type which is just the antithesis of Puritanism; the large and tolerant acceptance of human nature which was intolerable to the rigid and strait-laced fanatics, whom, nevertheless, we may forgive in consideration of their stern morality. People indeed have argued, very fruitlessly I fancy, as to Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Critics tell us and I have no doubt truly, that it would be impossible to show conclusively from his work whether he considered himself to be an Anglican or Catholic. But a man's real religion is not to be defined by the formula he accepts or inferred from the Church to which he belongs. His outward profession is chiefly a matter of accident and circumstance, not of character. We may, I think, be pretty certain that Shakespeare's religion, whatever it may have been in its external form, included a profound sense of the mystery of the world and of the pettiness of the little lives that are rounded by a sleep; a conviction that we are such stuff as dreams are made of and a constant sense is impressed in the most powerful sonnets that our present life is an infinitesimal moment in the vast "abysm" of eternity. Shakespeare, we know, read Montaigne; and if, like Montaigne, he accepted the Papist divines, he would clearly not have escaped the creed in which he was brought up, he would have sympathized in Montaigne's sceptical and humorous view of theological controversialists playing their fantastic tricks of logic before high Heaven. Undoubtedly, he despised a pedant, and the pedantry which displayed itself in the wranglings of Protestants. Critics, again, have disputed as to Shakespeare's politics; and the problem is complicated by the desire to show that his politics were as good as his poetry. Sound Liberals are unwilling to admit that he had aristocratic tendencies, because they hold that all aristocrats are wicked and narrow-minded. It is, of course, an anachronism to transplant new problems to those days, and we cannot say that Shakespeare would have thought of modern applications of the principles which he accepted. But I do not see how

could have been more clearly what may be called an intellectual aristocrat. His contempt for the mob may be good-humoured enough, but is surely unequivocal, from the Portrait of Jack Cade, promising, like a good Socialist, that the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops, to the first, second and third citizens who give a display of their insanity and instability in *Coriolanus* or *Julius Caesar*. Shakespeare may be speaking dramatically through Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida*; but at least he must have fully appreciated the argument for order; and understood by order that the cultivated and intelligent should rule and the common herd have as little direct voice in state affairs as Elizabeth and James could have desired.

"When we have got so far we have already, as it seem admitted certain attributes, which are as much personal as literary. If you admit that Shakespeare was a humorist, intensely sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pendants, whether the scholars or theologians, endowed with an amazingly wide and tolerant view of human nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, and capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly, you inevitably affirm at least some negative propositions about the man himself. You can say with confidence what are the characteristics which were thoroughly antipathetic to him even though it may be difficult to describe accurately the characteristics which he positively embodied.

"Another point is, it would seem, too plain to need much emphasis. The author of *Romeo and Juliet* was, I suppose, capable of Romeo's passion. We may doubt that the sun is fire but can hardly doubt that Shakespeare could love. In this case, it seems to me the power of intuition is identical with the emotional power. A man could surely have been unable to find the most memorable utterance in literature of passions of which he was not himself abnormally susceptible. It may be right to describe a poet's power as marvellous, but why should we hold it to be miraculous? I agree with Pope's common sense remark about Helosia's "well sung woes he best can paint 'em who can feel 'em most." "Surely that is the obvious explanation, and I am unable to see why there should be any difficulty in receiving it."

## 11. SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNING : HIS SOURCES

In the prologue to *Volpone*, Ben Jonson wrote : "'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it : From his own hand without a coadjutor, novice, journey man, or talor," and this claim to have written his masterpiece so quickly without assistance emphasizes a dominant condition of work in the Elizabethan theatre and a resulting practice. The repertory system and competition between the companies, as well as the limited number of theatre-goers, demanded a regular supply of fresh plays; rapidity of composition was essential, and a natural result was collaboration. Henslowe's accounts often show three or four, or even five poets, working together on one play.

The urgent needs of theatre encouraged the poets to lay their hands on all likely matter for drama. The more scholarly among

them made use of their wide reading. *Tamburlaine* shows that Marlowe's knowledge of history and geography was extensive, and Johnson having inserted in *Catiline* long translated extracts from Cicero's speeches, retorted upon his critics: "Though you commend the first two Acts, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the oration of Cicero in regard you read some piece of it at school and understand it not yet; yet I shall find the way to forgive you." Other dramatists chose more popular sources.

It is necessary to start with something about the amount of Shakespeare's learning. Prof. T. W. Baldwin in his monumental volume has given us a clear idea of the kind of education Shakespeare would have followed at petty-school and a grammar school. There is no real reason to doubt that he attended both, as he somewhere acquired the equivalent knowledge, but it is possible that because of the financial crisis in his father's fortunes, he did not complete the full curriculum. He acquired a reasonable knowledge of Latin, and perhaps a slight knowledge of Greek too.

The extent of Shakespeare's classical learning is nevertheless still a matter of dispute. Some (including J.A.K. Thomson, John Dover Wilson, and F.P. Wilson) believe that Jonson's "little Latin and less Greek" should be taken to mean hardly any "Latin and no Greek". Others think that though Shakespeare had little or no Greek, he understood Latin 'pretty well', and that his knowledge of language was small only in comparison with Johnson's.—(Edgar I. Fripp).

Shakespeare used translations where they were available; but he did not use them slavishly, and there is plenty of evidence that he read Latin works of which there was no translation—two plays by Plautus, Buchanan, Leslie, some of Livy, and (if we are to believe E. Honigsmann) two manuscript chronicles about King John. He knew some Virgil in the original, though he could have read the translations of Douglas, Surrey, Phaer, Standhurst. There is some evidence that he knew Erasmus's *Colloquies* and *Adagia*. The strongest argument in favour of Shakespeare's having had a fluent knowledge of Latin is afforded by his coinages. Occasionally, he blunders as when he uses 'orifex' for 'orifice'; but his coinages, or those reputed to be his, generally show both knowledge and tact.

Of modern languages, Shakespeare acquired some knowledge of French, Italian, and perhaps a smattering of Spanish. He was not a learned man of the conventional type, but he had enough education for his needs; and he uses what he read with a masterly ease and assurance. He may, of course, have read hundreds of books which have left no trace on his writings; but the most unlikely books leave their traces. Like Coleridge, he created much of his power from forgotten reading.

The influence of certain books on Shakespeare's work has been examined in detail. The Bible left its mark on every play; the canon, and, as Richmond Noble has shown, the earlier ones mostly from the Bishops' Bible and the later ones from the Geneva version.

The Ovidian influence is also pervasive, particularly in the earlier plays—(E.I. Fripp). Florio's Montaigne affected both thought and vocabulary.—(G.C. Taylor). The *Mirror of Magistrates* is echoed in the *Histories*, in *King Lear* and in *Cymbeline*. The influence of *Homilies* has been traced in several plays—(A. Hart). There are echoes from Harsnet's *Declaration* not only in *Lear* but also in *The Tempest*. It would be possible to trace the influence of many other books on Shakespeare's work though the majority of these echoes may do little else than exhibit the working of his subconscious mind, and the extent of his reading.

It is certain that as an actor he was acquainted with a large number of plays in which he performed. He knew many, if not all, of Marlowe's works. He echoes *Tamburlaine*, *Dido*, and *Edward II*; he quotes from *Faustus*; and he quotes from and echoes *Hero and Leander*. But his debt to Marlowe was more profound; from him he learnt the art of blank verse and developed his own conception of tragedy.

From Greene's *Friar Bacon* and *James IV*, Shakespeare may have learnt something about the interweaving of several plots and there is evidence that he knew *Menaphon*, *Euphues' Censure to Philautus*, and the coney-catching pamphlets as well as *Pandasto*, the source of *Winter's Tale*. Lodge provided the plot of *As You Like It* but Shakespeare appears to have been little influenced by his poems or plays.

It is not too much to say that every characteristic of Shakespearean comedy, except the skilful blending of prose and verse, is to be found in Lyly. Farcical scenes like those between the Dromios, between Moth, Armado and Costard, between the Launce and Speed and between Launcelot and old Gobbo; wit contests between persons of rank, Boyet and the French ladies, Portia and Nerissa, Beatrice and Benedick; the use of parallel plots, the use of songs, the pastoral spirit of *As You Like It*, the introduction of fairies, and the disguising of girls as boys, these are a few of the dramatic devices which Shakespeare learned from Lyly. But his indebtedness is more profound, though less tangible, in the creation of atmosphere. The world of Shakespearean comedy is fundamentally the same as Lyly's. The conventions, the style, the very air we breathe is the same. There can be no doubt that Shakespeare's comedies would have been very different had not Lyly preceded him. Not only was Shakespeare generally indebted to his forerunner but more than fifty specific borrowings have been pointed out. Furthermore, Shakespeare learned from Lyly how to write prose and though in *I Henry IV* he poked fun at the excesses of Euphuism, he remained to the end of his career profoundly affected by it. The civilized prose of the great comedies owes its constructions, its rhythms, its balance and its poise to the example of Lyly. It sharpened the edge of Shakespeare's wit, and gave his dialogue more force and sparkle. Touchstone, Falstaff and Beatrice use a modified form of the style in which its inherent artificiality is toned down.

There is some evidence that Shakespeare had read some of the Nashe-Harvey controversy, as it left its traces on *Love's Labour's Lost*; but one of Nashe's pamphlets, *Pierce Penilesse* seems to have had considerable influence on *Hamlet*. There are a few phrases in *Othello* too that recall *Pierce Penilesse*.

Ben Jonson mentioned that Shakespeare surpassed 'sporting Kyd'; and certainly *The Spanish Tragedy* and possibly an earlier version of *Hamlet* were among the most fruitful of the works of the University Wits in their influence on his plays. He also seems to have known *Cornelio* and he alludes to *Solyman and Perseda*.

Shakespeare had read *Faerie Queene*, but its influence on his own work was surprisingly small. He knew most of Sidney's works—*Astrophel and Stella*, *The Apologie for Poesy and Arcadia*—and much of Daniel's including *Delia*, *Rosamund*, *A Letter from Octavia*, *Cleopatra* and *The Civil Wars*.

So many books and plays have not survived that even if we read all the extant books published before 1616 we could still be sure that we had not read all the books known to Shakespeare; and of course, some ideas or phrases apparently echoed from books, we knew, may in fact be echoed from books which are now lost. Even apart from this, some resemblance may be coincidental; Shakespeare may have derived the word, the phrase, the image or the idea from a variety of sources—from conversation, from dictionaries, from manuscripts, from letters. Shakespeare combined a variety of different sources in the texture of his verse, and the process, in most cases, was unconscious.

We are on surer ground when we attempt to trace the sources of his plots, though, even here, there are obstacles in the way. In a number of cases, e.g., *Hamlet*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*—there was probably a lost source-play. The histories present a special problem, since there is so much disagreement about the materials on which Shakespeare worked. Some years ago it appeared to be settled that the second and the third parts of *Henry VI* were Shakespeare's unaided work; now it is suggested either that the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy* were used by him as sources, or else that these bad quartos were like Shakespeare's plays, derived from the work of previous dramatists. It used to be generally accepted that *King John* was based on the *Troublesome Raigne*, but the latest editor, Honigmann, assumes that the position of the two plays was reversed, the *Troublesome Raigne* being based on *King John*. There was possibly a source-play behind *Richard II*, so it is unprofitable to discuss whether Shakespeare consulted a number of remoter sources. I *Henry IV* and *Henry V* were derived in part from the *Famous Victories*, a play which exists only in a mangled and truncated version so that we cannot know exactly what Shakespeare borrowed from it. The authenticity of I *Henry VI* and *Henry VIII* is still a matter of dispute, and till we can be sure how much Peele and others wrote of the former and how much, if any, Fletcher wrote

the latter, the discussion of their sources will be inconclusive. *Richard III* is the only one of the Histories which presents a straightforward problem.

Shakespeare's method of composition differed from play to play. For one or two no direct source has been discovered. For several of his plots Shakespeare appears to have used only one source (e.g. *As You Like It* and *The Winter's Tale*). Most of the plays, however, have more than one source, and several of them draw on a variety of sources.

It cannot be said that Shakespeare never invented a plot, as that of *Love's Labour's Lost*, at least, may have been his own invention. Nor can it be maintained that he invariably used an earlier play, though G.A. Greer has tried to show that for 22 of his plays, Shakespeare made use of an earlier play, and that for only two of his plays has no source-play been suggested. Greer plausibly argues that whenever possible Shakespeare used translations, and much less plausibly, that he may not have been able to read Italian, French, Greek, or Latin: This view is quite untenable. Baldwin rightly disclaims any responsibility for the idea that Shakespeare was a learned man; but readers of his several volumes will allow that the poet absorbed a fair amount of education.

No one disputes that for five of his plays (*Meas. for Meas.*, I & II *Henry IV*, *Henry V* and *Lear*), Shakespeare made some use of an earlier play; but it is certain that even for these he used other sources as well. There is not a single play that can be shown to have merely a dramatic source, though it may be admitted that the loss of so many Elizabethan plays makes it possible to argue that all, or nearly all, Shakespeare's plays may have had a dramatic source.

It would be satisfying to be able to show that just as Shakespeare's work falls into several periods in respect of versification, characterization, and imagery, so in respect of sources too, it shows a characteristic development from the simple to the complex, or from the complex to the simple. But there is nothing to support such a theory.

It seems probable that more sources will eventually be discovered though such discoveries are unlikely to lead to radical modifications of our knowledge of Shakespeare's methods of work. He naturally followed the methods of imitation which he had learnt at school, and his genius was displayed more in the imaginative fusion of detail from different sources than in pure invention in the modern sense. How conscious the process of fusion was, must remain a matter of opinion.

The study of Shakespeare's sources is no substitute for criticism. The sources throw relatively little light on the finished plays, though now and again, when the interpretation of a passage is disputable the knowledge of a source may show us which interpretation is the more likely. There are other occasions when the knowledge that Shakespeare deviated from his known sources will cause us to ask

questions which may lead to true interpretation of the play. But apart from 'such a limited use of source study as an adjunct to criticism, it may be justified on wider grounds. Anything which throws light, however dim, on Shakespeare's craftsmanship or on his methods of composition is not without interest, and stands in no need of defence.

—(Adapted from Kenneth Muir : *Shakespeare's Sources*)

## 12. THE SEQUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

"Obviously, if the reader wishes to observe the development of Shakespeare's style and the growth of his powers as an artist, the most satisfactory order in which to read his plays would be that in which they were composed. Yet important as the matter is, the arrangement of Shakespeare's works in chronological order is one of the most difficult of scholarly problems. In many cases it is quite impossible to determine the order of succession, many of the dates usually assigned to plays are conjectural and those who know most about Shakespeare are the least willing to suggest a definite order or to be dogmatic concerning the exact year in which an individual play was written. In the case of a modern author, information to answer questions of this kind is readily accessible ; in Shakespeare's case it is almost wholly lacking. The traditional order of the First Folio, which classifies the play as Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies and places *The Tempest* first and *Cymbeline* last, is still adhered to in many modern editions, but scholars universally reject this arrangement as having no chronological basis. The character of the evidence upon which they attempt a rearrangement will be clear from a few examples. The sources of information are six in number.

### 1. Records of Performance

These are few in number and usually furnish a date before which a play was composed without any information as to how long before. Thus an account of the revels of law students at Gray's Inn on December 28, 1594, mentions a performance of *The Comedy of Errors*; one John Manningham, a student at the Middle Temple, in his diary mentions seeing *Twelfth Night* there on February 2, 1602, a foreign visitor to Lodon. Thomas Platter, records in his diary seeing *Julius Caesar* on September 21, 1599, the first edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1598) mentions a performance at court the previous Christmas, and an account of the burning of the Globe Theatre June 29, 1613, refers to Henry VIII as a new play.

### 2. Literary Allusions

Of these the most important is Francis Meres' praise of Shakespeare in *Palladius Tamia* (1598) and his specific mention of twelve plays then written : *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Love's Labour's Won* (unidentified), *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John* ; *Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. There is also allusion to Talbot—a character in *Henry VI*—in



Thomas Nashe's *Pierce Peninlesse* (1591); and a note about *Hamlet*, made by Gabriel Harvey sometime between 1598 and 1601. Like the notices of performances, these allusions are usually indefinite and furnish only a terminal date.

### 3. References in the Plays to Datable Historical Events

Shakespeare, again, is sparing in "topical allusions", and passages thought to refer to current events or controversies require caution on the part of the interpreter. Yet, the chorus before the fifth act of *Henry V* contains a clear allusion to the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland, and fixes the date of the performance at which that prologue was used between March 27 and September 28, 1599. There are also allusions in *Hamlet* to the revival of the boy actors (1599) in *Macbeth* to the house of Stuart; and perhaps, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to the baptism ceremonies of Prince Henry of Scotland (1594).

### 4. Links between Plays Themselves

The most marked of these is the continuity of Richard II, and Henry IV, and the author's promise at the end of the last-named play of continuing the story in *Henry V*, which establishes the chronological sequence of these four plays. The pointed allusion of Robin Goodfellow in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that this time "naught shall go ill, Jack shall have Jill", likewise seems to be a link with *Love's Labour's Lost*, which "doth not end like an old play, Jack hath not Jill". If so, it establishes the order of composition, though not a definite date.

### 5. Dates of Publication

Dates on title pages or dates of registration in the books of the Stationers' Company are less valuable than might at first be supposed because in Shakespeare's time plays were almost never written for publication, and those which "escaped into print" usually did so after their popularity on the stage had declined. Yet, for several of Shakespeare's plays on other reliable information exists, among them *Richard III* (1597), *Romeo and Juliet* (1597), *Richard II* (1597), *Henry IV* (1598), *Much Ado* (1600) and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1602). *Antony and Cleopatra* was entered for publication in 1608 and *As You Like It* in 1600, though neither appeared in print before 1623, *Troilus and Cressida* was registered in 1603, though no edition earlier than 1609 is known. The date of licensing or of publication, therefore, at least gives a terminal date and is sometimes a valuable clue.

### 6. Variation of Style and Versification

This is least reliable type of evidence, and great caution must be exercised in drawing inferences from it. The assumption is that as Shakespeare grew in experience, his style of writing reflected his intellectual development, his character study deepened, his taste improved, and his technique became more and more individual. Especially singled out have been the variations of Shakespeare's blank verse and growth from a stereotyped to a flexible medium. Certain broad features of Shakespeare's development as an artist are of

course recognizable, but obviously also, a detailed literary and psychological analysis is possible only after the proper order of the plays has been established, and not before. Subject matter and mood, too, determine to a large extent the style of writing, and allowance must also be made for experiment or for passing influences. Yet taken as a whole this "internal evidence", when tactfully and objectively used, is valuable, if only as a check upon other evidence.

Regarding internal evidence we have to look into style, versification, diction and other such things as are connected with the workmanship of a particular play. In Shakespeare's plays we find three stages of development of the mind and art of the dramatist. In the first stage we find richer expression but poorer thought while in the middle stage we find both thought and expression equally well-balanced; but in the third stage we find expression falling behind thought because thought becomes mature and expression cannot cope with it or cannot express it properly. Then again, in the first stage, we find symmetry or contrast of characters, while in the later stages we find subtlety of characterization which is remarkable particularly in the greater tragedies. Besides, in the earlier plays, we notice much of delight in beauty, joy of living, cleverness in expression and youthfulness in outlook, while in the later plays, we find the glow of imagination deepening into philosophic thought and of humour into pathos. With the advance of years and with the maturity of art, the outlook of a man of life and character becomes perfectly changed, and the manner of expression also becomes sober, sedate, and even gloomy. That is why, in the great tragedies of Shakespeare, we find grim humour instead of sparkling wit as we find in the earlier plays, comedies or tragedies.

Of internal evidence, there is the verse test by which we can say whether a play belongs to an earlier or a later period. In his earlier plays, particularly in comedies, we can find rhyme more in abundance, while it slowly disappears altogether with the maturity of the artist. For example, end-stop verse is the chief feature of the earlier plays. An end-stop verse means a verse in which the sense of each line is complete, and consequently, the pause comes at the end of each line. A run-on verse is one in which the sense runs from one line on another without a pause at the end of the line. As far as light-ending verse is concerned, a line closes with an important monosyllable, but when the monosyllable is carried on in sense and pronunciation to the next line, it is regarded as a weak ending. A double or feminine ending is an extra-syllable added to a normal line of blank verse. Weak ending is conspicuously absent in the earlier plays of Shakespeare, while double-ending or feminine ending can be found in his later plays.

### 13. SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS—AS A POET AND DRAMATIST

#### 1. Universality

"And such was Shakespeare, whose strong soul  
could climb

Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand  
 Of passions deep ; or over Fancy's strand  
 Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.  
 His too the power to laugh out full and clear  
 With unembittered joyance, and to move  
 Along the silent shadowy paths of love  
 As tenderly as Dante, whose austere  
 Stern spirit through the worlds below, above,  
 Unsmiling strode; to tell the tidings here."

—*W. W. Story.*

"Shakespeare's work alone can be said to possess the organic strength and infinite variety, the throbbing fulness, vital complexity and breathing truth of Nature herself. In points of artistic resource and technical ability—such as, copious and expressive diction, freshness and pregnancy of verbal combination, richly modulated verse, and structural skill in the handling of incident and action—Shakespeare's supremacy is indeed sufficiently assured. But, after all, it is of course in the spirit and substance of his work, his power of piercing to the hidden centres of character, of touching the deepest springs of impulse and passion, out of which emerge the issues of life and of evolving those issues dramatically with a flawless strength, subtlety, and truth, which raises him so immensely above and beyond not only the best of the playwrights who went before him, but the whole line of illustrious dramatists that came after him. It is Shakespeare's unique distinction that he has an absolute command over all the complexities of thought and feeling that prompt to action and bring out the dividing lines of character. He sweeps with the hand of a master the whole gamut of human experience, from the lowest note to the very top of its compass, from the sportive childish treble of Mamilius, and the pleading boyish tones of Prince Arthur, up to the spectre-haunted terrors of Macbeth, the tropical passion of Othello, the agonized sense and tortured spirit of Hamlet, the sustained elemental grandeur, the Titanie force, the utterly tragical pathos of King Lear."

—*T. S. Baynes.*

"The greatest genius that perhaps human nature has yet produced, our *myriad-minded* Shakespeare."

—*T. S. Coleridge.*

"No other author had ever so copious, so bold, so *creative* an imagination, with so perfect a knowledge of the passions, the humours and the sentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from kings down to peasants, with equal truth and equal force. If human natures were destroyed, and no monument were left of it except his works, other beings might know *what man was* from those writings."

—*George Lord Lyttleton.*

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
 First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;  
 Each change of many coloured life he drew  
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new"

—*Garrick.*

"Shakespeare is above all writers the poet of Nature, the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of man and his environment, manners and life. His characters do not belong to this country

or that, one profession or the other, but come from all lands and all walks of life. They are the rightful progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find, unaffected alike by the vagaries of fashion, the accidents of custom and the changes of opinion. They run the whole gamut of the world, the flesh and the devil, motivated by general passions and principles and conforming to the common pattern of life. Shakespeare's persons are not individuals: they are a species eternal and true taken from nowhere in particular, though met here, there and everywhere.

"And yet paradoxically enough no two characters of Shakespeare are alike. Shakespeare never repeats himself. Indeed universality of idea and individuality of character are his specialities. With all the versatility of a dramatic Proteus, he changes himself into every character and enters into every condition of human nature. Myriad are the shapes and guises, but like the colours in a kaleidoscope, all so bright and clear, all so true to life, that in the words of Pope it is a sort of injury to call Shakespeare's characters by so distant a name as copies of Nature or, as Goethe would have it, "his characters are like watches with dial plates of transparent crystal; they show you the hour like others, and the inward mechanism also is all visible."

"It was not for nothing that Shakespeare's last hero was a master-magician, a universal charmer. Prospero is a significant symbol; but with all its significance it does not explain enough. Rather like Wordsworth's beautiful violet, half-seen, half-bidden, it only beautifully tantalizes. For magic, however transfiguring from the simple Mango-trick to the stupendous Rope-trick is, after all, only a trick, eerie and esoteric trick, but a trick all the same, Shakespearean magic, on the other hand, lies open and above board in his plays and poetry for anyone with the eyes, the ear and the wit to understand. And for a second, all magic dies with the magician. A posthumous thaumaturgist is neither seen nor heard of. Yet Shakespeare's magic was not made much of in his lifetime. He had caused a flutter in the dovecotes of dramatists and poets, he had made them sit up and take notice; but when all is said, he was one among the many, a tall poppy with whom others, even the tallest of the tall, had to reckon, but by no means surely a Triton among the minnows. His magic worked later, distance lent enchantment to the view and continues still to lend it. Already Shakespearean has grown from a snowball into an avalanche and Shakespeareolatry has become a regular religion."

"Well, where vagueness is bliss it is folly to be clear. What was, the greatest thinkers, critics and poets could not fathom. Goethe called him second only to God: Coleridge termed him un-mouthed; Wordsworth compared him to a mountain, and left it at that. Perhaps an Aristotle alone could place Shakespeare in clear-cut category and Aristotle flourished once in antiquity and is not going to flourish again. Nonetheless groundlings alike, or as Bottom would say every mother's son,

us could enjoy the magic. Here is matter for all tastes, all prejudices, all predilections. Here is knowledge without tears, pleasure without sin, upliftment without penance.

Nor, need you be taken aback at this funny farrago of *panem et circenses*, church juxtaposed with cinema screen, and religion brought to the Rialto. If you call it Gilbertian, well, then so is life, at once topsy turvy and humorous. For what is life but a musical miscellany of pleasure and pain, high seriousness and hilarious laughter. And to this Shakespeare spoke with a voice deep as Tophet and high as Heaven. In this Shakespeare was a prophet. A peculiar prophet though, in that the man sang and did not preach except through music. More, while he set out the riddle of life and gave all the necessary clues, he did not care to solve it, but left his Pericles, Prince of Tyre, as a standing warning against daring Oedipuses. Enough that life has a harmony as the Spheres have theirs; this for angels, that for mortals. Life is a gigantic promenade concert with the whole world for its audience. They that stand still or go out for their way seeking the *Primum Mobile*, do so at their peril. This is what Shakespeare has sung and spoken through a megaphone as it were in his works with none of your Dantean defeatism but with right apostolic fervour.

"Hence it is that Shakespeare's gayest comedies are interspersed with scenes and interludes of solemn seriousness and civil-suited melancholy, and his tragedies of the deepest pathos are chock-a-block with passages and part-sings of scintillating wit and side-splitting laughter. Hence, too, that crown comic character of all times, that mountain of flesh, exuding wit at every pore, that brazen-browed, Toledo-tongued Sir John Falstaff of Munchausenesque mendacity and Shavian cynicism, Indian *Bidushak* and Birbal in one, rolls his way through tragedies and comedies on and illustrating as if in person that life is one chiaroscuro of alternating light and shade, one fabric of which joy and sorrow are the warp and the woof.

"Even a prophet was without honour in his land. Not so Shakespeare :

'His writings were confessed to be such,

As neither Man, nor Muse can praise too much ;  
and this was 'all men's suffrage'. He broke 'unities and usage', Priscians head and princely genealogies and was the more applauded for that. 'Better a mechanic rule were stretched or broken than a great beauty were omitted,' said Dryden. 'There is more beauty,' said Addison, 'in the words of a great genius who is ignorant of the rules of art, than in those of a little genius who knows and observes them'. 'Ignorant of the rules perhaps but by no means an ignoramus.' For, though with a particular piece of Oxon parchment in his portfolio, he had yet won many a richer distinction in the University of Genius which has turned out Homer and Chaucer before and was later to turn out Balzac and Dickens, *viz.*, the public street and the tavern where you read no books, the mighty bloodless substitute for life as Stevenson called them but the 'liveableness of life' in all the colours



huge legs are all petty, nor do his admirers whose name is legion peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves. Ben Jonson and Milton, Carlyle and Quincey, Goethe and Schiller, were giants themselves, but they acknowledged and acclaimed him their 'Big Brother.' And far from finding themselves dishonourable graves, they lived and learned, poured libations and burnt incense at his shrine and were inspired to works of immortality. Through monarch of mankind his is no ordinary monarchy. For while, thrones may totter to the dust, crowns tumble in the mire, and kings wander jobless—the war aftermath has sent many perambulating the capitals of Europe—Shakespeare on his pedestal in the valhalla of Literature will stand firm and four-square, swaying generation after generation of scholars, and savants, critics and connoisseurs, hermits and hero-worshippers alike."

## 2. Dramatic Faculty

"Many dramatic writers of different ages are capable, occasionally, of breaking out, with great fervour of genius, in the natural language of strong emotion. No writer of antiquity is more distinguished for abilities of this kind than Euripides. His whole heart and soul seem torn and agitated by the force of the passion he imitates. He ceases to be Euripides; he is Medea : he is Orestes. Shakespeare, however, is most eminently distinguished, not only by these occasional sallies, but by imitating the passion in all its aspects, by pursuing it through all its windings and labyrinths, by moderating or accelerating its impetuosity according to the influence of other principal and of external events and finally by combining it in a 'judicious manner' with other passions and propensities, or by setting it apply in opposition. He thus, unites the two essential powers of dramatic invention, that of forming characters; and that of imitating in their natural expression, the passions and affection of which they are composed."

—W. Richardson.

## 3. Nature versus Art

"He was an eminent instance of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit sed nascitur*; one is not *made* but *born* a poet. Indeed, his learning was very little, so that, as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the *art* which was used upon him.

"Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man of war; Master Jonson (like of former) was built far higher in learning; solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

—Thomas Fuller.

"If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the

learning or some cast of the models of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her as that she speaks through him." —*Alexander Poper.*

Shakespeare came out of Nature's hand like Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature." —*George Colman.*

#### 4. Truth and Variety of Characters

"His *characters* are so much Nature herself, that is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life; itself it is as impossible to find any two alike; as such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear must to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it, which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker." —*Alexander Pope.*

"His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them. His characters are real beings of flesh and blood; they speak like man, not like author." —*William Hazlitt.*

#### 5. Powers of Insight and Imagination

"Shakespeare is as astonishing for the exuberance of his genius in abstract notions, and for the depth of his analytic and philosophic insight, as for the scope and minuteness of his poetic imagination. It is as if into a mind poetical *form* in there had been poured all the *matter* that existed in the mind of his contemporary Bacon. In Shakespeare's plays we have thought, history, expedition, philosophy all within the round of the poet." —*David Masson.*

"Through all the forenoon of our triumphant day till the utter consummation and ultimate ascension of dramatic poetry incarnate and transfigured in the master-singer of the world, the quality of his tragedy was as that of Marlowe's, broad, single and intense; large of hand, voluble of tongue, direct of purpose. With the dawn of its latter epoch a new power comes upon it, to find clothing and expression in new forms of speech and after a new style. The language has put its foreign decoration of lyrics and elegiac ornaments; it has found already its infinite gain in the loss of those sweet superfluous graces which encumbered the march and enchained the utterance of its childhood. The figures which it invests are now no more types of a single passion, the incarnation of a single thought. They now demand a scrutiny which tests the power of a mind and tries the value of a judgment; they appeal to something more than the hasty apprehension which sufficed to respond to the immediate *dram* of those that went before them. *Romeo and Juliet* were *si*



and their names bring back to us no further thought than of their love and the lovely sorrow of its end; Antony and Cleopatra shall be before all things lovers, but the thought of their love and its triumphant tragedy shall recall other things beyond number—all the forces and fortunes of mankind, all the chance and all the consequences that waited on their imperial passion, all the infinite variety of qualities and powers wrought together and welded into the frame and composition of that love which shook from end to end nations and kingdoms of the earth.” —A.C. Swinburne.

#### 6. Humanity

“What I admire in Shakespeare, however, is that his lovers are all human—no earthliness hiding itself from itself in sentimental transcendentalism—no loves of the angels, which are the least angelic things, I believe, that float in the clouds, though they do look down upon mortal feelings with contempt just as the dark volumes of smoke which issue from the long chimney of a manufactory might brood very sublimely over the town which they blacken, and fancy themselves far more ethereal than those vapours which steam up from the earth by day and night. Yet these are pure water and those are destined to condense in black soot. So are the transcendentalisms of affection. Shakespeare is healthy, true to Humanity in this.....  
 ... You always know that you are on an earth which has to be refined, instead of floating in the empyrean wings of wax. Therein he is immeasurably greater than Shelley. Shelleyism is very sublime, sublimer a good deal than God, for God's world is all wrong and Shelley is all right—much purer than Christ, for Shelly can criticize Christ's heart and life—nevertheless, Shelleyism is only atmospheric profligacy to coin a Montgomeryism. I believe this to be one of Shakespeare's most wandrous qualities—the humanity of his nature and heart. There is a spirit of sunny endeavours about him, and an acquiescence in things as they are—not incompatible with a cheerful resolve to make them better.” —F. W. Robertson.

#### 7. Magic of Expression

“Let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the *Correspondent*, a French Review, whom not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer in praising Shakespeare's prose ‘With Shakespeare, he says, ‘prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic’. And he goes on; ‘Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought, along with his dazzling prose. Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks.’ M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it: would not be easy to praise Shakespeare in a single sentence more justly.” —M. Arnold

#### 8. Moral Ideals

A close scrutiny of Shakespeare's dramas, particularly the great tragedies, reveals that Shakespeare did cherish some moral

ideals which he attempted to exhibit in his dramas in one way or the other. In this regard the views of Halleck are noteworthy :

"To show the moral consequences of acts was the work which most appealed to him. Banquo voiced the comprehensiveness of moral law when he said, 'In the great hand of God I stand.' There is here great divergence between the views of Shakespeare and of Bacon". Dowden says, "While Bacon's sense of the presence of physical law in the universe was for his time extraordinarily developed, he seems practically to have acted upon the theory that the moral laws of the world are not inexorable, but rather by tactics and dexterity may be cleverly evaded. Their supremacy was acknowledged by Shakespeare in the minutest as well as in the greatest concerns of human life."

By employing 'tactics' in sending Hamlet on a voyage to England, the king hoped to avoid the consequences of his crime. Macbeth in vain tried every stratagem to 'trammel up the consequence'. Goneril and Regan drove their white-haired father out into the storm; but even in *King Lear*, where the forces of evil seem to run riot, let us note the result :

"Throughout that stupendous Third Act the good are seen growing better through suffering, and the bad worse through success. The warm castle is a room in hell, the storm-wept heath a sanctuary .... The only real thing in the world is the soul, with its courage, patience, devotion."—(Bradley)

Shakespeare makes no pessimists. He shows how misfortune crowns life with new moral glory. We rise from the gloom in *King Lear*, feeling that we would rather be Cordelia than like either of her sisters or any other selfish character who apparently triumphs until life's close. When we realize that Shakespeare found one hundred and ten lines in *King Lear*, sufficient not only to confer immortality on Cordelia, but also to make us all eager to pay homage to her, in spite of the fact that the ordinary standard of the world has not ceased to declare such a life a failure, we may the better understand that his greatest power consisted in revealing the moral victories possible for this rough hewn human life.

#### 9. His Influence on Thought

There cannot be any doubt about the fact that Shakespeare's influence is felt in all human activities, of course, the realm of science exempted. With the exception of the *Scriptures*, Shakespeare's dramas have surpassed all other works in moulding English thought. If a person should master Shakespeare and the *Bible*, he would find most that is greatest in human thought.

Even when we do not read him, we do not escape the influence of others who have been swayed by him. For generations, certain modes of thought have crystallized about his phrases. We may instance such expressions as these : 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' 'What's in a name' ? 'The wish was father to the thought', 'The time is out of joint,' 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends'.

No intelligent person can study Shakespeare without becoming a deeper and more varied thinker, without securing a broader comprehension of human existence—its struggles, failures, and successes. His most valuable influence often consists in rendering his students sympathetic and in making them feel a sense of kinship with life.

#### 14. SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLISH

Shakespeare's English means Elizabethan English, and there is a great difference between Elizabethan English and modern English: there is also a difference between spoken English and written English. The three general features of Elizabethan English are brevity, emphasis and tendency to interchange parts of speech. Further, there is a difference in vocabulary and also in grammar between Shakespeare's English and modern English. In Shakespeare's plays we find many words changed in meaning, many archaic words used, many obsolete words are also used, and some of the words are pronounced also in a different manner than at the present time. Words such as *advised*, *continent*, *danger*, *discover*, *except*, *fond*, *virtue*, *shrewd*, *prevent*, *presently*, *mere*, etc., are used in a different sense. There are many archaic words such as *afear'd*, *fill-force*, *happened*, *sonties*, *traneet*, *usance* etc., which can be found in the plays. There are certain words in Shakespeare's plays such as *imposition*, *contemplation*, *occasions*, *distinct*, *aspect* etc., which are pronounced in a different manner nowadays from the Elizabethan days. With regard to grammatical difference between Shakespeare's English and modern English. K. Deighton says:

The differences between the grammar of Shakespeare's writings and of the English of the present day are mainly due to the following facts:

1. The process by which English has changed from a highly inflected language to one with but few inflections, though far advanced in Shakespeare's time, had not gone quite so far as at present. Hence, some usages which, judged by the grammatical standard of present-day English, may appear to be erroneous, are to be explained by early grammatical inflections and usages, and are, therefore, old-fashioned rather than incorrect.

2. Grammatical rules had not been fixed with their present rigidity; indeed the first English grammar was written by Shakespeare's contemporary, Ben Jonson. Constructions now considered ungrammatical were at that time perfectly allowable, and were used by all the best writers, e.g., the use of the double superlative and of the double comparative.

3. The plays of Shakespeare represent spoken language, in which ellipses and abrupt transitions are frequent. Some of apparently loose grammatical constructions in Shakespeare may possibly be due to the desire to express more vividly the ellipses and changes of constructions which occur in actual speech.

The striking features of Shakespearean grammar are (1) the frequent use of ellipses, (2) the frequent use of emphatic constructions,

(3) the use of compound words, (4) the frequent interchange of parts of speech.

Deighton makes certain general remarks about Shakespeare's English.

"In the works of Shakespeare, the English language rises to its highest power and widest compass. Other writers have a recognizable and individual style, but the completeness of Shakespeare's mastery over the resources of the English language made him a master of all styles, so that in his hands, his mother-tongue was capable of expressing the whole range of feeling and of portraying the most divergent types of character. A part of Shakespeare's mastery of the English language lay in the wide range of his vocabulary. In his works, he uses over twenty thousand different words—a vocabulary very much more extensive than that of any other writer.

The works of Shakespeare fall within the earlier part of that period of the development of the English language generally known as Modern English (from about 1500 to the present time). In his time, though the language had in the main taken on its present grammatical forms and vocabulary, there were nevertheless important differences in both these respects from the English of today. The early period of modern English is the period of experiment and comparative licence both in the importation of new words and in the formation of idioms and grammatical constructions. During this period a great change in vowel sounds, and consequently in pronunciation took place; but as there was no corresponding change in spelling, these vowel-changes resulted in the distribution of accents and in the division of words in syllables."

## 15. SHAKESPEAR'S USE OF RHYME IN HIS PLAYS

The rhymed couplet is very frequently used by Shakespeare in his plays, but the amount of rhyme slowly decreases in his later plays. So the proportion of rhymed couplets in a play is a positive sign of the period to which the play belongs. While determining the date of composition of a play one can put a question to himself:

'Is there much rhyme? the play is early.

Is there little rhyme? the play is late.'

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, which is supposed to be one of the earliest plays of Shakespeare, there are about two rhymed lines to every one of blank verse. In *The Comedy of Errors* there are 380 rhymed lines to 1150 unrhymed lines. In *The Tempest*, which is one of the latest plays of Shakespeare, there are only two rhymed lines.

But let us consider why Shakespeare adopted blank verse and gradually abandoned rhyme. So far as blank verse is concerned, it has the advantages of naturalness, freedom and variety over rhyme. Rhyme destroys the illusion of reality, particularly, in moments of great emotion. Rhyme is artificial, and it constantly reminds us that a play is fiction and not a reality. In real life, nobody speaks in rhyme. Blank verse, on the other hand, creates the illusion of

reality and produces naturalness. Then again, rhyme puts a restraint upon the writer; he is compelled sometimes to invert the order of words and even to use a less suitable word. The rhythm of the rhymed couplets confines the sense within the limits of the couplet, while blank verse allows the sense to run on with the lines. In the blank verse, the sense finds free expression while in rhymed lines the verse dominates the sense. That is why blank verse has not only naturalness but also freedom about it. Last of all, blank verse gives variety and change but rhyme produces monotony, because in rhymed lines there is a pause either at the end of the first line or invariably at the end of the second line. There is no uniformity in blank verse as there is in rhymed lines, and consequently, rhymed lines become monotonous faster than verse. Although in a long narrative poem or in a short lyric, the rhyme, when recited, may be quite pleasing to the ear yet the sound of rhyme, in long piece of conversation becomes monotonous.

In Shakespeare's later plays, we find rhyme only at the end of a scene or at the close of a long speech. With regard to the use of rhyme at the end of a scene Dr. Abbott remarks, "Rhyme was often used as an effective termination at the end of the scene. When the scenery was not changed, or the arrangements were so defective that the change was not easily perceptible, it was perhaps additionally desirable to mark that a scene was finished".

In Shakespeare's plays, rhyme often marks the close of a scene and sometimes marks leave-taking or the close of a chapter in a man's life suggesting farewell. For example, in *As You Like It*, we find Adam and Orlando using rhyme while bidding farewell to their former life. In *Richard II* also the favourites of the King express their feelings in rhyme meaning to say that their period of prosperity is over. In the same play, rhyme is used also to emphasize the tragedy of the close of Richard's life. In *King Lear* too the banished Kent is made to use rhyme for his leave-taking. Sometimes, even in his very late plays like *Othello* and *King Lear* Shakespeare uses rhyme for the expression of moral reflections upon life. Rhyme is surely far more impressive than blank verse or prose in proverbs and maxims and in other moral reflections.

## 16. SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF PROSE IN HIS PLAYS

A. W. Verity remarks about the use of prose in Shakespeare's plays: "The chief use to which Shakespeare puts prose is as a conversational medium of expression. He introduces it where he wishes to lower the dramatic pitch, and does not desire a poetical effect: where in fact, he wants to convey the impression of people talking together. This use is illustrated so fully in *The Merchant of Venice* that it is needless to particularize. Attention, however, may be drawn to the interesting transitions from prose to verse and verse to prose in the same scene. These alternations are very suggestive as indications of mood or circumstances, and the reason in each should be carefully considered. Note for instance, in 1. 3.,

how the heightening of the dramatic interest at Antonio's entrance is marked by the change from prose to verse. It should be observed too how characters conceived wholly in a tragic or poetic spirit (Antonio, Bassanio) speak entirely or almost entirely in verse. Bitterness and contempt, irony and wit, abruptness of thought or feeling, all find vent more naturally and pointedly in prose than verse."

Shakespeare uses prose for comic parts also. For example, Touchstone in *As You Like It* always uses prose. During the middle period of Shakespeare's dramatic career we find mostly prose in the comedies. For example, *Much Ado About Nothing* is known as a prose comedy. Shakespeare uses prose particularly as the language of the characters of humble position in his plays, such as servants, sailors, soldiers, etc. Prose forms the medium of expression particularly in scenes of low life when it is also comic in tone and texture, as we find prose being used in the Grave-diggers' scene in *Hamlet*, while in *The Tempest*, Stephano and Trinculo always speak in prose but Caliban invariably speaks in verse. In *Henry V*, the Hostess, Bardolph, Nym, and the Boy speak in prose because they are of humble status and also humorous. The conversation between Launcelot and his father in *The Merchant of Venice* is in prose but Bassanio answers them in verse.

Shakespeare uses prose in letters, proclamations, documents etc., and sometimes for the expression of extreme emotion and mental derangement. For example, Ophelia and Hamlet in *Hamlet* and Edgar in *King Lear* are made to speak in prose when they are either in extreme fits of emotion or in real or feigned fits of insanity. When Shylock speaks in the bitterest tone with the strongest emotion he speaks in prose. A. W. Verity again remarks about Shakespeare's use of prose that it increases as the character of his plays grows more varied and complex. *Richard II*, written five or six years before *Henry V*, has no prose, not even in the Scene III, 4 with the Gardeners which is of the same genre as the Grave-diggers' scene. The amount of prose in a play, therefore, is an indication of its date, like the amount of rhyme, though not so conclusive an indication.

## 17. MAJOR TYPES OF PLAYS WRITTEN BY SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare has written in all 37 plays. These plays can broadly be divided into four major types : 1. Comedies, 2. Tragedies 3. Romances, and 4. Historical plays. Let us discuss the salient features of all these four types of plays.

1. **Comedies.** Shakespeare began his dramatic career with comedies. The comedies cover the first two stages in the growth of his dramatic genius. The major comedies written by Shakespeare are : *The Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream*, and *Much Ado About Nothing*. The salient features of the Comedies are these :

- (1) *Romantic Comedies*—Shakespeare's comedies are romantic comedies. They are all stories of love, beauty and romance, finally leading to happy marriages through sincerity, devotion, sacrifice and steadfastness. They are all essentially romantic in spirit as against the classical or satirical comedies of Ben Jonson, Congreve, Sheridan or Goldsmith.
- (2) *Love Stories*—All the comedies are stories of love. The path of true love never does run smooth. Therefore, in the course of love in each case difficulties, hindrances, complications and problems come. There are misunderstandings, allegations, cross-woodings and transfer of affections. But in the course of time all complications are resolved, all knots are smoothened and all misunderstandings cleared. The resolution of problems comes largely through the sincerity, devotion, loyalty and steadfastness of the heroines. In the end, happy marriages take place in an atmosphere of all-pervading joy, love and youthful gaiety.
- (3) *Stories of Heroines*—The comedies are largely the stories of heroines rather than heroes. The heroines are superbly beautiful, intelligent, witty, loving and sparkling young persons. They are sincere, devoted, sacrificing and highly resourceful and adventurous young maidens. They are all devotees of love. They carry around them a peculiarly enchanting atmosphere of love, gaiety, buoyancy, wit and humour. The heroes are equally loving, devoted, steadfast and adventurous young men, but they pale into insignificance beside the heroines. It is the heroines who direct and control all the developments in the plot and it is they who finally resolve all the complications.
- (4) *Romantic Atmosphere*—Finally, all the comedies are happily set in an atmosphere of romance, enchantment, pastoral woodland, old-world atmosphere, music and imaginative idealism. There is an idyllic atmosphere in most of them. Some of them as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, have fairies, angels and sportive spirits. They export the reader or the spectator to an imaginative world of fancy, imagination and fairy-folk. They all provide a happy escape from the grim realities of life.

2. *Tragedies*. The tragedies belong to the third stage of growth in Shakespeare's dramatic career. The four famous tragedies that belong to this period are *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. The common characteristic features of these tragedies are these :

- (1) *Stories of Suffering and Death*—The tragedies are stories of intense human sufferings and death. The hero suffers acutely simultaneously on all plains—physical, emotional, moral and spiritual. The real intensity of his tragic sufferings lies in his emotional and spiritual agony. In the existing circumstances of the hero, death comes to him more as a relief than a punishment. In the same process of suffering and moral agony the heroine also dies.

- (2) *The Tragic Hero*—The Shakespearean tragedy is basically the story of the hero. The hero of the Shakespearean tragedy is a great man—an emperor, a king, general or a commander. He is at the same time essentially a good man. But he has a tragic flaw, and the whole tragedy issues forth from that minor flaw in the hero's character. As such, the Shakespearean tragedy is the story of the sorrows and sufferings of a good man placed amidst certain hostile circumstances with which he is incapable of dealing. Therefore, the hero enlists our deepest pity and sympathy in his sufferings and death.
- (3) *Pity and Fear*—Every Shakespearean tragedy produces the twin feelings of pity and fear. Pity arises from the undeserved and unmerited sufferings of the hero, and fear from the apprehension of more sufferings to come. The feelings of pity and fear operate simultaneously. These feelings refine and chasten the sensibilities of the reader and produce the Cathartic effect. Hence the Shakespearean tragedy does not depress; it rather chastens and elevates.
- (4) *Tragic Machinery*—Every Shakespearean tragedy introduces certain factors that heighten the tragic intensity and quicken its pace.

The first amongst them is the presence and operation of a malignant fate. Every tragic hero seems to be struggling against his hostile fate which ultimately proves too strong for him. Secondly, malignant supernatural powers such as the ghosts, witches, apparitions, omens and superstitions operate in a very subtle way in pushing the hero on to the path of evil and bloodshed. The Witches in *Macbeth* and the ghost in *Hamlet* belong to this uncanny world of read and mystery. The wild forces of nature such as tempests, rains and hailstones, earthquakes and meteors also play their role in creating and intensifying the tragic atmosphere. Madness also plays its role in most of the tragedies—*Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Phelia*—they all go mad at one stage or the other. And finally, in all the tragedies multiple murders or deaths take place. Therefore, the final impression that every tragedy leaves is one of universal wastage of life and man's helplessness against the hostile forces of the natural and supernatural world.

3. *The Romances*. Shakespeare wrote four famous romances in the fourth and last phase of his dramatic career. The four romances are—*The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *Pericles* and the *Tempest*. These romances make one important group of which the common characteristics are these :

- (1) In the *first place*, all the romances begin as tragedies and develop as such to the end of the Fourth Act. It is in the last Act only that the tragic catastrophe is averted and they all end happily in a renewed spirit of love, friendship, loyalty and reconciliation.
- (2) Higher and nobler, moral and spiritual values such as love,



constancy, forgiveness, repentance, reconciliation and reunion play their role in bringing together the estranged and aggrieved parties. Therefore, these plays are often called moral and spiritual allegories.

- (3) Children play a very vital role in all these plays. The estranged parents or friends are brought together and united in bonds of permanent love and friendship by their children. The children are born, and grow into youth—one as a prince and the other as a princess—and they fall in love with each other and finally marry. It is through their marriage that lost friendship and love are restored.
- (4) And finally, in all of them, sea and tempests play an important role in separating and again uniting the estranged parties.

Thus all the romances are sweet tragi-comedies. They are all allegorical in meaning and drive home the sublime lesson of the overall importance of higher moral values of constancy, loyalty, repentance, forgiveness and reconciliation.

**4. Historical Plays.** Shakespeare also wrote in different stages of his dramatic career certain historical plays which taken together make one important group. The important historical plays are *Richard II*, *Henry IV—Part I and II*, *Henry V*, *Richard III* and *Henry VIII*. Their common characteristic features are these :

- (1) The historical plays deal with the medieval period of the British history, roughly from the 12th to the 15th century.
- (2) They are all largely tragic plays striking the great irony of kingship. With the exception of *Henry V*, they all end tragically. Each begins with the display of the magnificence and autocratic rule of the monarch; and each ends with the imprisonment and murder of the king.
- (3) In each, the base is the historical fact, but the events of history are suitably moulded and even changed to suit the demands of the stage and dramatic effect.
- (4) The queen plays an important role in each play, generally in bringing about the tragic end of the monarch.
- (5) Each displays the magnificence and grandeur of medieval England, and every effectively creates an old-world atmosphere. Each is, thus, a product of the patriotic spirit that ruled supreme in the Elizabethan England.

## 18. SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM

No good writer, as Landor says, was ever long neglected, no great man overlooked by men equally great. There is abundant proof of the esteem in which Shakespeare was held in his own day. He was recognized as the greatest of them all. His writings were believed to be "such as neither Man, nor Muse can praise too much." His contemporaries had never any doubt about his greatness.

Of the contemporary comments upon Shakespeare is that of Ben Jonson which is best remembered and most quoted ; and with justice, as Jonson not only had the finest critical mind of his day, but as dramatist and poet he is different in kind from Shakespeare that his opinion has a peculiar interest. Ben Jonson spoke of Shakespeare's works with something of the consolation that comes from superior scholarship ; just as the sense of contrast with Shakespeare also made him pride himself on the originality and construction of his plots. But no nobler tribute will ever be paid to a friend than the verses of this warm-hearted burly rival 'to the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare,' and what he hath left us. Shakespeare is admitted to have surpassed the Greek and Latin dramatists, Jonson's own masters ; he was not of an age, but for all time, and he had excelled not merely because he was the poet of nature, but by reason of his art. In private conversation, Jonson is known to have said that Shakespeare 'wanted art,' meaning thereby that he did not always take sufficient care, and Jonson has some responsibility for the statement to be found again and again, in varied words, in later critics, that there was more art in his work and more nature in Shakespeare's. It is, therefore, important to note that in his most deliberate testimony to the genius of Shakespeare he acknowledged him to have been master of an art which no one else could reach. With all his faults Shakespeare was to Jonson the greatest of dramatists. This was the contemporary view and it was never seriously challenged throughout the seventeenth century.

The criticism of Shakespeare, which deliberately discusses principles and determines merits, begins with Dryden. Whenever Dryden mentions Shakespeare his opinion must be treated with respect. And in particular, in weighing Dryden's opinions we must spend some time over his collection of Shakespeare and Fletcher. We must try to come to a point of understanding at which we see why it was natural and proper for him to make this frequent parallel and comparison. That is not so much a matter of wide reading or scholarship, although we must make ourselves very familiar with the plays of Fletcher, and with the plays as well as the criticism of Dryden ; it is a matter of the exercise of the critical imagination.

A dramatist himself, with a happy faculty of meeting and guiding the public taste, he was compelled to review the many problems of dramatic art that have been forced into prominence since Shakespeare's death. The Elizabethans, by the mere lapse of half a century, had come to appear somewhat antiquated : and pride in the great national tradition could not conceal its exhaustion. The old life had gone from it at the very time when the French drama, following other methods, was attaining its highest perfection. There were scholars who, like Milton in *Samson Agonistes*, went back to the Greek models. Yet other methods were found in the Spanish plays, which were well-known and even occasionally acted. The very stage had altered, with the introduction of movable scenery and the substitution of women for the Elizabethan boy-actors. The whole theory

of the drama demanded scrutiny by dramatists and critics alike, and Shakespeare had to be tested by what had been achieved under different conditions elsewhere.

Dryden, with his sense of abstract form, could not bring himself to a complete surrender to the genius of Shakespeare. Dryden was the leader of the Neo-classical movement. Neo-classic criticism was guided by abstract rules of form. Neo-classic criticism wanted clarity and simplicity rather than complexity and subtlety that smacked of mystery. The effect of imagination lifts you up to a higher level of existence and the effect of reason keeps you bound to the solid earth. Dryden, the man of reason, could not be expected to appreciate Shakespeare.

Dryden felt clearly that Shakespeare had his penetration into the heart of reality. He realized that Shakespeare "comprehended all characters and passions." Being a poet, he realized quite well the greatness of Shakespeare. Yet as a critic, who believed in the Neo-classic principles, he could not accept Shakespeare as a model to be followed.

In general, Shakespeare was considered to have reached his goal by dangerous routes which he need not have taken. But the construction of his plays was not the only point at issue. The language of the Elizabethans was not old-fashioned. But the men of the Restoration were too ready to discover in it impropriety or meanness of expression. They also made the common mistake of assuming that the changes in the models of wit were refinements. The wits of the last age,' said Dryden, 'were yet more incorrect than their language.' Of Shakespeare, who had not neglected the taste of his audience and was always a rapid writer he had to say that "he is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast." Dryden's charges against Shakespeare were: (i) Inequality of Shakespeare's plays; (ii) that Shakespeare is full of bombasts; (iii) that Shakespeare's language is obscure; and (iv) that Shakespeare's plays had looseness of construction and some improbabilities.

Thomas Rymer was a man of considerable learning and not destitute of taste, when he "left his taste to look after itself"; but a false theory of what drama should be, of what he *ought* to like, came very near to paralyzing that function altogether, and made him the butt of his own and subsequent times. All his life, he was entirely out of sympathy with the modern drama, in France as well as in England. He held that the English should have built on the foundations of Sophocles and Euripides, or after their model, and that the chorus was the most necessary part of tragedy. He was clever and boisterously witty, but when he attacked *Othello* with ridicule he knew that it was his last weapon. He called it the 'Tragedy of the Handkerchief,' he found in it the moral that wives should look well to their linen and he summed up his censures thus: "There is in this play some burlesque, some humour, and ramble of Comical Wit, tragical part is plainly none other than a Bloody Farce, without salt or sour."

As soon as we enter the eighteenth century we feel a change in the atmosphere of criticism and in reading the criticism itself we are aware that Shakespeare is beginning to be more read than seen upon the stage. Addison calls attention to a point of detail (the crowing of the cock in *Hamlet*) which was probably, we feel, struck him rather in the reading than at a performance; the attention of the 18th century critics in England is rather on the poetry than on the drama. The observations of Pope are of value and interest, because they are by Pope. If other eighteenth-century critics are to be read, it is not so much for their individual contributions as a reminder that there was no period in which Shakespeare fell into neglect. There is indeed some development. Shakespeare begins to be written about in general detail and at greater length, and apart from any more general discussion of the drama, he is, in the 18th century, gradually "detached" from his environment, from the other dramatists and from a time which had become unfamiliar. Progress of far-reaching importance was made in other directions. This period gave us, in the introduction to Rowe's edition, the first biography of Shakespeare; it discussed the extent of his learning and the sources of his plots, notably in Whalley's *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare* (1748), Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* (1767), and Charlotte Lennox's *Shakespeare Illustrated* (1753); above all, it began the examination of the texts of the plays and the explanation of their difficulties.

To pass from Dryden to Johnson is to make the journey from one oasis to another. After the 'Critical Essays' of Dryden, the 'Preface to Shakespeare' by Samuel Johnson is the next of the great pieces of criticism to read.

Dr. Johnson was the exponent of common sense in life and literature. That is the merit and the defect of the criticism of Shakespeare. Johnson describes Shakespeare's plays as "compositions of a distinct kind"—not comedies, histories, or tragedies. In this connection, Johnson makes another most remarkable (but not sufficiently remarked) observation: "The players who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have defined the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas." To those who would divide periods, and segregate them into classical and romantic groups, T. S. Eliot commends the study of this sentence, and of what Johnson says afterwards about the relation of the comic and the tragic. This *Preface to Shakespeare* was published in 1765, and Voltaire, still writing ten years and more after this event, was maintaining an opposite point of view. Johnson saw deeper than Voltaire, in this as in most matters. Johnson perceived, though not explicitly, that the distinctions of tragic and comic are superficial for us; though he did not know that they sprang from a difference in ritual. As a poet—and he was a fine poet—Johnson is at the end of a tether. But as a critic—and he was greater as critic than as poet—his place comparable to that of Cowley as poet.

of the drama demanded scrutiny by dramatists and critics alike, and Shakespeare had to be tested by what had been achieved under different conditions elsewhere.

Dryden, with his sense of abstract form, could not bring himself to a complete surrender to the genius of Shakespeare. Dryden was the leader of the Neo-classical movement. Neo-classic criticism was guided by abstract rules of form. Neo-classic criticism wanted clarity and simplicity rather than complexity and subtlety that smacked of mystery. The effect of imagination lifts you up to a higher level of existence and the effect of reason keeps you bound to the solid earth. Dryden, the man of reason, could not be expected to appreciate Shakespeare.

Dryden felt clearly that Shakespeare had his penetration into the heart of reality. He realized that Shakespeare "comprehended all characters and passions." Being a poet, he realized quite well the greatness of Shakespeare. Yet as a critic, who believed in the Neo-classic principles, he could not accept Shakespeare as a model to be followed.

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Johnson refutes those critics who had thought that Shakespeare violated propriety, here and there, with his observation that Shakespeare's 'scenes are occupied only by men, who act. He does not think that Shakespeare committed any sin by breaking the rules of the Unities.' Verisimilitude, says Johnson, is the object of the Unities. Delusion, he says, is the essence of drama. If one fiction, the actor as the character impersonated, can be accepted, he asked, why cannot other fictions be accepted? This is the sound common sense approach to literature.

"We must confess the faults of our favourite," he explained in a letter to Charles Burney, "to gain credit to our praise of his excellencies." The passage on the carelessness and inequalities, the quibbles and idle conceits, is remarkably searching, and may here and there be too strongly worded. It gives the impression that Johnson, in his scrupulous regard for truth, had tried to say the very

worst that a judicious admirer could ever be forced to admit. The same reasoned impartiality which led him to describe the faults also compelled him to pronounce as high a eulogy as has ever been written on this side of idolatry. "This, therefore, is the praise of Shakespeare that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delicious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions." Nothing could have been better than Johnson's Preface as a balanced estimate.

Morgan's Essay, *On the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, is the first conspicuous number of a long line of criticism dealing with the character of the personages in the plays, considering not only their action within the play itself, but inferring from their behaviour on the stage what their general character is; that is to say, how they would behave in other circumstances. The book grew under Morgan's hands till it became more than its title promised—not merely a vindication of Falstaff's courage, but an enthusiastic exposition of the genius of Shakespeare as revealed in the minute examination of a single character. This type of criticism initiated by Morgan, reached its most precise stage in Bradley.

The first of great German critics, Lessing, tended to make of Shakespeare almost a national issue. He affirmed that English literature, and in particular Shakespeare's, was more congenial than French literature and drama to the German taste. The German critics in general insist upon the naturalness and fidelity to reality of Shakespeare's plays. Harder, a critic of considerable understanding, begins to appreciate the existence of something like a poetic pattern, in calling attention to the fitness between the passions of the personages and the scenery in which these passions are enacted. Neglecting the circumstances in which the plays are written—and indeed the historical information was not available—and paying little attention to their dramatic merits, the Germans concentrated their attention, chiefly upon the philosophical significance of character. They penetrate to a deeper level than that of the simple moral values attributed to great literature by earlier times and foreshadow 'the criticism of life' definition by Arnold. Furthermore, it is not until this period that an element of 'mystery' is recognized in Shakespeare. That is one gift of the Romantic Movement to Shakespeare's criticism and one for which, with all its excesses. We have reason to be grateful. It is hardly too much to say that German critics and Coleridge by their criticism of Shakespeare, radically altered the reflective attitude of criticism of Shakespeare, radically altered the reflective attitude of criticism towards poetry.

In the interval between Morgan and Coleridge the best work on Shakespeare was one by the scholars, such as, Steevens and Malone, who contributed to the elucidation of the text. They contributed so



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great a wealth of linguistic, antiquarian, and bibliographical knowledge that later research has done little more than supplement it.

Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817) was the first book in which the criticism of the century spoke clearly and confidently. But Coleridge had already been lecturing on Shakespeare for several years; and Lamb had written his magazine article on the tragedies of Shakespeare.

These critics were possessed with all the joy of a discovery. The difference from earlier critics is obvious at a glance. There is the greater freedom of movement, the clearer signs of real pleasure in writing or speaking about Shakespeare. Enthusiasm is not checked by the desire to strike a balance; there is no longer any fear of being misled by superstitious veneration. These critics did not hold with Johnson that it was necessary to confess faults in order to gain credit to their praise of excellences. They did not pass judgment; they gave an interpretation. They held in Hazlitt's words, that a genuine criticism should reflect the colours, the light and shade, the soul and body of a work. The great question they set themselves to answer was not how far Shakespeare has succeeded but how Shakespeare is to be understood. The plays are regarded as embodiments of real life; the characters are treated as fellow-beings of whom the plays preserve our only record. There is none of the aloofness which must accompany the judicial attitude of watching the craftsman at his work and noting the varying results. Johnson's main interest was in Shakespeare, the man; the business of 19th century critics was with the world of his creation, when they studied the ordered development of his art and demonstrated its unity; their attitude was the philosopher's in describing the phases of a great phenomenon in nature. It is nothing if not reverential and intuitively sympathetic. It opens new vistas and communicates a sense of exaltation and wonder.

Coleridge, the most important of them all, regards poetry as idealization of life. With his faith in the concept of 'organic form' he thinks, "Shakespeare's judgement was equal to his genius;" the form of his drama comes from the nature of the drama itself. Coleridge helped to free Shakespearean criticism from a bondage of narrow didacticism. Coleridge makes the following important points: (i) the interest of Shakespeare's plays is independent of plot and story; the interest centres in character; (ii) therefore, Shakespeare lays more emphasis on expectations than on surprise; if the character is known, his actions will also be foreseen; (iii) juxtaposition of opposites; Polonius in *Hamlet* is a peculiar mixture of two irreconcilables, wisdom and folly; Dogberry, the fool, behaves like a wise man in *Much Ado*; (iv) Shakespeare kept the high road of life; (v) interfusion of the lyric; and (vi) the characters are to be inferred; they are not described.

Psychological criticism derives from Coleridge with his emphasis on character. Poetic criticism is anticipated by Coleridge. Historical criticism is initiated by Coleridge. As Eliot observes, "Hazlitt,

Lamb and De Quincey do but make a constellation about the primary star of Coleridge. Their work is chiefly important as reinforcing the influence of Coleridge." Lamb enunciated the principle that Shakespeare's plays are for the study and Bradley completed the Coleridge tradition in Shakespeare's criticism.

Once the chronology of the plays had been established in its main outlines, the task of tracing Shakespeare's growth to maturity, his summits of achievement and in general the pattern of his creative career, was facilitated. In England, William Spalding, Charles Knight and Henry, Hallam, and in Germany Hermann Ulrici and G. G. Gervinus, were the chief builders of a Shakespeare whose pattern of growth could be traced in well-marked successive periods. In David Masson, in 1865, we get the first glimpses of the sentimental 'final mood of reconciliation' theory. Dowden's *Shakespeare—His mind and Art* (1875) is the first book in English to give any thing like a unified and rounded picture of the whole achievement of the dramatist. Dowden and Furnivall went all out on the 'four-period doctrine'; and though their sentimentality, and their belief in Shakespeare's doctrine of female sweetness and purity soon earned the label of 'gush' from more sober critics, it is this sentimental picture which still largely holds the field in orthodox circles. Hand in hand with sentiment concerning Shakespeare's female characters, but in keeping with the scientific movement of the later century, went hard-headed investigation into the statistics of Shakespeare's versification, and exact measuring of his artistic process.

The historical school, led by Stoll, considers Shakespeare's plays as a part and parcel of the dramatic tradition. Stoll suggests that Shakespeare had no interest beyond that of telling a story. The plays are often based on popular conventions—*Othello* on the Convention of Calumniator Believed, *Hamlet* on Revenge of Murder, *Henry IV* on the Braggart Exposed, *Merchant of Venice* on the Jew Baited.

One of the chief critical occupations of this century was the building-up of a picture of Shakespeare's personality. In their different ways Dowden, Brandes, Frank Harris, and even James Joyce in the brilliant debate in *Ulysses* have attempted the task.

G. Wilson Knight is concerned primarily with the analysis of poetic symbolism, the interpretation of the plays in relation to each other and what he calls the Shakespearean progress, and the subordination of character to the poetic meaning of the play. He enunciates his principle in this way: in a drama, we are interested in the sequence of Time; that is how we can understand plot and character; to reach the inner layer of meaning, you have to give up temporal perception, and accept spatial perception; then you have the proper, inter-animation of words, phrases and symbols.

The function of imagery has been studied by a number of modern critics. Caroline Spurgeon tabulated and classified the images in Shakespeare and hit upon predominant images in particular plays, to arrive at the furniture of Shakespeare's mind.

Cleman tried to show the dramatic appropriateness of the images. If Spurgeon was more interested in the content of the images, Cleman is more interested in the form of the images.

Shakespeare has been studied in relation to his age and theatre by Thorndike, W. W. Lawrence, Farnham, O. J. Campbell, Schuking Tillyard, Hardin Craig, Theodore Spencer, G.B. Harrison, John Dover Wilson, Lily B. Campbell, Ruth L. Anderson, and Sir Edmund Chambers, Kenneth Muir, Baldwin, Noble, Fripp, G. G. Taylor and others have considered the extent of Shakespeare's learning, his sources and their relation to and influence on Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's craftsmanship has been studied by Moulton, Granville Barker, and Quiller-Couch.

After the contributions of Pollard, Greg, Adams, and Robertson, in the field of textual studies, corrections and amendations, the New Cambridge editors are doing useful service under the able and conscientious guidance of John Dover Wilson.

[Articles by T. S. Eliot, J. Isaacs, D. Nichol Smith, Anne Ridler and Kenneth Muir have been used in the preparation of this section on Shakespearean Criticism.]

## INTRODUCTON TO THE PLAY

### Date of Composition

The date of composition of *The Tempest* has been a matter of conjecture, and suggestions of a very early and a late date have been made. The play was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. Malone discovered a notice, in Vertue's Mss. of the play having been acted at Court in February, 1613, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick Elector Palatine. Some critics infer that this was also the date of composition. Hunter sought to establish, in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze fixed the date at 1604 on the assumption that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness.

The general consensùs of opinion is, however, in favour of 1610-1611, either late 1610 or early 1611. The play is evidently connected with current stories of colonization and adventures of English seamen. An event that created a great sensation at the time is supposed to be alluded to in *The Tempest*.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest, and one of the ships was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel :

"in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

A narrative of the adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title : *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*. Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with *The Tempest*. The scene of the play was not certainly laid in the Bermudas, but Shakespeare evidently derived hints from Jourdan.

Many of the expressions in *The Tempest* are echoes of Jourdan. Some are mentioned here : "still-vex'd Bermoothes ;" "safely in harbour is the king's ship ; in the deep nook ;" "the mariners I have left asleep ;" "have we devils here ;" "through the island seems to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance ;" "there is everything advantageous to life."

In 1612, a fuller account of the adventures was published by William Strachey. The Rev. W. G. Gosling's valuable articles contributed to *Literature*, April 8, 15, June 3, 1899, make a strong case for Shakespeare's use of it. Critics who are not willing to go beyond 1611 as the date of composition, rather discount the influence of Strachey's account. If Shakespeare actually used the *printed* tract, the date of the play would be subsequent to 1612. It may be noted, however, that Strachey returned to England at the close of 1611 and he wrote from his lodging in Blackfriars. Is there any possibility that Shakespeare had read the Ms.? Morton Luce makes the interesting suggestion that William Strachey "lived in the Blackfriars, wrote poetry, and very possibly had a talk with Shakespeare." It is no good splitting hair on the date of composition of *The Tempest*. In any case the repercussion of the Virginia incident in *The Tempest* may be fairly admitted.

(i) *External Evidence* : External evidence may be taken into account in hunting for the date of the play.

1. Gonzalo's description of the commonwealth is suggested by Florio's translation of *Montaigne* published in 1603. In the translation—"Of Caniballness" should have supplied Shakespeare with the name of his 'Caliban'. The particular passage that Shakespeare had in mind is :

"It is a notion, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinds of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superiorite ; no use of service, of riches or of poverties : no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kindred, but common ; no apparell but natural ; no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them."

The resemblance is a conclusive proof that the play was written subsequently to 1603.

2. A resemblance has been noted between the passage, "The cloud clapp'd towers, etc." and a stanza in the Earl of Sterling's *Tragedy of Danus*, published in 1603 :

"Let greatness of her glascie scepters vaunt :  
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soone bruis'd soone broken ;  
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant,  
All fades, and scarcilie leaves behind a token.  
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,  
With furniture superfluoslic fair :  
Those statelie courts, those sky-encountring walles  
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

3. Ben Jonson alludes to *The Tempest* in the Introduction to his *Parthloriew Fair* (1612-1614) :

"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fayre*, who can help it, he sayes : nor a nest of *Antiques* ? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *playes*, like those that beget *Tales Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries* !"

4. Connection of the play with the marriage of Princess Elizabeth. *The Tempest*, some critics assume, has all the marks of a play, originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by the third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It is also pointed out that it has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene, and that it has two elaborate masques of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions.

Because the play was performed at Court on the occasion of the marriage above referred, to some content that the play was written for the occasion and in the year 1613. Among arguments put forward by Morton Luce against the date 1613, the following may be noted :

1. If the play was written for the marriage, it must have been written between the betrothal of December 1612 and the wedding of the following February—rather too short space of time for the composition. Again the pre-nuptial warning would make the play unsuited for representation after the wedding ceremony.

2. The plot is in many ways unsuited to the occasion.

3. In no way can Prosperus be identified with Prospero.

4. James I's *Demonology* has little relation to the supernatural element of *The Tempest*.

5. The masque is essential to the drama.

6. *The Tempest* is one of a group of plays with which it shares a loftiness of purpose that would be destroyed by any such occasional suggestion or application.

(ii) *Internal Evidence*. The internal evidence of style and versification sometimes may help us to determine the date of a play approximately. In the early play of Shakespeare, for example, we find that *expression* predominates over *thought*, i. e., Shakespeare is careful to give a polish and elaboration to the expression when the thought is rather poor or thin. The early plays abound in quibbles, verbal conceits and far-fetched imagery. Then in his plays of the middle period there is a perfect balance between the thought and its expression. In his later plays *thought* seems to predominate over expression—thought seems to break through language. In fact Shakespeare, in his later plays, is more concerned to disburden his seeming multitudinous thoughts, and takes little pains over the language. In the early plays his aim is more or less decoration of a pretty or ingenious thought or idea ; in the later plays his aim is compression—packing the thoughts that seem to crowd into his mind into the fewest and most significant words and phrases. Now



*The Tempest* shares rather in the characteristic of his later than of his earlier plays—it has rather the quality of *concentration* than of decorative elaboration.

One of the tests applied is the proportion of *run-on* to *end-stopped* lines in a play of Shakespeare's. In his early plays end-stopped lines (in which sense and pause come at the end of each line) predominate; in his later plays run-on lines (in which the sense is continuous) predominate. In *The Tempest* the proportion of run-on to end-stopped line is 1 in 302, but to take an early play *Love's Labour's Lost* it is 1 in 18·14. The percentage of *weak ending* and *double endings* is also a good index. Weak ending (i. e. unemphatic monosyllable at the end of line such as *and for, from, it, in, of* etc.) and double endings (extra unaccented syllables at the end of a normal line of blank verse) are very sparingly used in the earlier plays, but they occur very frequently in later plays. The percentage of weak endings in *The Tempest* is 17·1, and of double endings is 35·4, *The Winter's Tale* has a percentage of 2·36 weak endings and of 32·9 double endings; and *Cymbeline* has a percentage of 1·93 weak endings and 30·7 double endings. Measured by these material tests, *The Tempest* stands closer to *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* than to any other plays. Rhymes are a proof of Shakespeare's early writing. Leaving out the songs there are only two rhymed lines in *The Tempest*—and in *The Winter's Tale* there is no rhyme altogether.

The moral tone of *The Tempest* brings it into the closest relation with *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and parts of *Pericles* all later plays. These plays are first of all concerned with the themes of forgiveness and reconciliation, of final peace and happiness. There is certainly a note of seriousness in these plays, but it is not connected with tragic issues. It is rather suggestive of "an eye that hath kept watch o'er man's mortality". In these plays there is the common trick—restoring children thought to be dead, and a passionate delight in rural scenes (which marks Shakespeare's to Stratford).

#### Sources of the Play

Shakespeare does not usually invent a plot, but borrows it from some well-known tale. The tale from which the plot of *The Tempest* is taken is as yet un-explored. The incidents may have been borrowed from different sources, but critics are unable to trace the exact original. Morton Luce writes, "No explorer in the regions of Shakespearean investigation has not yet traced *The Tempest* to its sources; and with the exception of *Love's Labour's Lost*, in this respect of undiscovered origins the play stands alone." It is conjectured by some that *The Tempest* was in all probability founded on some older play, and that play is lost.

The possible sources for the incidents of the play are, however, enumerated here:

1. *Aurelio and Isabella*: Collins first pointed out that *The Tempest* was based upon this romance. *Aurelio and Isabella* was

printed in 1586 in one volume, in Italian, French, and English. And again, in Italian, Spanish, French and English, in 1588. As Warton in his *History of English Poetry* points out, "Collins, with his failing memory, had wrongly identified the original of *The Tempest* and we may believe that Collins might have actually read some tale resembling *The Tempest*".

2. *Die Schöne Sidea* (by Jacob Ayzer) : Jacob Ayzer was a notary of Nuremberg, and died in 1605. If there were real affinities between the German play of Jacob Ayzer's *Fair Sidea* and *The Tempest*, then the German playwright who died in 1605, could not have borrowed from Shakespeare. In the German play Ludolph is like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician ; he dwells in forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, and like Ferdinand he is set to carry logs is pitied by Ludolph's daughter, and finally united to her. The striking resemblances between the German play and *The Tempest* are undeniable. It is certain that Shakespeare did not read German. Therefore it is likely either that a version of Ayzer's drama reached Shakespeare through one of the English actors who had been visiting Germany, or that both plays were founded upon some unexplored tale. One critic supposes that Ayzer's play was "a German version of Shakespeare's original,"—and adds that Ayzer's productions were in many cases mere adaptations or translations of English plays brought to Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century or previously by strolling players, 'the English Comedians,' as they called themselves (Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany* Preface, and pp. 1-75).

For different parts of *The Tempest* the following may be noted :

- (i) Sylvester Jourdain's *Discovery of the Bermudas* ;
- (ii) *A True Declaration of the Council of Virginia* ;
- (iii) Strachey's *Reportory*—all the tale relating to details of shipwreck, described in *The Tempest* and also to the problem of colonization, which alluded to in the play. The opening scene of the play ; the discourse on the island - 'though this island seems to be desert, etc.' (II. i : Ariel's feat—"I flamed amazement, etc.' are traced to these sources.)
- (iv) Hakluyt's *Voyages* and Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*. Both speak of the strange races, described in Act III, Scene iii of the play :

"When we were boys.

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts."

- (v) Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* suggests Gonzalo's description of the imaginary commonwealth.

(vi) The Earl of Sterling's *Tragedie of Darius* suggests Prospero's speech, "The cloud-capp'd towers etc."

(vii) Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* suggests Prospero's invocation, Act V, Sc. I.

(viii) Edden's *History of Travayle* (1577). Shakespeare found in it Setebos. From the same work he possibly derived the names, Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo, and other details.

(ix) Thomas' *History of Italye* (1561). It mentions one Prospero Adorno, lieutenant of the Duke of Milan. It also mentions Alonzo, king of Naples, who married the daughter of the Duke of Milan and united the two houses—and was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand.

(x) The name 'Ariel', though glossed by Shakespeare as an airy spirit, is of Hebraistic origin, and was no doubt derived from some such treatise as Heywood's *Hierarchie of the Angels*:

"The earth's great lord

*Ariel*. The Hebrew Robbing thus accord"

(xi) King Jame's *Demonogy* (1603) and Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) may have furnished hints for the magical and supernatural portions of the play.

### Scene of the Action

*The Scene, an uninhabited island* - that is all we know. Attempts have been seriously made to identify the island. But there is much doubt whether Shakespeare meant any particular island in the Mediterranean or in the Atlantic. No such specific details are given as can enable one to locate the island. Yet critics seem to see more than meets the eye have put forward this or that island as the original.

(i) The claim of the Bermudas is upheld by many critics. They make much of Shakespear's reference to 'the still-vexed Bermoothes. Rudyard Kipling has lately investigated the question. Much, he points out, will have to be set down to "the wealth of details peculiar to sailors." He adds that "so closely did he (*i. e.*, Shakespeare) keep to his original informations that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton, will find the stage set for Act II, Scene 2, of *The Tempest*—a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge a gap in the reed," etc.

N. B.—Mr. Gosling (*Spectator*, June 2, 1898), however, maintains that Mr. Kipling's "vivid imagination has led him astray when he thinks he has discovered the scene of the shipwreck in a cave about two miles from Hamilton."

(ii) Hunter's suggestion is Lampedusa. It lies between Malta and the coast of Africa. Hunter says that the island answers exactly to Shakespeare's description. It is "situated in a stormy sea", it is a deserted island, and has the reputation of "being enchanted".

(iii) Dr. Bell suggested Corcyra, and others have suggested Malta.

In his reference to the island Shakespeare might have incorporated a few of the details of the contemporary descriptions of the Bermudas or of any other island or colony. But he does not evidently mean it to be this or that island. After all the island exists nowhere but in the poet's imagination. Opinions of critics who take this view are given below :

(i) "Few things surely, in the whole history of criticism, are more futile than the attempts that have been made to identify Shakespeare's enchanted island. Nothing is clearer throughout the play than that the poet studiously avoids any approach to fact or definiteness in his dealings with this new Atlantis. He will not so much as leave room for the suspicion that it might be the "still-vest Bermoothes," for he expressly sends Ariel to fetch dew from that enchanted scene of the wreck of Sir George Somers ; and this for many reasons, in a strange land that might nevertheless be identified by mariner or traveller, Shakespeare could not be sure of his footing ; some false step he must make, some incongruity of local colour was inevitable. And free indeed is the hand with which he sketches even this imaginary island ; it is described with a studied and often a humorous vagueness and inconsistency ; we must not be surprised if he does not avail himself more fully of the details in Jourdain or Strachey. At the very outset he qui bles over these details (II. i. 34-35) : "though this island seems to be desert.....It must indeed be, etc." : and although in this instance the quibble may have been suggested by the pamphlet before him, we notice how carefully the narrative accounts are disguised. And so it is throughout the play : there is the smallest possible proportion of local 'fauna and flora' just enough to place the spot somewhere beyond seas, and the rest is Stratford-on-Avon, or at the most England. We have the snaring of the ninulle marmosed, the significant brine-pits as opposed to the quick fresh ; we have possibly the sea-awl of Strachey, and the berries for infusion in water—"same beginesse and collour of Corynthes" whether these be the cedar of the pamphlets or some further reference to coffee and we have but only incidentally, apes, wolves, bears, and the like. Otherwise the island contains no indigenous natural object : there are some generalities of magic, such as the urchin shows, and Ariel music, but that is all. As to the yet more imaginary scene of the masque, we need not only such as the vines with clustering bunches, which are conventional ; and as the play itself all other details are of Shakespeare's own island. Of these the list would be a very long one, from the horse-pond and a possible clothes-line, even to adders which are introduced in defiance of the narratives ; for they expressly state that there were no venomous reptiles in the island. Thus Shakespeare selects, rejects, or adds at his will, and this in his usual manner ; as his Rome was London, so his island, England, though on this occasion I should repeat he was careful to locate, identify or realise as little as might be, much less

indeed than when he was describing Rome and its Romans."

—Morton Luce.

(ii) "The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa: and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew from Bermuda to Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us wish away."

—Richard Garnett.

(iii) As to the island, it ought, of course, to be the Mediterranean, and commentators have wasted a great deal of time in conjecturing whether it was Malta, Lampedusa, Pantalaria, or Corcyra. It is in the sea of the imagination: and its rocks and dells, its nook where the wave lies calm, nay, Prospero, Miranda, Caliban and Ariel, belong to that country which is seen only by the intellectual eye, which is bodied forth from things unknown, but which abides for ever as it was first created, unsubject to the decay that winds and waters, frosts and fires work on the islands of the earth. This island is immortal, though no ship has cast anchor there:

"It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,  
Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity."

—Stopford A. Brooke.

### Time of the Action

The whole action of the play lasts from three to four hours. We may note causal hints of time, sown throughout the play. At the opening of the action we learn from Ariel's reply to Prospero's inquiry about the time of the day that it is "past the mid season" (I. ii. 239). Prospero's remark that follows seems to show that by six o'clock in the evening Prospero's plan will be completed—and that limits the action of the play.

*Pros.* At least two glasses. *The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.*

The shipwreck which takes place in the first scene cannot have long preceded this conversation between Prospero and Ariel. Then Ariel leads on Ferdinand by his music until he sees Miranda and Prospero, and is disarmed and made a captive by Prospero—and is later set to bear logs. All time seems to be forgotten when the shipwrecked Alonso, and his courtiers talk among themselves—and then the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian is projected as Alonso and Gonzalo sleep—and is defeated at the very moment of its execution. We can but imagine the time taken up in Act II. sc. I. Part of all that happens here is simultaneous with the wanderings of



## The Three Unities in the Tempest

The three unities are the *unity of time*, the *unity of place* and the *unity of action*. They are derived from the classical drama. Shakespeare and Marlowe have rarely been observant of these rules. Of the three rules, the unity of action, if not too literally interpreted but taken rather in the sense of *unity of impression*, has been generally attached to by Shakespeare. Ben Jonson on the other hand, is a great respecter of classical rules and principles. But Shakespeare and Marlowe as romanticists, have followed the lawless impulse of their fancy and imagination. It is curious that *The Tempest* is Shakespeare's nearest approach to the observance of the three unities.

The *unity of time* demands that the action of a play should correspond in time to its representation of the stage. The will spell the death of the romantic imagination, which juggles with time, space and action. According to this principle no action which exceeds twenty-four hours in duration can be represented on the stage. The unity of time is strictly observed in *The Tempest*. All that happens in *The Tempest* takes no more than three or four hours, and the performance of the play will occupy the same space of time. The unity of time will make it impossible introduce into a play of three or four hour's duration events that are spread over months and years—and this is exactly what Shakespeare elsewhere does in total disregard of the unity of time.

The *unity of place* demands that all the events of a drama that are represented must happen in the same locality, and that there should be no change of scene. Now in *The Tempest* most of the scenes are enacted before Prospero's cell, and only a few are placed in another part of the island. But Shakespeare's usual practice is to change scenes from one place to another, even from one country to another—just his romantic licence.

The *unity of action* demands that a play should deal with one central theme and dominating incident. Forgiveness and reconciliation are the central theme of *The Tempest*. The preparatory conditions for such forgiveness and reconciliation are brought about by Prospero's magic. But the happiness of Miranda is a great part of the motive of the action—and even the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation seems to be subsidiary to it. All that Prospero brings about by his magic is directed to Miranda's happiness and restoration. *The Tempest* is thus remarkable for unity of motive and action. Compared with *The Winter's Tale*, in which Shakespeare gives free rein to his romantic imagination, *The Tempest*, though allied in theme and motive, it may seem strange, should have been constructed on classical principles at all. Boas writes : "We are almost tempted to believe that Shakespeare was bent upon demonstrating by a *tour de force* with what triumphant ease he could turn from one dramatic method to another. But he had in reality a weightier motive. In a piece where enchantment was to be the dominant agency, he aimed at a wise economy in its display. The

human mind finds it difficult to realize the supernatural, especially in its most exalted aspect of omnipotent power. In bringing it in this form upon the stage, Shakespeare sought to give it plausibility by confining its operation to a single spot and to the briefest period of time".

### The Supernatural in 'The Tempest'

Shakespeare introduces the supernatural in other plays too—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, etc. But there is a striking difference. In other plays the supernatural powers act on their own and independently—they are not subject to any potent human will ; nay, they sometimes meddle in human affairs and influence the human destiny. For example, when they are tiny innocent-beings, like fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, they may play some harmless pranks among the mortals ; but in *Macbeth*, the supernatural powers are the very principle of evil, and tempt man to crime and to his doom. In *The Tempest* on the other hand, the supernatural powers are under the control of human will.

In *The Tempest* Prospero is credited with the powers of a mediaeval magician such as Dr. Faustus (In Marlowe's drama). Dr. Faustus uses magic for the purpose of sensual indulgences ; Prospero uses magic for the beneficent purpose of bringing the sinner to repentance of furthering love and goodwill, etc. It may be noted that Prospero otherwise resembles a magician of the Middle Ages—he is equipped with his books, his wand and his robe. Prospero is also afraid of the damnation that a magician incurs by his practice of magic ; so in the *Epilogue*, Prospero solicits the goodwill and prayers of the audience :

"Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults."

When he abjures magic, 'he proposes to "break his staff," and to "bury it certain fathoms in the earth," and to drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound."

The main spirit whom Prospero employs to execute his purpose is Ariel. Ariel is a spirit of air, but he is equally at home in sea and fire. Ariel now and then seems to get rebellious against human master's authority, but as a matter of fact all spirits that serve human will, are but unwilling agents. Prospero has command over other spirits—spirits of earth, and fire and water. But these spirits are not directly employed by Prospero. He has rather delegated some of his powers to Ariel. The spirits of earth or goblins are employed, for example, to torture Caliban into submission :

"For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
Sometime like apes that mew and character at me  
And after bite me ; then like hedgehog, which  
Lies tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
Their pricks at my football ; sometime am I



All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness."

To execute the Masque of Juno, spirits of a more delicate nature are employed. Perhaps the same spirits are responsible for the music that fills the air of the island :

"This isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears : and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again"

Now the propriety of introducing magic and supernatural element in the play. The supernatural machinery is the integral part of *The Tempest*. All that happens in *The Tempest*, is brought about by magic and the supernatural agency. The initiation and the development of the action of the play are intimately connected with magic. Thus in the opening of the play the shipwreck is brought about by Prospero's magic. But for the shipwreck, Prospero could not have met his old enemies and brought them into the mood of repentance and exercised the power of forgiveness, nor could Miranda have been restored to her own. The supernatural element is always introduced by Shakespeare to serve a dramatic purpose. In *The Tempest* it is the very basis of the structure of the play. The action of the play stands or falls with it.

#### Group of Plays to which 'The Tempest' is Allied

*The Tempest* belongs to the group of plays known as *Drama Romances*—such plays are *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Pericles*. After Shakespeare has worked on his tragedies, which depict the welter of passions—lust, ambition, avarice, etc. and the demoniac forces for Fate and Accident, hurling man to his doom, a change comes over him. This change in Shakespeare's mood happily coincides with his retirement to Stratford.

The romances strike the notes of peace and goodwill. Forgiveness and reconciliation—that is the recurring motive in these plays. Shakespeare cannot certainly will away all wrong-doing from the earth ; if he must depict an ideal world as he does in these romances, he cannot totally ignore the conditions of real life. But wrong and evil can be conquered by love and by charity. And it is this conviction that Shakespeare repeatedly exemplifies in his later plays.

Shakespeare must have drunk deep of the joys of nature again. In all these plays there are touches of the tranquil, unravished beauty of countryside. No less noteworthy is his reviving interest in innocent childhood. Each of the plays has something to do with a lost child, or a child supposed to be dead miraculously returning to life again. Take, for example, the Marina of *Pericles* and the Perdita of *The Winter's Tale*.



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6. They were a part of entertainments given on the occasion of a marriage in high life.

7. Most costly and elaborate scenery and costume were employed.

8. Sometimes a Masque contained within itself an Anti-Masque, which was of the nature of a burlesque. It was usually performed by servants and by actors, hired for the purpose.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream* may be regarded as an enlarged kind of Masque because of its ideal and lyrical character. But Shakespeare introduces a Masque in *Henry VIII* and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *The Tempest* contains two more or less elaborate Masques, and the lesser one may be regarded as the Anti-Masque. It may be noted that the more serious Masque in *The Tempest* has the following characteristic features :

1. The characters are taken from classical mythology.
2. It is written in rhymed verse.
3. It is connected with a marriage.
4. Nymphs and Reapers from the Masquers, and they are 'properly habited.'

5. Some form of elaborate machinery must have been employed when we are told that the vision suddenly disappears.

The Banquet Scene is the Anti-Masque. It is described as "a living drollery"—a dumb show, which represents the original character of a Masque. We are told that the banquet suddenly vanishes "with some quaint device." The quaint device must mean some stage-machinery which was necessary to produce the spectacular effect, aimed at in a Masque.

The Masques in *The Tempest* are intimately connected with its plot. The more serious Masque in which Juno and Ceres appear to bless Ferdinand and Miranda, pictures the happy end of the play in the union of the two houses of Milan and Naples. The Anti-Masque (the Banquet Scene) fulfils another motive of the play—it awakens repentance in the "three men of scene," for without repentance there can be no forgiveness, which is the keynote of the play.

### Shakespeare and Prospero

One school of critics identify Prospero with Shakespeare, and suppose that Shakespeare bids farewell to the stage in Prospero's speech :

"I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book—"

Another school of critics argue that as a dramatist Shakespeare's art must be 'impersonal' and that Shakespeare could not have portrayed himself in Prospero or in any other character for the

island. "The island's mine", says Caliban, "which thou takest from me." Things are bound to become uncomfortable to the colonists when the "natives" begin to be conscious of their own rights of which they have been dispossessed. Shakespeare envisages this problem, in dealing with Caliban, and with the unsatisfactory relation between him and his master.

### 'The Tempest' and The Masque

The Masque (originally *Mask*) is said to have been introduced from Italy in the sixteenth century. In the earliest form the Masque was an entertainment in which masks were worn by the actors, and dancers, often illustrating some story in dumb show, were the chief element. Gradually it became a more elaborate form of representation, in which allegorical characters, dialogue and music were introduced. In this form it resembled an opera. The Masque came to be patronized by the court and nobility. As the result of it, most lavish decoration and scenery came to be an indispensable part of the Masque.

The Masque as a form of entertainment was very popular in the reign of Elizabeth, but it reached its perfection in the reign of James I. Ben Jonson distinguished himself as the writer of Masques. The Masques were performed by the court on special occasions. The elaborate character of the decoration and scenery of Masque demanded the services of experts. The courtcomposer, Alfonso Ferrabosco supplied the music, which was rendered by the court orchestra and the choirs of the royal chapels. The court-architect, Inigo Jones, designed the scenery. The performance of a Masque did not require any special skill in acting. The courtiers, the Queen and her maids of honour could manage the songs and dances all right between themselves. The Masque could never have been meant to be put on the public stage; the cost of production was too high. It could be performed only privately by wealthy patrons. Court-festivities, royal visits, weddings, etc., were usually celebrated by Masques.

The following characteristics of a Masque may be especially noted :

1. The themes were allegorical and mythological. The characters were the gods and goddesses of classical mythology, or personifications of abstract qualities such as Delight, Love, Harmony, Laughter, etc.
2. The number of characters seldom exceeded six.
3. The scenes were laid in ideal regions—either some celebrated places in classical mythology as Arcadia, the Fortunate Isles, etc., or some such abstractions as the Hill of Knowledge, the Fountain of Light, etc.
4. They were written in rhymed verse.
5. They were performed privately and the actors and actresses were amateurs.

6. They were a part of entertainments given on the occasion of a marriage in high life.

7. Most costly and elaborate scenery and costume were employed.

8. Sometimes a Masque contained within itself an Anti-Masque, which was of the nature of a burlesque. It was usually performed by servants and by actors, hired for the purpose.

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5. Some form of elaborate machinery must have been employed when we are told that the vision suddenly disappears.

The Banquet Scene is the Anti-Masque. It is described as "a living drollery"—a dumb show, which represents the original character of a Masque. We are told that the banquet suddenly vanishes "with some quaint device." The quaint device must mean some stage-machinery which was necessary to produce the spectacular effect, aimed at in a Masque.

The Masques in *The Tempest* are intimately connected with its plot. The more serious Masque in which Juno and Ceres appear to bless Ferdinand and Miranda, pictures the happy end of the play in the union of the two houses of Milan and Naples. The Anti-Masque (the Banquet Scene) fulfils another motive of the play—it awakens repentance in the "three men of scene," for without repentance there can be no forgiveness, which is the keynote of the play.

### Shakespeare and Prospero

One school of critics identify Prospero with Shakespeare, and suppose that Shakespeare bids farewell to the stage in Prospero's speech :

"I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book—"

Another school of critics argue that as a dramatist Shakespeare's art must be 'impersonal' and that Shakespeare could not have portrayed himself in Prospero or in any other character for the

matter of that. It may be generally true that Shakespeare, as the dramatic art demands, could not have projected his own character and personality in any of his creations. Yet it is sometimes held that Shakespeare has given more of himself in *Hamlet*—the most introspective character he has ever painted. The plays no doubt mirror the varying and complex moods of Shakespeare at the different periods of his life—and we may even fancy that this or that character partly represents Shakespeare. It will not, however, be safe to identify Shakespeare with any character of his plays. We give the two different views below :

(1) *Prospero is Shakespeare.*

(i) "The splendour of sunset in *The Tempest* can escape no one, and the sternest opponent of guess-work must admit the probable presence of a designed allegory in the figure of Prospero and the burying of the book, the breaking of the staff, at the close".

—*Saintsbury.*

*N. B.* Saintsbury's contention is harmless. He does not identify Shakespeare with Prospero, but holds that Prospero's solemn abjuring of magic symbolizes Shakespeare's farewell to the stage.

(ii) "I confess that it seems to me less unlikely—I will not put it higher—that in creating Prospero Shakespeare had some at least occasional thoughts of himself. What is Prospero? He is a magician who has lived in a dream and attended by spirits, but now breaks his staff and utters too solemn farewells to the world of visions which he is forsaking for the ordinary life of men. Could Shakespeare even if the least self-conscious of all poets, have escaped thinking of himself as he wrote Prospero's :

'Our revels now are ended ; these our actors  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.'

And if the wonderful lines which follow only repeat with greater magnificence a thought which the poet had often expressed before, could he write them at that time without some interior and personal application? He was retiring from his life's work and accepting the fact that his best years were past. Could he fail to thinking at least a little, of himself, of the unreality and swift passing of life, not as a general truth but as personal experience as he put on his paper such words as :

'The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe it-elf,  
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.'

—*John Bailey.*

*N. B.* John Bailey too makes a reasoned and cautious statement, which can provoke no contradiction.

(iii) 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on ;' a deep sleep from which we awaken to life, and again, a deep sleep hereafter. What a personal note is in the last scene of the play where Prospero says :

'And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.'

How we feel that Stratford was the poet's Milan. Just as Ariel's longing for freedom was the yearning of the poet's genius for rest. He has had enough of the burden of work, enough for the toilsome necromancy of imagination, enough of art, enough of the life of the town. A deep sense of the vanity of all things has laid its hold upon him, he believes in no future and expects no results from the work of a lifetime.

Like Prospero, he had sacrificed his position to his art, and, like him, he had dwell upon an enchanted island in the ocean of life. He had been its lord and master, with dominion over spirits, with the spirit of the air as his servant, and the spirit of the earth as his slave. At his will graves had opened, and by his magic art the heroes of the past had lived again. The words with which Prospero opens the fifth Act come, despite all gloomy thought of death and wearied hopes of rest, straight from Shakespeare's own lips :

'Now does my project gather to a head ;  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey : and time  
Goes upright with his carriage'.

All will soon be accomplished and Ariel's hour of deliverance is nigh. The parting of the master from his genius is not without a touch of melancholy :

'My dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee,  
But yet thou shalt have freedom'.

Prospero as determined in his heart to renounce all his magical powers :

'To the elements  
Be free and fare thee well !'

He has taken leave of all his elves by name, and now utters words, whose personal application has never been approached by any character hitherto set upon the stage by Shakespeare :

'But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and when I have required  
Some heavenly music, etc.,  
I'll break my staff, etc.'

"Solemn music is heard, and Shakespeare has bidden farewell to his art.  
—George Brandis

N. B. Brandis practically identifies Prospero with Shakespeare. Every detail of Prospero's speech he would fit into his id



Shakespeare. Brandis rather lets himself be carried away by his speculation.

(2) *Shakespeare is not Prospero.*

"Indeed, it has been said that Shakespeare pictured himself a Prospero and said farewell in this play to that dramatic poetry in which he had wrought so many enchantments, and seen, through Ariel, his familiar spirit of imagination whom he now set free, into the secret of Nature and the hearts of men. His magic staff he buried now, and deeper than ever plummet sounded, he drowned his book. He had created a whole world, and now he would rest from creation.

The argument might be carried further. It might be said that Shakespeare, looking back on the work he had now laid aside, and on life's comedy and tragedy, expressed his judgment of it in what he said to Ferdinand and Miranda concerning the pageant he had shown them. All we think so vital, the glory, love, and suffering of the world, the cloud-capped philosophy and the solemn temples of Law and Religion, the earth itself, and all the human struggle on it, are illusion, the fitting in a dream of the soul of the world; itself a dream, to and from through empty space: and all its actors, like the spirits in the masque, phantoms in the dream, drawn out of the visionary imagination to make a show, and vanishing into the mist, to leave not a rack behind. It was thus, some theorist might say that, Shakespeare thought of all this world he was near departure from it, and quoted the famous lines:

"These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision, etc."

"This is a thought common to the race. It seems, so common to it, to belong to the original texture of humanity. In certain circumstances, varying as temperaments vary, it is sure to slip into the mind. Most often it slips out again; sometimes it stays.....it is here expressed in lines of such uncommon force and beauty that it ceases to seem common: it is as if no one felt in before Prospero shaped it. And it exactly fits the temper of his mind at this instant of the play: naturally emerging from the scene and the circumstances. But Prospero—and, indeed, Shakespeare, if we mix him up with Prospero—was too sane and too experienced a character to imagine that life was illusion, or that we were the stuff of dreams, or that sleep rounded our little life. No one should quote the passage as an explanation of Shakespeare's theory of life, only as far as 'rounded with a sleep'."

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

N. B. Stopford A. Brooke has the following note on the theory that Prospero is Shakespeare:

"Many years ago, Emile Monteguc elaborated this theory in a long and admirable article in, if I remember rightly, the *Revue des*



A word of caution may be added here. There is no limit to Theorizing—and theories may be carried to any extravagant point. After all the problems which commentators argue into *The Tempest*, may exist nowhere than in their own speculative brains. They may not have occurred at all Shakespeare's mind.

### Key-notes of the Play

One of the main ideas of *The Tempest* is the lesson of forgiveness. It is in Prospero's action that this supreme lesson of forgiveness is illustrated. In the beginning Prospero appears to be stern and relentless; he seems to rejoice that he has his enemies in his power. It is true that he is a much wronged man, and it is true also that by his virtues of long-suffering and patience he neutralizes his sorrows—he hardly utters them until he has had to inform Miranda of her past history. Perhaps from the beginning he had no idea of exacting any vengeance from his enemies. Yet repentance is a primary condition of forgiveness. By means of supernatural terrors enacted by Ariel, finally repentance is awakened in the 'three men of sin'—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. Prospero not only forgives these three but he also forgives Stephago, Trinculo and Caliban for their plot to murder him.

"The rarer action is

In virtues than in vengeance"—

These are Prospero's own words, and his own action illustrates their truth.

Another prominent idea of *The Tempest* is freedom. The most poignant craving from freedom is illustrated in Ariel. But, as Prospero points out to Ariel, the true condition of freedom, is service. Ariel earns his freedom after he has performed all the tasks that Prospero sets him. But Caliban who clamours for freedom, but little understands its true spirit or value, finds all service irksome. Freedom through service is best illustrated in Ferdinand :

"The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to *your service* ; there resides,

To make me slave to it ; and for your sake

Am I this patient log-man."

Miranda's own sentiment is equally characteristic :

"I am your wife, if you will marry me :

If not, I'll die your maid ! to be your servant,

Whether you Will or no."

"The thought which seems to run through the whole of *The Tempest* appearing here and there like a coloured thread in some web, is the thought that the true freedom of men consists in service. Ariel, untouched by human feeling, is panting for his liberty in the last words of Prospero are promised his enfranchisement and dismissal to the elements. Ariel reverences his great master, and serves him with bright alacrity : but he is bound by none of our human

ties. strong and tender, and he will rejoice when Prospero speaks to him as though he were free. To Caliban, a land-fish, with the duller elements of earth and water in his composition, but no portion of the higher elements, air and fire, though he receives dim intimations of a higher world—a musical humming, or a twangling, or a voice heard in sleep—to Caliban service is slavery. The great master has usurped the rights of the brute-power Caliban. And when Stephano and Trinculo appear, ridiculously impoverished specimens of humanity, with their shallow understandings and vulgar greeds, this poor earth-monster is possessed by a sudden fanaticism for liberty.

"The leaders of the revolution, escaped from the stench and foulness of the horse-pond—King Stephano and his prime-minister Trinculo—like too many leaders of the people, bring to an end their great achievement on behalf of liberty by quarrelling over booty—the trumpery which the providence of Prospero had placed in their way. Caliban, though scarce more truly wise or instructed than before, at last discovers his particular error of the day and hour :

‘What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god  
And worship this dull fool.’

"In the epilogue, which was written perhaps by Shakespeare, perhaps by someone acquainted with his thoughts, Prospero, in his character of a man, no longer a potent enchanter, petitions the spectators of the theatre for two things, pardon and freedom. It would be straining matters to discover in this epilogue profound significances. And yet, in its playfulness, it curiously falls in with the moral purport of the whole. Prospero, the pardoner, implores, pardon. Shakespeare was aware—whether such be the significance of this epilogue or not—that no life is ever lived which does not need to receive as well as to render forgiveness. He knew that every energetic dealer with the world must seek a sincere and liberal pardon for many things. Forgiveness and freedom ; there are the key-notes of the play."

—Dowden.

### Allegorical Interpretation of "The Tempest"

"The little Enchanted Island represents the universe. Prospero's magic represents omnipotence, and he exercises it as a shadow of the Divine, with love, allowing full liberty, guiding all things to a happy end, leading to penance, and condemning only where there is intractable resistance to grace.

The little island a more perfect picture of the universe because in it the four elements Earth, Air, Fire and Water—are embodied in two personalities, Ariel and Caliban. That Ariel is the spirit of Air and Fire, and Caliban, the brute, of Earth and Water, can be proved by so many words and phrases that Shakespeare's deliberate intention is beyond all reasonable questions. It was no new thought to him so as to contrast the elements. He does it in *Henry V.* and again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. "He is all air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water have no part in him."

"In this little universe, then, Prospero has an all-embracing power. He has at his disposal the magic of Nature and of art. He guides, but will not overwhelm, three distinct forms of natural enchantment, familiar to us,—the human enchantment of love (in the story of Ferdinand and Miranda), the infra-human enchantment of vice (in the drunkenness of Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban), and the superhuman enchantment of forgiveness (in the story of Alonso and Antonio). In this third story the religious intention is emphasised by Shakespeare beyond all cavil. The speech of Ariel, as a happy, to Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, touches all the springs of contrition; and the banquet which the penitent and the innocent (Alonso and Gonzalo) are allowed to approach, but which is denied to the guilty (Antonio and Sebastian), is as near to a representation of the Eucharist as any dramatist has ever dared to go.

"In addition to this lofty significance (there is the further interest that it was intended to be Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. The idea of a dramatist as a magician summoning up a world of spirits for the audience was a commonplace in Elizabethan days. Heywood's famous Prologue is full proof of that. And if a meaning is quite obvious to me, I think it impertinent to doubt whether Shakesp are intended it. It is the most glorious farewell that any artist has ever given to the public, and it is a fit rounding off of a dramatic career which had portrayed all character, all passion, all life, all humanity, and now lifted that humanity into harmony with and into a semblance of the Divinity."

—F. C. Kolbe D. Litt.

### Construction of the Play

It has been pointed out above that 'The Tempest' curiously enough observes strictly the three classical *unities of time, place and action*. One of the most romantic plays, its action is kept within strictly defined limits, no juggling with time and place being allowed. Judged by its structure, *The Tempest* is a supreme triumph of art—the happiest blending of the most romantic temperament with the severest classical art.

But *The Tempest* is pre-eminently a play of *Enchantment*; there in so much the less of the purely human interest. The conflict of human wills and motives is the very life of a drama—and it is the suspense—the uncertainty of the result which keeps the reader's interest alive. But in *The Tempest* there is no such dramatic conflict of interests, no suspense—and the climax is a foregone conclusion. The action of the drama is entirely controlled by Prospero. Prospero plays the part of Providence. The unexpected does not happen, and the miraculous that happens becomes pre-determined. But from the technical point of view the plot is admirably managed.

The play opens with a shipwreck, off an unknown coast (Shakespeare is purposely vague about the locality). In the next scene Miranda is introduced. Miranda has watched the shipwreck, and her heart is filled with pity. Questioned by her, Prospero gives a long narration to explain the shipwreck, which has been caused by

his magic art. The long *retrospective* narrative supplies all the information that the reader needs to know. The second scene of Act I, unavoidably long as it is, puts the reader in possession of all the facts to enable him to follow the story. The second serves the purpose of *Exposition*, but it also brings together Ferdinand and Miranda, which supplies the *initial incident* of the drama.

Ferdinand is, however, kept apart from the rest of the survivors of the shipwreck. We meet them in the first scene of Act II. The King Alonso is disconsolate for his missing son, Ferdinand. But a diversion of interest is created by the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso. As the reader expects the conspiracy is foreseen by Prospero, and is frustrated by Ariel. Things being so foreseen and forestalled in a drama, the effect of dramatic truth and dramatic representation is destroyed.

In the second scene two sailors who are also survivors are introduced. They are again kept apart from the King and his court. Ferdinand meets Miranda. The two sailors (Stephano and Trinculo) meet Caliban. There is dramatic propriety in these meetings. We have now three distinct groups—(i) Ferdinand and Miranda; (ii) Alonso and his courtiers; (iii) Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban. And Prospero and his agent and executive Ariel between themselves manage their affairs. But Prospero is practically the master of their destinies. The fundamental weakness of the drama lies in this fact.

The most interesting group is of course Ferdinand and Miranda—and the first scene of Act III is a most exquisite love idyll. It gives the only human interest to the play. In the second scene Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo are presented again to us. They are no doubt used for a comic scene, but in the second scene of Act III a serious interest is thrown in the conspiracy of Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo to murder Prospero. There are thus two conspiracies—an instance of *reduplication of motive, or parallelism*, which is a favourite device with Shakespeare.

The climax may be said to occur in the third scene of Act III. The "three men of sin"—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian are denounced in this scene and the leading idea of the play is revealed in that repentance is to precede forgiveness, Prospero is the forgiver and his wrongers are to be forgiven. Their repentance is wrought through enchantment which is brought into full play in this scene as well as Act IV.

*The Resolution* of the plot begins in Act IV. Miranda is promised as a bride to Ferdinand, but their marriage is not yet to be. Prospero entertains them with "some vanity" of his art. The vision (in which Juno blesses the betrothed couple) cannot, however, be said to have any vital connection with the action of the drama. Act IV also shows how the conspiracy of Caliban-group is frustrated—a result already foreseen by the reader.

The three groups have been so long kept apart. They

brought together in Act V. First, the Alonso-group is brought in by Ariel. It is followed by Prospero's disclosure of his identity, his forgiveness and restoration of Ferdinand, now with his bride, Miranda, to Alonso. Then Ariel brings in the Master and the Boatswain whom we have not heard of since the shipwreck, and who have nothing to do with all that happens on the island. Lastly, Ariel brings in Caliban and his two fellows. So those who were parted by the shipwreck, re-assemble—and the old Duke of Milan reappears with his daughter and forgives his brother and the King of Naples who have wronged him.

"*The Tempest* has little action or progressive movement, the union of Ferdinand and Miranda is settled at their first interview; and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band so leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the Plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero, are nothing but a fiant, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sight which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably conciled by the most varied display of the fascination of poetry, and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the *denouement* is in some degree, anticipated in the exposition."

—Schlegel.

### Characteristic Features of "The Tempest"

(1) *Want to Dramatic Action*: *The Tempest* is not one of the plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is to manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes."

—Garnett.

(2) *Atmosphere Enchantment*: "The whole play is under the influence of the supernatural: the scene is an enchantment island; the leading character, as we might expect, as a magician, he is waited upon the demon or attendant spirit, who again marshals an army of lesser ministers and the island was inhabited first by a witch, and later by 'a born devil,' who is not without his attributes of magic."

"Then the structure of the play itself is in keeping with this supernatural tone and colour; for example, it contains a masque which is an organic growth, we may add, for it is hard to see how the play could have been developed without it."

—Morton Luce.

(3) *'Love Element*: The love of Ferdinand and Miranda is the only thing of human interest in the play. And it is an integral part of the action. It determines the character of the play as much as the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation; the happy ending of the play is contributed as much by it as by the other.

(4) *Romantic Element*. "*The Tempest* : a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarren sky, the sea in storm and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

full of noises,

Sound and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

(5) *Autobiographical Interest* : "The world has agreed to recognise in the enchanter's speech abjuring his 'rough magic' the farewell not only of Prospero to the wonderful island, but of Shakespeare to the stage."

## CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

### Prospero

We do not see Prospero actually as the Duke of Milan. But from his recital of the past to Miranda we learn that he practically handed over the administration to his brother, Antonio, and devoted himself to studies. Naturally his brother took advantage of the circumstance, and at last expelled him and his daughter from Milan. Being sent adrift on sea, he reached an uninhabited island with his daughter. By his study of magic he acquired control over the forces of nature and over the world of spirits. The tempest which he raised and which wrecks the ship in the opening scene of the play is the manifestation of the power, conferred upon him by magic. He released Ariel, whom he found imprisoned in cloven pine, and got him to execute all his commands. The action of the play is, as a matter of fact, put into the hands of Ariel. Prospero designs, and Ariel executes. First, Ferdinand and Miranda are brought together, and it is Prospero's plan that they should fall in love. Secondly, the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso is frustrated. Thirdly, remorse is awakened in Prospero's enemies by supernatural terrors of the banquet scene. Lastly, Prospero meets his enemies and forgives them. So we can sum up the character of Prospero :

(1) *His Omnipotence and Magnanimity* : Prospero is the Providence of the play. He controls the action and fortunes of all the characters in the play. What is most remarkable is that he is never tempted to abuse the unlimited and irresponsible powers, conferred upon him by magic. He might have exacted a dire vengeance upon his enemies when he got them in his power, but he lets them off with a fair warning. In fact Prospero ever retains balance and judgment—he is never intoxicated by possession of power. Verity rightly says, "Prospero is almost a personification of wisdom." He possesses his soul in truth and peace ; only on one occasion in the play he seems to lose his patience. It is when he remembers Caliban's plot against him, and suddenly dismisses the spirits who are executing a harvest dance for the delight of Ferdinand and Miranda. Ferdinand notices his temper :



"This is strange : your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly." (IV. i. 143-144).

Perhaps this is the only case in which Prospero shows his human weakness.

(2) *His Passion for Learning* : Prospero is a typical scholar, who is indifferent to worldly ends. But later by his experience of suffering and hardship he learns to take a detached view of himself as a scholar and recluse. So Prospero does not spare himself when he recites the past to Miranda :

"I thus neglecting wordly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature ;" etc. (I. ii. 89-93).

Prospero says :

"Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough." (I. ii. 109-110),

This he gives as the opinion, his brother, Antonio held of him. But it may be taken as a compliment to, and not a reproach, of Prospero. Indeed his library was more than his dukedom. He let his dukedom go to his brother and clung to his books. He could have little blamed his brother for replacing him. He himself confesses that :

"those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And do my state grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies." (I. ii. 74-77).

It may be noted here that not his learning, but his practical experience of life—the experience of his brother's treachery (which most hurt him) and of hardship and suffering—teaches him wisdom.

(3) *His Paternal Affection* : Prospero's dukedom did not have a hold upon him. By losing his dukedom he seems to gain something immensely richer—the rediscovery of his human nature. Being cast on an uninhabited island, and left to himself, undistracted by petty and mean court intrigues, he naturally turns all his care and affection to his daughter. He may justifiably say :

"and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful." (I. ii. 171-174).

When Prospero put into a frail boat with his daughter and turned adrift, he finds his sole comfort and strength in her. His good angel seemed to have entered the body of his daughter and inspired him with courage and fortitude :

"Pros.

O, a cherubin

That wast that did perserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd ! which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue."

(I. ii. 152-158).

Stopford Brooke writes, "His little daughter kept him human ; his love for her, as she grew to womanhood, strengthened his humanity." The study and practice of magic might have made Prospero a non-human-being—an impersonation of Intellect : Miranda was his salvation. On the island he studies only the up-bringing and happiness of Miranda. He exercises his magic art with a wonderful foresight relating to Miranda's well-being :

"I have done nothing but in care of thee :  
Of thee, my dear one : thee, my daughter."

(I. ii. 16-17).

Nothing delights his heart so much as to see Ferdinand and Miranda fall in love, and each owning the love for other :

"Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more."

(4) *His Sense of Justice* : Prospero is represented by some as the impersonation of Justice and reason. He does not forgive his enemies as a weak man may forgive the wrong done to him. He does not exact vengeance as a weak man, if he had the power, would have thirsted for. First repentance, then forgiveness, Prospero works on this principle. The three men of sin—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian are haunted by sudernatural terrors, but these supernatural terrors are meant to symbolize the terrors of guilty conscience :

"Gon. All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison give to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits"

If it is not very clear that Antonio and Sebastian felt the effect of remorse, Alonso is susceptible to it :

"Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and d:cadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass."

No forgiveness without repentance : thus Prospero's sense of justice is satisfied.

(5) *His forgiveness* : Prospero realizes that

"The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance."

(V. i. 27-28).

He only demands that sinners should be repentant :

"They being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further."

(V. i. 28-30).

Prospero seeks and attains a nobler revenge upon his enemies in forgiveness. Revenge leaves the wrong-doer no chance of reforming himself. The rare action is forgiveness which blesses the giver as well as the receiver.

N. B. Dr. Garnett seems to see in Prospero detachment and apathy, and consequently discounts the value of his forgiveness. Dr. Garnett writes, "It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom or very deeply resent the villainy that has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly ; and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this, would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his books, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men."

Brondes also sets forth the same view : "There is less of charity towards the offenders in Prospero's absolution than that element of contempt which has so long and so exclusively filled Shakespeare's soul. His forgiveness, the oblivion of a scornful indifference, is not so much that of the strong man who knows his power to crush, if need be, as that of the wisdom which is no longer affected by outward circumstances."

### Miranda

Miranda shared her father's misfortunes. And under the fostering care of her father she grew up on an uninhabited island. Her father (Prospero) took particular pains to educate her. Her education, however, did not counteract her naturalness and simplicity. In fact, Miranda owes charm to her unsophisticated simplicity to the native innocence and purity of her heart. Her love is born of a frank admiration of Ferdinand's personality. She is most unlike any of her sex in her innocent, unaffected, partly articulate confession of love for Ferdinand. Miranda is truly the child of Nature. The white purity of her soul is untarnished by any knowledge of evil.

(1) *Her Education and Up-bringing* : Miranda is brought up by her father Prospero on an uninhabited island. He takes more than ordinary pains to educate her. As Prospero himself points out, she has profited more under his instructions than if she had been placed under the care of tutors. She had, as a matter of fact,

less time for the idle vanities of life. Prospero has, however, taken particular care to shield her innocence. Caliban is the only other inhabitant of the island besides father and daughter. Miranda's natural repulsion from him added to her father's watchfulness, keeps her safe from any harm that he might have done to an innocent and guileless child of Nature. The only and the fundamental defect of her education is that she has grown up in complete ignorance of life and the world. Living all her life on an uninhabited island, and away from all human society and social intercourse, she has been able to preserve the tender bloom of her heart, the spontaneous sense to wonder and sensitiveness to beauty, if her knowledge and experience are inconceivably limited.

(2) *Her Quick Sympathy*: Though brought up in solitude, she has not grown selfish, but has developed the social instinct and the fellow-feeling. She identifies herself with the distress of the shipwrecked :

"O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer : a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O ! The cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perishe'd".

(I. ii. 5-9)

Miranda must have very lively imagination which enables her to enter into the distress of the shipwrecked and make it her own. But apart from that her heart has a natural tendency to pity—an inborn tenderness of emotion. When she hears her father's recital of the past—her father being set adrift in a boat, with the additional burden of looking after her (Miranda) and rearing her, her heart goes out in sympathy to him :

"Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to't."

(I. ii. 132-135).

Pity is the very instinct of her soul. So when she sees Ferdinand bearing the logs, she offers to carry them herself to spare him the hardship which, she is quick to perceive, he is enduring.

(3) *Her Innocence and Simplicity* : The peculiarity of her upbringing and the sedulous care with which Prospero watches over her growth keeps her ignorant of any matter but the elementary feeling and natural prompting of her uncorrupted heart. The conventions of society—and the artificial life which society imposes, supplant the simple, unmixed and generous impulses of the heart ; but in the case of Miranda, Nature, as an impulse and law and her father's tenderest affection take the place of social conventions. Nothing could have been a better guardian of her innocence and simplicity. Her innocence and simplicity are best shown in the love-scene between herself and Ferdinand. In any sophisticated

girl the exact terms of Miranda's confession of love would have come dangerously near to forwardness. Her innocence and simplicity give it a rare grace.

(4) *Her Love for Ferdinand*: When Miranda beholds Ferdinand, her first exclamation is :

"What is't ? a spirit ?  
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit."

(I. ii. 409-411).

It is not yet love ! it is simple *admiration*. The next step is *sympathy*. And Miranda's sympathy for Ferdinand is awakened when Prospero makes a too severe trial of Ferdinand. Her love is finally the outcome of her admiration and sympathy. Bold in the innocence and simplicity of her sentiment, Miranda declares to her father :

"My affections  
Are then most humble : I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man."

(I. ii. 481-483).

While Miranda puts up a strong plea for Ferdinand's innocence, she is not forgetful of her duty to her father. A daughter who deeply appreciates and esteems her father's care and affection, preserves an exquisite balance between her duty and her love :

"Mir. Be of comfort ;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech ; this is unwonted  
Which now came from him."

Love fully blossoms in the scene in which Ferdinand bears logs. Miranda offers to carry the logs for him and begs him to rest for a while. The idea of 'service' enters into true love—it is love that is capable of self-denying and self-effacing. In their love both are imbued with the idea of service. Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand. Ferdinand alludes to 'service' in her declaration of love :

"Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man."

(II. i. 63-67).

N. B. Stopford Brooke thus contrasts Miranda and Ferdinand in their love : "No lover's talk in Shakespeare's dramas is more beautiful than theirs in the third Act, where the innocent love of Miranda, who has never seen a man but her father, is in contrast with that of Ferdinand, who has seen many women and flirted through momentary love of them, but who, on touching Miranda, is lifted out of his atmosphere of light love, his half-cynical view of women, on to the level of her frank and innocent passion, such as Eve might have fallen first she looked into Adam's eyes. She would free him from his log-bearing service, herself would carry the wood :

but the Prince accepts a toil which, her pitiful eyes, is glorified by love into a delight. And his ravishment is answered by her pure, tender, and childlike admiration and passion, confessing that he is all she desires all she can conceive of beauty, princeliness, and joy. It is the modest, natural meeting in ardent love of sex and sex, tempered by their duty to honour, morality, and the high traditions of their birth."

### Ariel

Ariel is a more exquisite and rarefied Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He has a love of mischief like Puck, but he has a more artistic and subtle way of doing of things. But he has to work under Prospero while Puck is a free agent. Yet freedom seems to be the very breath of his life. He is a spirit that will languish away for want of freedom. Prospero's promise of freedom is his chief inducement to execute all his commands. He is, however, a spirit too delicate to carry out the gross and hateful commands of Sycorax. Though non-human, he develops a certain admiration for Prospero, which is transformed into gratitude when Prospero adequately appreciates his services. Prospero designs and Ariel executes. For the development of the plot or action of the play, Ariel, who represents the executive power is as indispensable as Prospero who is the brain.

(I) *His Longing for Freedom* : A spirit of air, freedom seems to be the very essence and meaning of his life. It is only Prospero's potent magic that can harness him into human service. Over and above that Prospero's repeated promise of freedom, makes him prompt and diligent in carrying out Prospero's designs. When we first see Ariel, he is moody. Prospero has to promise to set him free at the end of two days. Every time that Prospero sets him a task, Prospero repents his promise. We may note the following instances :

(i) Ariel brings together Ferdinand and Miranda and they fall in love, accordingly as Prospero desires and intends. Prospero is pleased and says :

"Thou shall be as free  
As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my commands." (I. ii. 498-500).

(ii) After Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo have been hunted by spirits, whom Ariel summons, Prospero is again pleased with Ariel's action :

"Shortly shall my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little  
Fellow, and do me service." (IV. i. 260-263).

(iii) Finally Prospero charges Ariel to provide calm seas and auspicious gales, and then he is free for ever :

"That is thy charge : then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well !" (V. i. 317-318.)

(2) *His Artistic Skill and Grace* : the epithets that

tantly applied to Ariel are "delicate". (I. ii. 272), "quaint" (I. ii. 318), "dainty" (V. i. 95), "tricksy". (V. i. 226). The point is that every action that is performed by Ariel, smacks of a rare and exquisite skill and grace. He repeatedly receives praise from his master. For example, when Ariel appears in the guise of a water-nymph, Prospero exclaims in admiration :

"Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel" (I. ii. 318).

But Prospero praises most highly Ariel's role of the harpy :

"Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel ; grace it had, devouring."

(III. iii. 83-84).

(3) *His love of Mischief* : Ariel resembles the Puck of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in his love of mischief. The scene in which he remains invisible, and contradicts Caliban, while Stephano charges Trinculo with the offence, is the most exquisite example. Ariel seems to have enjoyed the fun most, as evidence in his narration to Prospero :

"Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music ; so I charm'd their ears  
As calf-like they my lowing followed' through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorn,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I felt them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet."

(IV. i. 175-184).

(4) *His Non-humanity* : Ariel, a spirit of air, works under the human will of Prospero, but he dwells apart from all that concerns man. He is not linked with humanity—and shares neither in its joy nor in its sorrows. Yet by association with Prospero he seems to catch a distant reflection of Prospero's humanity for a moment.

"Ari. Your charm so strongly works 'em  
That if you now beheld, them, your affections  
Would become tender.

Pros. Does thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, were I numan."

—(V. i. 17-20).

Ariel has imagination, and by means of imagination he can enter into the feelings of humanity—it is after all a detached perception.

N. B. Stopford A. Brooke has the following most illuminating study of Ariel : "Ariel is 'but air' the free spirit of the air subtly changeful, incessant motion, lively, all-penetrating like the ether having power in the air and water, in fire, and to the depths of the

earth. Today, we might call him electricity. But though at many points the conception of Ariel is not apart from that which physical science has concerning the finest forms of matter, a scientific correlation does not fit his spiritual nature. For here, though he does wonderous work, he is a spirit of personal gaiety and self enjoyment, and loves to play : 'a quaint' and 'tricksy spirit,' like when he is most himself, the light and fluttering airs of summer. Nor is he only a spirit of the air. He is also a spirit of fine fire ; air and fire together, they have but one life in him. He impersonates them both. And as the ethereal forms of matter, vibrate between the molecules of the earth and water, so Ariel can live in the seas, and the vapours of the clouds, and in the depths of the earth. It is thus he first appears :

"All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds. To thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality." (I. ii. 189-193).

He flames amazement in the king's ship, burns like lightning here and there, sets the sea-at-fire, is himself the fire, makes the tempest, disperses the fleet, binds and looses the winds, calms their rage, lives in the deep bays of the shore, can run upon the sharp wind of the north, and do business in the veins of the earth when it is baked with frost. He can be at will a nymph of the sea, a harpy, any shape he pleases. He, like the air, is always invisible, save to the scholar who has mastered him by knowledge.....This pervasiveness of him, in and through all nature, extends to man ; he knows and feels the thoughts of men as if he were ethereal element in which the cells of the brain are floating, as if, being this, he would feel what passions also moved and dwelt in the silences of the soul. He knows the plots of the conspirators before they are spoken ; he clings to their conscience like a remorse. Prospero has no need to call him by speech. 'Come with a thought' he cries to Ariel, who is going on his messages. 'They thought I cleave to', answers Ariel. He has also the quickness of thought. Before the eye can close he is round the earth and back again :

"I drink the air before me and return  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat." (V. i. 101-102).

This relation of his to thought lifts him above the mere presentation of any natural power. He is not human, but he can relate himself to humanity. It seems as if something of Prospero's soul during their comradeship had infiltrated into Ariel. And the relation, on account of this, between him and Prospero, is almost a relation of affection. Prospero admires his charm and beauty, and his gracious ways. 'Fine apparitions !' he calls out when he comes in as a nymph of the sea. My 'quaint Ariel !' my 'dainty Ariel,' are the pleasant terms with which his master describes him. When he comes as a harpy, Prospero is delighted with the grace the harpy had, devour-



ing. Prospero recognises something more spiritual in Ariel, than his airy charm. He really sympathises with Ariel's longing for liberty. Then also he recalls how, when the witch Sycorax having subdued Ariel, laid on him gross and shameful commands, the fine nature of Ariel refused to them. 'Thou wast,' he says, 'a spirit too delicate, To act her earthly and abhorr'd commands.'

This exquisite refinement of nature is then, as it were, a kind of conscience in him. When their one quarrel is over, they are together like friend and friend, even with the love of friendship. Ariel wishes to be loved :

"*Ariel.* Do you love me, master ? no ?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel !" (IV. i. 48-49).

And when Ariel sings lively song of freedom, Prospero, charmed, cries out in admiration :

"Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;

But yet thou shalt have freedom." (V. i. 95-96).

But far beyond any companionship of feeling, with his master is Ariel's longing for freedom, to have his own control. Of course, being a spirit of the unchartered air he desires only to obey himself. It is a desire harmless in him, whose limits are set by law. But Prospero is a foreign law, and however kindly it be exercised, it is against Ariel's choice, independent of the law of his being. Therefore this bird of the air must escape his cage. All he does in it is toil : 'What ? Is there more toil ? Outside is joy, the soft life of the summer breeze, far beyond Prospero's commands, Ariel makes no tempests, no disturbance. He is delicate Music is his expression, the lute and pipe. thin sweet instruments are his to play. He sings, like the light wind through the trees clear, ringing, elfin notes. All he sings in poetry, all his speech in song. The life he lives is the life of the elements, and his songs are of their doings. Lamb's saying of his song, 'Full fathom five thy father lies' that it is 'of the water watery' and that its feeling, seems to resolve itself into the element it contemplates, illustrates this nature in him, and itself is poised in the melody of ocean. His other song—'Come unto these yellow sand'—is so evanescent, so delicate, so rippling that no criticism can touch it without hurting it. It is of the shore, the moving sand and the sea. Only when, in the calm of twilight, we see the long-curving edge of half-slumbering foam, when the wave has nothing but the life of the tide, and hear the hushing murmur of it on the sand, as it leaves the fantastic outline of the height is reached before its retreat—do we understand the delicate playing of Ariel, the dance he leads of sprites that foot it feathery here and there :

"Come unto these yellow sands,

And then takes hands ;

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd.—

The wild waves whist,

Foot it feathery here and there ;

And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear." (I. ii. 376-381).

More delicate, dainty and ethereal is Ariel as the soft summer wafts of air which come and go with fluttering pleasure. They make the faint blossom tremble where the bee can enter, they rock the cowslips bell, and stir the fur on the bat's wing, when the owls call to the night.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I ;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily."

(V. i. 89-92).

This is Ariel's farewell to Prospero, this is the life he hopes to live in freedom. That is his true being ; aerial, gentleness, spirit of the faint swift winds. The metre helps the conception. The dactyls are like the pulse of wings :

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

(V. i. 93-94).

Thus Ariel passes into the elements. But Shakespeare, mastered while he wrote by his shaping spirit of imagination, has made him more than elemental, has given him a personality, touched with gleams of our humanity, as of old he did, but not so full, to Oberon. Only Ariel is more elemental than Oberon, and, strange enough, also more human. Prospero has entered into him. Therefore round him collects the greater interest. Oberon we may meet in the woods by moonlight, Ariel is always with us, like the air. We breathe his spirit everyday.

### Caliban

Caliban is not only an original, but a unique creation of Shakespeare. He seems to stop halfway between man and beast. He has but glimmerings of understanding, but he is absolutely devoid of reason and moral sense. He is a sub-human and non-moral-being. He is endowed with elementary feelings and passions. He has been regarded as the type of the conquered savage, whom Prospero employs in menial services, but who, being vaguely conscious of his personal rights, begins to resent his servitude. His weakness for drink, which is an acquired vice, is pointed out by many critics as the doubtful benefit of civilizations to a savage. Contrasted with Ariel, who has the finer element of air and fire in him. Caliban has in him the element of earth and water. The pains taken by Prospero to educate him, are absolutely wasted on him. After all he is an unregenerate slave, whom only sprites can move into activity. Perhaps if he had been left to himself—without being polished up by Prospero and without being initiated into the vices of civilization by Stephano, he might have possessed some grace of character.

(i) *His Parentage* : He was born of the witch, Sycorax, by the Devil. Sycorax was banished to the island from Algiers ; for "mis-chief manifold and sorceries terrible to enter human bearing." His

parentage explains his deformity, both physical and mental. He is "as disproportioned in his manners as in his shape."

(2) *His Physical Appearance* : He is "a mis-shapen knave," not honoured with a human shape," etc. Elsewhere he is described as "a strange fish." But none of the details give about him, will fit into a picture, perhaps Trinculo gets nearest to him in his attempt to size him up :

"What have we here ? a man or a fish ? dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell : a kind of, not-the-of-newest, Poor John. A strane fish..... Legged like a man ! and his fins like arms ; Warn o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion : hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt." (II. ii. 25-34).

Later on Antonio remarks that he is "a plain fish." Caliban may have perhaps partial resemblance to a fish, which strikes a casual observer. After all he is a "mis-shapen" creature and best answers to the description of a monster. Or perhaps Shakespeare intended to keep his physical appearance vague, and leave much to the imagination or speculation of the reader : So Morton Luce writes, "But the physical form of Caliban is as vague and as various as his character of his accomplishments, and the attempts that have been made to sketch this most protean of all such creations, remind us of the equally futile attempts to discover his enchanted island. For example, he will dig pig-nuts, pluck berries, and snare the nimble marmoset, and yet some would discover him to be a kind of tortoise. Or, again, Miranda in one speech ranks him with man, in another she excludes him from that crowing species. And finally, and as an actual fact, if all the suggestions as to Caliban's form and feature and endowments that are thrown out in the play are collected, it will be found that the one-half renders the other half impossible "

(3) *His Evil Nature* : Prospero does all he can to improve the nature of Caliban. But instead of profiting by his instructions, he turns them all evil. Either Caliban has a perversity of will which rests all efforts at civilizing him, or he bears Prospero a grudge for keeping Miranda out of his reach. In the following interview between master and servant we see the result :

"Pros. Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gable like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known.....

Cal. You taught me language : and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to cure."

(I. ii. 353-65).

(4) *False Idea of Freedom* : Stephano first gives Caliban the taste of wind, and at once wins his allegiance :

"That a brave god and bears celestial liquor  
I will kneel to him." (II. ii. 105-106).

Caliban begins to believe that his new master (Stephano) will be able to release him from his servitude to Prospero. Most effusively he swears loyalty and devotion to Stephano :

"Cal. I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries :  
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man." (II. ii. 147-151).

His idea of freedom is a change of masters. He will be satisfied if he has not to serve Prospero any more :

"Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring ;  
Nor scrape trancher, nor wash dish ;  
'Ban', Ban, Ca—Caliban  
Has a new moster ; get a new man  
Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day freedom ! freedom,  
hey-day, freedom ! (II. ii. 166-173)

(5) *His Conspiracy to Murder Prospero* : However brutish his brain, it works in a subtle way, if the resulting conception is rather crude. The plot to murder Prospero is 'evolved by his brain. He possesses an elementary shrewdness. He suggests several ways of murdering Prospero - all equally brutal and ghastly, appropriate to his grotesque imagination.

"Cal. Why, as I told thee. 'tis a custom with him  
I'th' afternoon to sleep ; there thou mayst brain him  
Having first seized his books, or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books ; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command." (III. ii. 85-92)

Caliban knows well that without magic-books Prospero is powerless. He repeatedly warns Stephano to possess himself of Prospero's books. It is an indication of intuitive shrewdness (which springs from instinct of self-preservation) Similarly Caliban can appreciate the beauty of Miranda. If he cannot have Miranda for himself, she must be secured to be the queen of Stephano.

(6) *His Poetical Susceptibilities* : "Like the savage also who lives close to Nature, and impersonates her doings all he says, when he is excited, is poetical. Shakespeare puts the most of what he says into blank verse. Caliban only begins to lose his imaginative elements when he associates with Stephano and Trinculo, who would have a poetical thought, if they could live for a thousand years.

Even the little education which Prospero has given him, has injured his imagination. Otherwise, when his senses are pleased, and when he hears the music, Ariel is always making, his heart is stirred, his sense of beauty touched. Shakespeare does not leave this poor soul, cursed from his birth without our pity. Trinculo trembles with fear when Ariel's pipe and tabor play. 'Be not afraid', cries Caliban and Prospero himself could scarce speak in better verse :

"Be not afraid : the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometimes voices,  
That, If I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again ; and then, in dreaming  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches.  
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again." (III. ii. 132-140).

Thus 'music for a time doth change his nature'. One feels that he is capable of redemption : but Stephano and Trinculo, deaf to sweet sounds, are in this life irredeemably the same. Before the close of the play, Caliban is on the way to conversion... Prospero has despaired of him, but Shakespeare does not. Even when he is drunk, he goes straight to his purpose of murder, and cares nothing for the shining garments which enrapture his companions. 'Let it alone, thou fool : is but trash.' And when he is punished, and Prospero forgives, he cries :

"I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a good  
And worship this dull fool." (V. i. 294-297).

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

*N. B.* Morton Luce analyses the triple character of Caliban :

(1) First, he is the embodiment of the supernatural ; he is deformed : he was the offspring of a witch hence his deformity.

But a further stage of development under this head is due to books of travel with their wonderful accounts of island aborigines and to the popular utopias of the time, and their more imaginary islands peopled by beings strange but with human attributes, and free at least from the vices of civilization. To this phase of Caliban's being such narratives as these of the wreck almost certainly contributed ; and thus conventional monster was made up afresh as a sea-monster, and placed with his mother on an island.

(2) Secondly, Caliban is a slave when the play opens whatever he may have been before, or may become again : "We'll visit Caliban my slave.....he does make our fire, Fetch in our wood, and serve in offices. That profit us. (I. ii. 308-314).....Caliban is an African of some kind ; as a slave, he hates his task-master, hates all "service," and thus he further embodies one of the leading social topics dwelt upon in the play, namely, slavery, the revolt against labour, the "use of service."

(II. i. 151).

(3) Thirdly, he is a dispossessed Indian, a more or less "noble" savage :

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me." (I. ii. 331-332).

"For I am all the subjects that yon have,  
Which first was mine own king." (I. ii. 341-342).

### Ferdinand

Ferdinand is a prince, noble and chivalrous in his bearing, not lacking in courage and manliness, and steadfast in love when he truly loves. As yet he is untainted by the atmosphere of court-life. His nature is simple, frank and generous, and he has all the impulsiveness of youth. Ferdinand has also handsome looks, which first won Miranda's admiration. His life has been smooth and untroubled until the shipwreck and the supposed loss of his father. Independently of Prospero's magic he would have certainly fallen in love with Miranda. But it is through the instrumentality of Prospero's magic that they are brought together. Love conquers all, and so Ferdinand submits to the humiliation of bearing logs. After all his steady devotion to Miranda is rewarded by his winning her as bride. Their love and union are blessed by Prospero's active assent.

(1) *His Impulsiveness* : Ferdinand is an impulsive and ardent youth. When he first beholds Miranda, he at once falls in love with her. He starts making love to her in spite of the presence of her father, and straightway offers to make her queen of Naples. Like an impulsive you he does not bother whether there is likely to be any opposition to his fond wish, or whether Miranda is a free agent. Prospero observes that matters are proceeding too fast :

"but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light." (I. ii. 450-452).

Love has a more potent magic than Prospero's. If we suppose that Prospero's magic is responsible for the awakening of love between Ferdinand and Miranda, we soon find that love has a quicker pace than Prospero's magic, and defies all Prospero's prudent calculations. It remains the most human and natural love, magic or no magic.

(2) *His Courage and Manliness* : As a prince Ferdinand possesses courage and manliness that no less distinguish him than his good looks. With his chivalrous sense he would have been incapable of doing any violence to the old and venerable Prospero. We may believe that, however he is blinded by the passion of love. But Prospero's insult is too galling to the young, ardent prince.

"Pros. come ;

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together ;  
Sea-water shall thou drink : thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks,  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer.

No :

I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power."

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving*].

(I. ii. 460-466).

Prospero's magic renders him impotent. Magic paralyses Ferdinand physically, but love, a more powerful magic, conquers him. So Ferdinand confesses :

"Fer. My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel  
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,  
To whom I subdued, are but light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day  
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth  
Let liberty make use of : space enough  
Have I in such a prison."

(I. ii. 481-492).

*His Love for Miranda* : Ferdinand may have had previous experience of the fleeting inconstant love of other women. He seems to allude to it in the following lines :

Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I liked several women : never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with noblest grace showed  
And put it to the foil : but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best."

(II. i. 39-48).

The confession above, which does credit to his generous heart, marks the height of his most sincerest admiration for Miranda. It is a noble-souled love that he offers to Miranda, so different from the love he had exchanged with other women previously. It is the most ardent and sincerest devotion to the ideal woman, who at once touches his heart and imagination. He may naturally cry,

"Hear my soul speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it : and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man."

(III. i. 63-67).

The humiliation of bearing logs, which he would have otherwise felt very keenly, is no humiliation to him when he knows that he has Miranda's kindly sympathy and even her companionship :

"my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
Hath never like executor. I forget ;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours.  
Most busy, least, when I do it."

(III. i. 11-15).

The log-bearing business is a test of Ferdinand's love for Miranda. He stands the test well, and Prospero is quite satisfied.

N. B. Stopford Brooke writes thus of Ferdinand : "A charming lover ! Ferdinand, however, is nothing more than the lover. When he thinks justly, as when he says :

'There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off ; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends.'

(III. i. 1-4).

His thoughts are those love has put into his head. He has not the capacity for them before love opened his soul. He boasts little of his regard for several women ; his has been a butterfly's life ; but now—'Hear my soul speak,' he cries. The rest is boyishness. He will be a man hereafter, because he has met Miranda. He is not yet."

### Gonzalo

Gonzalo is 'an honest old counsellor'. He has a heart of gold. The unpleasant task of exposing Prospero and Miranda to the sea was committed to him. His heart wept for them, and, as we learn from Prospero's lips, Gonzalo provisioned the frail boat in which Prospero and Miranda were sent adrift, and gave them a supply of linen and other necessary stuff. On the island he takes upon himself to comfort Alonso in his grief for the loss of his son (Ferdinand). He is tactless, but he is well-meaning. His garrulity makes him a bore, and Alonso loses all patience with him. But he is not too dull to perceive the gibes of Antonio and Sebastian, and hits them back in his mild, but deadly sarcastic manner. Among the unfaithful counsellors, his loyalty to Alonso remains unquestioned. Prospero has the sincerest regards for him.

(1) *His Divided Loyalty* : Antonio displaces Prospero, and Gonzalo could have followed the fortunes of Prospero, but Gonzalo is an old man and in spite of his loyalty to Prospero, an old man like Gonzalo can hardly be expected to exchange the security of life to which he has been long accustomed, for the risk of death, which his loyalty demands. However, when he is charged with the task of carrying out Antonio's plan, he, as a loyal adherent of Prospero, does all he can minimize Prospero's peril—a service which Prospero recognizes :

"Pros. Some food we had some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom."

(I. ii. 160-168).

A more definite acknowledgement of Gonzalo's loyalty is made by Prospero later :



"O good Gonzalo,

My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow'st."

(V. i. 68-70).

Antonio and Sebastian, while conspiring against Alonso, know very well that they will have trouble in dealing with Gonzalo. Antonio suggests that Gonzalo should also be put to death. We find that he is most anxious to comfort, and divert the thoughts of Alonso in his grief for his son, even though he may have gone about it in a blundering way. His first thought, when he is awakened by Ariel, is for the king :

"Now, good angels,

Pereserve the king !"

(II. i. 301).

(2) *His Calmness in Danger* : In the confusion and terror that prevail on the eve of shipwreck, Gonzalo alone keeps his head. In the moment of peril he can jest about the boastwain :

"He hath no drowning mark upon him ! his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging ; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

(I. i. 27-31).

When the ship positively splits, he is but resigned to his fate :

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, 'brown, furze any thing. The wills above be done ! but I would fain die a dry death."

(I. i. 60-63)

(3) *His Garrulity*. As an old man his garrulity is certainly excusable. His talk seems to be interminable when he seeks to comfort the king in his grief for the loss of his son. The king pays little heed to his words, yet he goes on. Antonio and Sebastian start gibing at him, but he does not mind. He simply gets on the nerves of Alonso :

"Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense."

(II. i. 101-102)

He seems to be rather obtuse. Certainly Gonzalo is a plain, blunt courtier, who has none of hypocritical suavity and understands little of the intricate movements of the human mind. After all he means well, when he seeks to divert the king's thoughts, but he fails to understand that a man in grief would rather like to be left alone.

Alonso

Alonso's character is but slightly sketched. He would not be very interesting but for his remorse. His imagination is deeply stirred by the supernatural incidents ; and his conscience, which is not deadened like Antonio's, leaps into flame in conjunction with his imagination. Pursued by remorse he is thrown into the most distracted state, which distresses Gonzalo's heart very much. His repentance, which is true and sincere, readily wins Prospero's forgiveness.

(i) *His Abetment of Antonio's Treachery* : Alonso would have been faultless but for his share in Antonio's crime. His crime is blazoned forth to him by supernatural voices :

But remember—

For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child ; for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from—  
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.” (III. iii. 68-82).

Alonso, otherwise a good man, is most susceptible to this supernatural warning. His remorse is most painful and pathetic to see.

(2) *His Remorse* : The supernatural warning does not stir conscience either in Antonio or in Sebastian :

“*Seb.* But one fiend at a time.  
'I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second”. (III. iii. 102-103).

All the same they are terror-struck. The effect, upon Alonso, however, is most striking. The supernatural warning seems to be the voice of conscience, calling him unto repentance :

“*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass.”

(III. iii. 95-99).

(3) *His Fatherly Affection* : Alonso's fatherly affection in his most redeeming quality. Except for a temporary aberration when he joins Antonio in his crime; he is quite an estimable character. The loss of his son goes deep into his heart, and he refuses all comfort from Gonzalo. He makes one vain search for his son in the island, and then gives up all hope.

“*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits ; sit down, and rest  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go"  
(III. iii. 4-10).

Later the loss of his son seems to intensify and bring home to him his sense of guilt :

"Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass,  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded." (III. iii. 96-102).

### Antonio and Sebastian

Antonio is a more confirmed criminal than Sebastian. The detailed history of his crime is narrated by Prospero to Miranda ; how he abuses Prospero's trust, first by winning over the officers of state, and then by conspiring with Alonso, King of Naples, to get rid of Prospero. His treachery hurts Prospero more than the loss of his dukedom :

"Pros. I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The mangle of my state." (I. ii. 67-70).

His mind, full of dark designs, will always jump at an opportunity. When Alonso falls asleep (II. i. 191) Antonio's brain is busy ; and he already foresees the chance of replacing Alonso for Sebastian.

At first Sebastian fails to understand, or deliberately misunderstands, his covert hints. But Antonio is not one to give up the game. He plies the most subtle reasoning and casuistic skill, totally removing all scruples of Sebastian, and finally openly discusses the matter when he becomes sure of Sebastian's co-operation.

Sebastian could not have been wholly innocent and honest. If he had been so he would have sternly rejected Antonio's suggestion, but he seems to meet them halfway. Sebastian has a timid and cautious nature, but encouraged by Antonio's success in crime and primed up by Antonio's most plausible arguments he ventures to draw the sword along with Antonio to kill Alonso. Their attempt, however, is frustrated by Ariel. On waking up, Alonso finds the two standing with drawn swords. Sebastian, who seems to have progressed wonderfully under Antonio's tutoring, may very well now outrival Antonio. It is most significant that instead of being at all abashed, Sebastian readily invents a story to explain the drawn swords.

"Alon. Why, how now ? ho, awake ! Why are you drawn ?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly." (II. i. 301-306).

Their second attempt too (III. iii)—for they are not at all sobered by the failure of the first attempt—is frustrated. The supernatural warning (III. iii) does not melt the hardness of their hearts into repentance. They receive rather gratuitously Prospero's forgiveness—they do not earn it by any reformation of their conduct. They remain unrepentant to the end :

"Pros. [ *Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.* ]  
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you  
And justify you traitors : at this time  
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [ *Aside* ] The devil speaks in him." (V. i. 125-28)  
Evidently the original condition of forgiveness (as announced in the supernatural warnings) is relaxed in their favour.

N. B. Hudson thus seeks to justify the inconsistency of Prospero's conduct in forgiving Antonio and Sebastian :

"In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science.....Nor is their less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstration of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands ; whereas if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall, and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites ; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them : or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature ; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds."

### Stephano and Trinculo

Stephano, a butler, cannot do without his bottle. Armed with his bottle, he can god it and king it to Caliban who is well fitted for the part of worshipper and slave. His blustering and hectoring are but a gift of drink. He wins Caliban by offering him drink. By the same means he silences Trinculo into submission. But drink muddles his sense and understanding—of which he seems to have but a fragment. Trinculo, a jester, is not in such "a parlous state" as Stephano. He is endowed with a little more of intelligence than

Trinculo ; though some critics suppose that he is a fool by nature, as by profession. It may be noted, for instance, that he makes some shrewd and pertinent comments on the scene between Stephano and Caliban. Compare the following :

- Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ;  
And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.
- Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster !  
when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
- Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.
- Step.* Come on then ; down and swear.
- Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him.
- Step.* Come, kiss
- Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !
- Cal.* I'll show thee best springs ; I'll pluck the berries ;  
.....  
.....
- Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard." (II. ii. 135-152).

At last Trinculo has no illusion about himself and two of his companions :

- "Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters."  
(III. ii. 4-6).

The plot made by the three to murder Prospero is a comic counterpart to the plot of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso—and it has most grotesque termination in their ducking in "the filthy mantled pool."

N. B. Percival has an interesting theory about Stephano and Trinculo :

"In history, they (Stephano and Trinculo) are types of 'the mean while', who taught the savage man the meanest vices of civilization, especially the wide-spread one of drunkenness, on his fire-water, more potent than any native liquor, the savage could brew. They contrast with Prospero and Gonzalo, the types of the noble white man : the one an active, preserving teacher of the savage in what is best in civilization the other a dreamer of what a savage might be raised to, in virtue and happiness, *above* a height that civilization has yet to succeed in raising mankind."

#### Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban

'Stephano and Trinculo are Shakespeare's last study of the drunkard. It is the habit to speak of them together, but Shakespeare

took pains to differentiate them. They have quite distinct characters, though they belong to the same type. They are set into contrast with Caliban; the savages of civilization with the natural savage; and Caliban is the better man. They are quite useless on the island; the sweet sounds of it are nothing to them; they do not understand Caliban when he is poetical. Caliban becomes an idealiser when he is drunk. They lower everything, when they are drunk, to their own level. Caliban's mind develops under liquor; theirs is quite brutalised, save that they have not lost the gross natural humour of their class. They are both amusing; and curiously enough, but when one thinks of it, quite a piece of natural truth. Trinculo, the jester, when he is sober, is not so entertaining as Stephano, the butler. Each, in drink, loses his conventional habit, Caliban, drunk, loses his fear of Prospero and plans his master's murder with audacity, even with ability, Trinculo's fears redouble. Stephano is not afraid of anything, but his vulgarity of mind, when he is drunk, rises into its perfect consummation. It is almost ideal. His fast speech in which, having been pinched and cramped and hunted with dogs, his courage, which endears him to us is still high and is heightened by the liquor in him, is inimitably invented by Shakespeare. He comes, in the stolen apparel, all bedraggled, before the fine company, and is not a bit ashamed or depressed. In his drunkenness he is even for the first time intelligent.

Every man shifts for all the rest and let no man take care for himself: for all is but fortune—Coragio! bully-monster, Coragio!"

—*Stopford Brooke.*

### Function of Minor Characters

In every romantic drama there must of necessity be a large number of *mechanical personages*, introduced not for their own sake but to assist the presentation of others: yet in proportion to the space they cover in the field of view, Shakespeare will endow them with some dramatic interest. Their function is not unlike that of the chorus in Ancient Tragedy, except that they are distributed among the scenes of the drama instead of being kept as a body of external commentators. Such personages are *The Tempest* to be found in the crowd of courtiers led by Gonzalo and the crowd of sailors led by the boatswain. Their part is mainly to illuminate and reflect the various situations that arise; outside the movement of the play themselves they furnish a *pointed' appui* on which that movement rests. Thus the busy opening scene has spice given to it by the clashing between the wit of Gonzalo and the rough tongue of the boatswain. In the island it is the forced talk of Gonzalo that brings out the marvel of the deliverance from the sea, and character of enchanted island, then his passages of irritable wit with Antonio and Sebastian help to point the character of the two by suggestion of the antipathy between them and honesty. Gonzalo takes the lead in helping us to realise the incident of the supernatural banquet, and the condition of the guilty after the blow has fallen;

while, during the long-drawn finale, Gonzalo follows exactly the function of chorus-leader, and reads into meaning every stage of the universal restoration; when its last note is complete, the boatswain and he resume their passage of arms. Yet these mechanical personages are not entirely outside the central idea; the sailors have their loss and recovery of the ship, and Gonzalo has connection enough with original crime to feel his heart stirred by the final issue. Moreover his personal character is one well fitted to be a stationary point in a moving drama of Providence. He is preeminently a man of an even temperament; good, but easy; like an ancient chorus, little elevated or distressed by the storms of circumstance.....He has elected to be a spectator of life, so much as may be, and not an actor; and he is valuable in the spectacle of Providence from the eye he has to its fine dramatic effects, while as to the action his place is that of one who stands at an equal distance from the prizes of life and from its crimes.”

—Moulton.

### Interpretation of the Play

“In power of pervading local realization, *The Tempest* is equal to any of Shakespeare's dramas. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, that are most admirable for his poetic achievement. The storm, in the first scene on ship-board, and the news from the ship tight and yare in the harbour, and the glimpse of the becalmed fleet, in the last, make the intermediate scenes to be rounded by circled waves; and throughout we seem, as we read, from time to time to hear them beating on the shingly beach, and to catch glimpse of the tranquil sea line in the offing. The air takes its character from the visitants and their doings—it lulls or excites with floating airs; it is drowsy or breathes balm and refreshment; and marky with lightning and heavy with dropping storm around the ways of monster and fuddled mariner; while constant sunshine is round the path of Miranda and over the cell of Prospero. The masque of Ceres and Juno, with scenery and airy population of tilth and harvest, most beautifully relieve the scene of the bare and desert isle.....

*The Tempest* may be studied with advantage, in comparison with two plays, united by extensively involving a fantastic mythology, but otherwise of most absolute antitheses. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Macbeth*. *The Tempest*, despite the greater proximity of Ariel to Oberon than to Hecate, is quite as widely separated from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by the gravity of tone with which it is so largely pervaded, as it is from *Macbeth* by the specific distinctions of Tragedy and Comedy: while as the story of a throne lost and regained of traitorous kindred, abused confidence, required usurpation. *The Tempest* is so replete with arguments of state, and leads thought so deep and wide into the theory and responsibilities of government, and conditions of civil society, that it seems in this aspect more cognate to *Macbeth* than to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The supernatural scheme, with its lyrical expression, in each of the three plays, has an individuality and consistency that

are themes critical exposition inexhaustible—but, in truth, no less unnecessary, when to read the plays is to feel the spirit of their characteristics with a vividness no criticism within present reach is likely to enhance.

*The Tempest* takes its place among the finished plays of the poet, and, therefore, like its peers, is characterized by complete and harmonious proportion of parts, by every scene and every character being organically complete: animated with appropriate and sustained spirit and wrought to the same degree of correctness, and that the highest; and by the general result of realizing the perception, that the original germ, vigorous and healthy in its nature and excellent in power, has expanded without let or distortion and by all favourable tending and under all consenting influences to the utmost and most admirable perfection.” —Lloyd.

“There is little in Homer that is not true to nature but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakespeare. Analyze the components of a Shakespearian play, and you will see that I make no overstatement. *The Tempest*, a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

‘ful of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.’  
(III. ii. 132-133).

The personages comprise many types—king, noble, sage, low born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air. Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action, with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero’s vision of the world’s dissolution that shall leave ‘not a rack behind’ or his stately adjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there to the songs of his ticksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel; ‘Come unto these yellow sands.’ Full fathom five thy father lies,’ ‘Where the bee sucks, there suck I.’ Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakespeare, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece, and such a play as *The Tempest* shows the possibilities of invention and imagination in the most synthetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.” —Steele.

“The quality of *The Tempest* which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty *Tempests*.



as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than it is of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, holds the rest in the hollow of his hand; the other the most subtle essence of innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common; on enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

The world of *The Tempest* being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. *The Tempest* is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice*: *As You Like It* is the climax of innocent gaiety, and *Henry IV* of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of *Weather* and the *Robbers*. In *Hamlet* he propounds life's enigma only to give it up; in *Troilus and Cressida* he paints its deceptions, and in *Measure for Measure* its deformities. In *Timon* he brings the whole human race in guilt and prescribes it. Then the cloud lifts and in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of eve rather than of morn. Especially is *The Tempest* a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero:

"Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further."

(V. i. 25-30)  
—Garnett.

### Synopsis of the Play

### ACT I.

SCENE I. A ship in which Alonso, King of Naples, Sebastian

his brother, Ferdinand his son, Antonio, the usurping duke of Milan, Gonzalo and other Neapolitan courtiers are returning from Tunis, is caught in a storm, and is in immediate danger of being dashed to pieces on the rocky shore. The boatswain summons the sailors to duty, and they all busy themselves, trying to save the ship. The most serious danger which strain their power and skill is that the ship drifts too fast towards the shore. The passengers rush on the deck twice, and get in the way of the boatswain. The boatswain orders them back to their cabins, and attends to his business.

Now to save the ship first the topsail is taken in, but the storm continuing to blow harder the topmast is lowered to prevent the ship getting leeward. Then the mainsail and foresail are set to push the ship off to the sea. But all proves in vain, and the ship is dashed upon the rocky shore. Now follows a scene of confusion—and the sailors appear dripping wet : the passengers shout farewells ; the King and his son seem to kneel to prayer.

SCENE II. The scene presents Prospero's cell Miranda has witnessed the shipwreck, and her heart is full of pity for those who seem to have perished. She has learnt that her father has raised the storm by his magic. She turns to her father ; in her distress Prospero assures her that he has done nothing but for her good and that none of them whom she had seen perish have received any hurt.

The Prospero tells Miranda the story of the past, with which the shipwreck is connected. Miranda learns that her father is the ex-duke of Milan, that devoted to study, he committed the administration to his brother (Antonio, that his brother, taking advantage of the position, corrupted the officers of state, and then conspired with Alonso, King of Naples, to get rid of Prospero ; that one midnight Antonio had Prospero and his infant daughter, Miranda, conveyed out of Naples and set adrift in a frail boat. In this connection Prospero describes the kindness of one Gonzalo who provisioned the boat, and gave them a supply of linen and other necessary stuff. Now returning to the incident of the shipwreck he informs Miranda that his enemies have been brought to his shore by a strange accident, of which he takes advantage, Miranda, as she listens to the story, falls asleep under the influence of his magic.

Prospero summons Ariel, his attendant spirit. Ariel narrates all the details of the shipwreck—how he created terror and confusion among the passengers and sailors by burning as a flame now here and now there, and sometimes parted flame into two columns until in sheer desperation the sailors leapt into the sea. Ariel tells Prospero that none of them have been hurt, that he (Ariel) has landed Ferdinand (Alonso's son) all by himself while he has dispersed the rest about the island.

After thus reporting Ariel reminds Prospero of his promise to release him. We learn now the past story of Ariel—and incidently of the half-human creature. Caliban, whom we are to meet later, Ariel at first served a foul witch, Sycorax, who had been banished to

the island from Algiers, and who gave birth to Caliban after her arrival in the island. Ariel was imprisoned by Sycorax in the hollow of a pine for having been disobedient to her. When Prospero came to the island, he released Ariel. All this we learn incidentally from Prospero. At Ariel's grumbling Prospero takes care to remind Ariel of his past, and warns him that the same fate may befall him again. Ariel promises to behave.

Miranda is now waked up. They both go to see Caliban. Caliban too is grumbling. We learn that Prospero at first treated Caliban kindly and lodged him in his cell until he made an attempt upon Miranda's honour. At any rate Prospero has taught him human speech and now the best use he can make of it, is to curse Prospero. We find Caliban in a sulky mood. Caliban is used for menial service. It is only fear of stripes that can make him work. Not until Prospero threatens to inflict cramp upon him, is he prepared to work again.

Ariel brings Ferdinand on the scene. He has been following Ariel's song which refers to his drowned father, and so comes within view of Prospero and Miranda. Prospero points him out to Miranda, and Miranda expresses her unfeigned admiration. Prospero is glad to see that they exchange glances. Ferdinand offers to make Miranda queen of Naples. Prospero however wants to make sure that Ferdinand loves his daughter truly and sincerely. Prospero challenges. Ferdinand's claim that he is King of Naples, and calls him a traitor and spy and bids him follow. Ferdinand, burning with the insult, draws his sword, but finds himself unable to life it. Miranda begs her father not to be hard upon him. Prospero sternly bids her keep her mouth shut, and discourages her admiration for Ferdinand. But Miranda declares that she has "no ambition to see a goodlier man." Ferdinand at length submits to Prospero begging that he might but behold the maiden once a day.

## ACT II

SCENE I. Alonso and his company re-assemble on the island after they have (mysteriously) escaped from the wrecked ship, but Ferdinand is missing from them. The King is disconsolated over the loss of his son. Gonzalo's attempt to comfort him is treated with ridicule by Antonio and Sebastian, who seem to have no feeling for Alonso's breavement. Now we learn that Alonso had married his daughter, Claribel, against her will to the king of Tunis, that the shipwreck had occurred when the party was coming back for Tunis. Sebastian, having little sympathy for his brother, holds him responsible for the loss of his son, Ferdinand, who as Sebastian implies, would have been alive but for this marriage business.

Gonzalo again seeks to divert the king's thought by propounding his scheme of an ideal commonwealth, and provokes a fresh volley of sarcasm from Antonio and Sebastian. The king himself expresses him impatience of Gonzalo's interminable talk, and begs to be left alone.

At this moment, Ariel enters invisible, playing solemn music, as the result of which the King, Gonzalo and others except Antonio and Sebastian fall asleep. Antonio plies Sebastian with covert hints and arguments, suggesting the murder of the King. Sebastian, after some hesitation, lets himself be persuaded. When they draw their swords to murder the King and Gonzalo (for they are afraid that Gonzalo will make trouble) Ariel wake up Gonzalo, soon followed by the King. They are both astonished to see Antonio and Sebastian stand with drawn swords. Sebastian invents a story to explain the state in which they two are found.

SCENE II. It is a comic scene, serving to relieve the tension of the scene of conspiracy. Caliban is here again. He sees Trinculo, the fool of the play and a survivor of the shipwreck, coming along and supposes that he must be a spirit, sent by Prospero, to torment him. He falls flat on the ground that he may remain unobserved by the spirit. At this moment a storm is brewing. Trinculo sees no place of shelter. At last he comes to Caliban lying flat on the ground. Supposing that he must be a savage of the island, who might have been stunned by thunder. Trinculo at length creeps under his gaberdine for shelter.

Stephano, a drunken butler, and another survivor of the shipwreck, appears on the scene. He discovers a strange figure lying prostrate with two mouths, and two pairs of legs. He pours wine into the two mouths, and is surprised to hear his own name called. At last Stephano and Trinculo recognize each other. Stephano drags him out by the legs.

Caliban who tastes wine for the first time, is delighted beyond measure, offers to worship Stephano as a god and swears to be his loyal subject. Trinculo feels but supreme contempt for Caliban. Caliban is made to drink again and again, and he promises to do all sorts of service for Stephano. He is determined to throw off Prospero. Caliban sings in joy and cries hurrah for freedom.

### ACT III

SCENE I. The scene is again before Prospero's cell. We find Ferdinand employed in carrying logs of wood. He hates the task; yet for the sake of Miranda he seems to make light of it. He enjoys Miranda's own sympathy. Supposing her father is hard at study, Miranda pays a stealthy visit. But we see Prospero watching them from a distance. Miranda offers to carry the logs for him, Miranda's lively sympathy and companionship revive Ferdinand. In this scene Ferdinand breathes his love to Miranda. He confesses that he has known several women, some of whom had captivated him by sweetness of their tongue, but none of whom can approach Miranda in excellence. Miranda is "indeed the top of admiration." He also tells her that he is a prince in rank, and swears his love and devotion to her. Miranda rejoices to hear his solemn vow of love, and, responding as she does to his love, she cannot help shedding tears of joy. Prospero watches the scene invisible from a distance, and

it cannot but gladden his heart. Miranda too openly declares that she will be his wife, if he will marry her? or his servant he will not love her as wife. Ferdinand kneels to her and offers his hand as a pledge of love.

SCENE II. We return to Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban. Caliban broaches to them the plan of murdering Prospero. All the three are drunk, but Caliban nevertheless keeps his head—and deliberately arranges all the details of the murder. Ariel, remaining invisible, teases them. Ariel contradicts Caliban, and both Stephano and Caliban suppose that it is Trinculo—and so Stephano turns upon Trinculo. Then Ariel plays a tune, and Stephano and Trinculo are both frightened by this ariel music. Caliban tells them that he is accustomed to hear such music in the island, that it has often waked him from his sleep, and sent him to sleep again with happy dreams. They begin to follow the invisible singer.

SCENE III. It is another part of the island where we meet again the King and his party. Alonso now gives up all his hope of finding his son again. Antonio and Sebastian talk apart, resolving to attempt the life of Alonso. They expect the King and Gonzalo must be tired, and would sleep soundly—and so it would be easy, in the absence of strict watch being kept, to carry out their plan.

Suddenly there is strange and solemn music in the air. Then there appear strange shapes, who bring in a banquet. They seem to dance about and invite the King to the banquet and then depart. Partly in fear they sit down to the banquet. Suddenly there is a noise of thunder, and Ariel enters as a harpy, and whips away the banquet. Then remaining invisible Ariel denounces Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. He recalls their crime against Prospero, and warns them of the doom, ready to fall now, which they can avert only by their repentance. Then he vanishes in thunder. The shapes re-enter and dance with various mocking gestures.

Alonso imagines that the waves of the sea, the winds and the thunder cried the name of Prospero, and denounced his crime. He believes now that for his crime against Prospero his son is drowned, Alonso is in a state of desperation as well as Antonio and Sebastian. They rust forward madly. Gonzalo, who keeps a cool head, sends Adrain, Francisco and others to keep them out of harm.

#### ACT IV

SCENE I. Prospero, being satisfied with Ferdinand who has well stood the test, formally betroths his daughter to him. Prospero, however, warns him to be careful to preserve the sanctity of love until they are married. Ferdinand solemnly promises to behave honourably. Prospero now commissions Ariel to bring his fellow-spirits and with their help to give a show and entertainment which he had promised to the couple.

They present a masque—and it is meant in honour of the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda. Iris (the messenger of Juno)

first appears and summons Ceres (Mother-Earth) to celebrate "a contract of true love." Ceres is glad to know that Venus and her son will not be there, for she has avoided their company since her daughter's abduction.

Jauno immediately appears. She blesses the lovers with honour, riches, happiness of married life and long continuance and increase of these blessings. Ceres blesses the lovers with the plentiful produce of the earth, barns and granaries always full, vines laden with grapes, spring immediately following autumn, etc.

Ferdinand admires the show. Next Iris summons nymphs and reappears to dance. Suddenly Prospero starts, when Caliban's conspiracy to murder him occurs to his mind. The spirits are dismissed. He appears to be very much upset, and begs to be excused. He comments on the show remarking that just as the show is a mere illusion, so "the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples," the earth itself are illusion, and will pass away and leave no trace behind, and that life itself is a dream, and "is rounded off with a sleep".

Ariel next relates the trick he has played upon Caliban and his two associates: they followed his music regardless of prickly shrubs and bushes which scratched their skin, till at last they plunged into "the filthy-mantled pool" beyond Prospero's cell. At Prospero's suggestions Ariel then hangs out some showy apparel on a lime-tree. Trinculo first sees the robes and points them out to Stephano. Both waste their time over these robes, while Caliban is anxious to get on and "do the murder first." Suddenly, they are hunted up and down by spirits, in the shape of dog and hound.

## ACT V

SCENE I. The scene is again before Prospero's cell. Ariel is sent to bring in Alonso and his party, after Ariel describes that fit of distraction into which the three men of sin are plunged by the supernatural warning. On the eve of abjuring magic, Prospero addresses the spirits of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves, and various other spirits, with whose help he has so long been able to control the operations of nature. He solemnly promises to break his staff, "bury it certain fathoms deep in the earth," and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound."

His last use of magic is to produce some solemn music to restore the sanity of Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, as they are brought in by Ariel. Prospero first addresses Gonzalo and commends his loyalty. Then he reminds Alonso of his cruel treatment of his self and his daughter. To Antonio and Sebastian he mentions their plot to murder the king but he readily forgives them. They are as yet unable to recognize him. He exchanges his magic robes for his old dress as the Duke of Milan. Alonso now asks Prospero forgiveness and promises to restore his dukedom—Prospero lets off Antonio and Sebastian with a simple warning. He demands his dukedom back from Antonio.

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Then he leads Alonso to his cell, where he sees Ferdinand playing chess with a lovely maiden. Ferdinand introduces his bride, Miranda, to his father, and kneels to him and asks his blessing. Alonso's astonishment is growing wilder every moment. Prospero promises to satisfy his curiosity at some later time.

Ariel next brings in the Master and the Boatswain. Their experiences have been no less strange; they found themselves lying asleep in the hold of the ship until they were walked by strange, varied noises; their ship seems to have suffered no injury. They cannot, however, tell how they have come there.

Lastly, Ariel brings in Caliban Stephano and Trinculo. Alonso at once recognizes his drunken butler, Stephano, and his jester, Trinculo. Caliban is looked upon with wonder and surprise. Prospero tells them briefly the history of Caliban and of his plot with his two associates to murder him. Caliban realizes his error, and asks Prospero's forgiveness.

Next Prospero invites Alonso to his cell, which he bids Caliban prepare for his reception. He promises Ariel his release after he (Ariel) has provided for the safe and quick voyage of the party back to Naples. Prospero prepares to leave the island with them.

#### Epilogue

In the Epilogue Shakespeare offers his personal apologies to the audience in the person of Prospero. Prospero begs their applause with hands and voices which will break the spell of magic under which he is held. He begs them also to pray for him, as a magician needs the prayer of others to save his soul from despair.

#### THE STORY OF THE PLAY

"There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic; a study at that time much affected by all learned men; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange change upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite, Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because

he was son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange mis-shapen thing, far less human in form than an ape; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to do these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared that the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks, Ariel would often torment him whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could, by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship which he told her was full of living-beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls, they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed with all the precious souls within her." "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero, "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age".

"Certainly I can, sir", replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero, "by any other house or person?" Tell me what you can remember, my child Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everthing; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I

commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subject awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom ; this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us ?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail or mast ; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom.

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then."

"No, love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island since when my chief delight has been in teaching you. Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father", said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know then", said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep ; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company ; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda. Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit", said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task ?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of terror of the mariners ; and how the king's son Ferdinand was the first who leaped into the sea, and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king, his father whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and princely garments, though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither : my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the King, and my brother ?"

"I left them", answered Ariel, searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel", said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed ; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work ?" said Ariel, "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now", said Prospero, "you do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double ? Where was she born ? Speak, tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so ?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find, you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors ; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, were I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear, master", said Ariel ashamed to seem ungrateful ; "I will obey all your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture."

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find for the Lady Miranda, to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing :

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ,  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade ;  
But doth suffer a sea-chance,  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,  
Hark, now I hear them, Dime-dong-bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupor fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the

"Ah ! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. -- I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visit before them.

"Fear nothing, my child", said he ; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, If I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood in the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise " He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned ; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had led them almost out of their sense with fear, at the strange he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea : saying that this cause these terrors have suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and Ariel told his master he was certain that their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero : "If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves have compassion on them ? Bring them quickly my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in the train, who had followed him wondering at the wild music played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as though, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness ; and the King expressed

his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother Prospero forgave them ; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting ; for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder !" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are ! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent grace of young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid ?" asked he, "She seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us together." "No sir," answered Ferdinand smiling, to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda. "She is a mortal but by immortal Providence she is mine ; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now ; of him I have received new life, he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father", said the King ; "but oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero, "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise, over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the King's son had loved Miranda.

Those kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak : and the King and old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessing on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

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Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness ; and the King expressed

his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother Prospero forgave them ; and upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son, Ferdinand, playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting ; for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder !" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are ! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent grace of young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid ?" asked he, "She seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us together." "No sir," answered Ferdinand smiling, to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda. "She is a mortal but by immortal Providence she is mine ; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now ; of him I have received new life, he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father", said the King ; "but oh ! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero, "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness ; and said that a wise, over-ruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the King's son had loved Miranda.

Those kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak : and the King and old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessing on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords ; for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing on this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order ; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his



## THE TEMPEST

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter a SHIP-MASTER and BOATSWAIN*

*Master.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here, master : what cheer ?

*Master.* Good, speak to the mariners : fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground ~~Bestir~~, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter MARINERS.*

*Boats.* Heigh my hearts ! cheely, cheerly, my hearts ! Yare, yare ! Take in the topsail ! Tend to the master's whistle ! Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough !

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO and others.*

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.

*Boats.* I pray now keep below.

10

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour : keep your cabins : you do assist the storm.

*Gon.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence ! What cares these roarers for the name of King ? To cabin ; silence ! trouble us not.

17

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor ; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your authority ; if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.* 25

## PARAPHRASE

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea : a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

*Enter A Ship-Master and A Boatswain.*

*Master.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here I am, sir. How goes it with you ?

*Master.* My good fellow, summon the sailors. Start work at once, or we strike the rocky coast. Be quick. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Boats.* Ho, there my friends ! Put your heart into the work, my good fellows ! Quick ! quick ! Lower the topsail. Attend to the master's whistle. Let the wind blow its worst ; if we have sea-room enough, we can clean the land.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand.  
Gonzalo and others.*

*Alon.* My good boatswain, be cautious. Where is the master ?  
*Act like men.*

*Boats.* Will you please stay in your cabins ?

*Ant.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Don't you hear him. You get in our way and hinder our efforts to save the ship. Stay in your cabins. You are assisting the storm by appearing on the deck.

*Gon.* My good fellow, do not be impatient.

*Boats.* I shall be patient when the sea is. Get away from here. What do these roaring waves care for the name of a king. Get back to your cabins. Do not shout, and leave us alone.

*Gon.* Yet do please remember whom you are carrying

*Boats.* The ship is carrying none whom I love more than myself. You are an expert in giving advice. If you can command the wind and wave to hush and establish peace for the present I will have nothing to do with a ship. Make use of your power ; if you cannot do any thing of the kind, be grateful that you have lived so long, and prepare yourself in your cabin for any accident that may happen at the moment. My good fellows, on with your work briskly. Get out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him : his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging ! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter BOATSWAIN.*

*Boats.* Down with the topmast, year ! lower, lower ! Bring her to try with main course ! *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather of our office.

35

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.*

Yet again ! what do you do here ? Shall we give o'er and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

*Seb.* A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Ant.* Hang, cur, hang ! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker ! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning ; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two courses ! off to sea again ; lay her off.

*Enter MARINERS, wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

*[Exeunt.]*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold ?

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers ! let's assist them. For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.*

I'm out of patience. 52

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards : This wide-chopp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides !

*Gon.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest to glut him.

*[A confused noise within : 'Mercy on us !  
'We split, we split !'—'Farewell my wife and children !'—  
'Farewell, brother !'—'We split, we split !']*

*Ant.* Let's all sink with the King.

*Seb.* Let's take leave of him. *[Exeunt ANT. and SEB]*

60

*Gon.* The look of this fellow gives me great comfort. It seems to me that he bears no sign of being drowned. He rather has the air of a gallows-bird—he seems to be destined to be hanged. May kind fate never alter the decision to get him hanged, for then the halter by which he will be hanged will serve as our cable and save us from drowning; we can little depend upon the strength of our own cable. If he is not destined to be hanged, we stand no dog's chance.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Take down the topmast. Quick! quick! Try to keep the ship close to the wind by means of the mainsail *[A cry within.]* To hell with this uproar! They are shouting down the storm, or the orders that we issue to the sailors!

*Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo.*

Yet you come on deck again! What are you doing here? Shall we give up all attempt to save the ship and helplessly drown? Have you a mind to get drowned?

*Seb.* Confound your shouting voice! You are an evil-tongued, heartless wretch!

*Boats.* You better work then.

*Ant.* Blast you, rude shouter! We are less afraid to be drowned than you are.

*Gon.* I can certify against his drowning, though the ship may be frailest.

*Boats.* Keep her close to the wind. Set the foresail and the mainsail! Push off to sea again!

*Enter Mariners wet.*

*Mariners.* All our efforts wasted! Let us pray!

*Boats.* What, must we perish?

*Gon.* The king and the prince are praying. Let us join them. We are in the same condition as they are.

*Seb.* It is so annoying.

*Ant.* We are simply robbed of our lives by a set of drunkards. This open-mouthed rascal—wish you might get drowned, and lie on the shore till ten tides wash you.

*Gon.* I am certain he will yet be hanged, though every drop of water swears to have him, and opens its mouth widest to swallow him up.

*[A confused noise within; 'Heavens have mercy on us!' 'We are wrecked!'—Farewell my wife and children!' 'Farewell, brother!'—'We are going to pieces']*

*Ant.* Let us all go down with the King.

*Seb.* Let us take leave of him.

*[Exeunt Ant. and Seb.]*

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre or barren ground—ling heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The island. Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mir.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd!  
Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and  
The fraughting souls within her.

10

*Pros.* Be collected:  
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.

*Mir.* O, woe the day!

*Pros.* No, harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,  
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who  
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better  
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,  
And thy no greater father.

20

*Mir.* More to know  
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such provision in mine art  
So safely ordered that there is no soul—  
No, not so much predition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;  
For thou must now know farther.

30

*Gon.* Now I would gladly exchange a vast area of the sea for a small space of waste land—let it be anything, a space of wild shrubs. God's will be done ! But I would have preferred a death on dry land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II. *The island. Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter Prospero and Miranda.*

*Mir.* If by your magic art, dearest father, you have stirred up the sea into violence, do please still it. The sky, it seems, would pour down hot and boiling pitch, were it not that the sea, rising to the height of the sky, puts out the fire. O, my heart has been with those whom I saw perish. A fine ship, which, no doubt, carried some noble creatures, all broken to pieces. Their shrieks appealed to my heart, and made it beat in against of sympathy. Poor creatures, they perished. If I had been a powerful god, I would have pushed the sea down into the earth, before it could have swallowed up the ship and the human cargo within it.

*Pros.* Compose yourself. You need not be distracted with terror. Be you assured that no harm has been done to the human cargo.

*Mir.* O, alas the day.

*Pros.* No harm has been done, I tell you. I have done nothing but in regard to your interest, you my dear daughter, who are ignorant of your own position, knowing neither whence I came, nor that I am any better than Prospero, owner of a wretched cell, and your father as down and out as I appear.

*Mir.* I never bothered to know more.

*Pros.* It is time that I should give you a little more information. Assist me in taking off my magic robe, Thank you.

[*Lays down his mantle.*

Let my robe symbolical of my magic art, lie there; Dry your tears. Be comfort. The dreadful sight of the shipwreck has melted your heart to pity. May you know that I have brought it about, by my magic art, with such foresight, and with such care for the safety of all concerned that not so much as the loss of a single hair has occurred to anybody in the ship, though you have heard these creatures cry and the very ship sink. Sit down ; I will tell you more of this.

*Mir.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd  
And left me to bootless inquisition,  
Concluding 'Stay : not yet.'

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :  
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not  
Out three years old. 40

*Mir.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with remembrance.

*Mir.* 'Tis far off.  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Four or five women once that tended me ?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind ? What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm of time ? 50  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,  
How thou camest here thou mayst.

*Mir.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,  
The father was the Duke of Milan and  
A prince of power.

*Mir.* Sir, are not you my father ?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan ; and his only heir,—  
A Princess, no worse issued.

*Mir.* O, the heavens !  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?  
Or blessed was't we did ? 60

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl ;  
By foul play, as thou say'st were we haved thence,  
But blessedly holp hither.

*Mir.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther.

*Pros.* My brother and the uncle, call'd Antonio  
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state : as at that time 70

*Mir.* You have often started telling me what I am, but changed your mind, and left my curiosity unsatisfied, saying that the time is not yet come.

*Pros.* The moment has arrived now. Now keep your ear open and listen attentively to what I am going to tell you. Can you remember a time before we came to this island? I do not think that you can, for then you were not fully three years old.

*Mir.* Certainly, father, I can.

*Pros.* By any association? By the memory of any other house or person? Tell me your impression of anything that you can remember.

*Mir.* It is so far back in the past. It seems to be rather a dream than anything that my memory can clearly recall. Had I not four or five women who waited upon me?

*Pros.* You had and even more, Miranda. How is it that you can remember it? What else do you see in the dim recess of the past? If you remember anything that happened before you had come to this island, you may also remember how you came here.

*Mir.* But I do not remember that.

*Pros.* Twelve years ago, Miranda, your father was the Duke of Milan and a powerful prince.

*Mir.* Sir, are you not my father then?

*Pros.* Your mother who was the very model of virtue, said that you were my daughter. And your father was Duke of Milan; and his only heir a daughter, nobly born.

*Mir.* O, God! What treachery was it that brought us here? Or was it good that we came here?

*Pros.* Yes, my daughter, it was treachery that brought us here, and it was good too that we came here. We were removed from Naples by treachery, and assisted to this island for our own good.

*Mir.* My heart grieves to think of all the trouble that I have given you, which I do not remember now. Please go on with the story, my father.

*Pros.* My brother and your uncle, called Antonio—I beg you to listen carefully—that a brother should be so faithless—he whom I loved next yourself, and to whom I entrusted the management of my state. At that time the dukedom of Milan



Through all the signories it was the first,  
 And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed  
 In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
 Without a parallel ; those being all my study,  
 The government I cost upon my brother,  
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported  
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—  
 Dost thou attend me ?

*Mir.* Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
 How to deny them, who to advance and who  
 To trash for over-topping, new created  
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed' em,  
 Or else new form'd 'em ; having both the key  
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state  
 To what tune pleased his ear : that now he was  
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
 And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

*Mir.* O, good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
 With that which, but by being so retir'd  
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
 Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,  
 Like a good parent, did beget of him  
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
 As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
 Not only with what my revenue yielded'  
 But what my power might else exact, like one  
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,  
 Made such a sinner of his memory  
 To credit his own lie, he did believe  
 He was indeed the duke ; out o' the substitution,  
 And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative : hence his ambition growing—  
 Dost thou hear ?

*Mir.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
 And him he play'd it for, he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable ; confederates—  
 So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend

was recognized as the first of all principalities, and Prospero was regarded as the first duke, being so esteemed for his position and for his unparalleled culture. Being devoted to the pursuit of culture, I handed over the government to my brother, and my secret studies (including magic) which engaged all my time, cut me off from my state affairs. Your treacherous uncle—are you listening to me ?

*Mir.* Yes father, most attentively.

*Pros.* Having once mastered the statecraft—how to grant suits, how to refuse them, whom, to advance and whom to hold back, he got a hold upon the men who were mine ; nay, he totally changed them, and made them his own. Having in his power office and patronage, he got all people to obey and serve his interest, so that like the ivy that hides the trunk of the oak and withers it up, he put me into the background and drew away all my power. You do not seem to be listening to me.

*Mir.* Yes, my father, I am listening to you.

*Pros.* Do please attend to me. I, thus paying no attention to worldly affairs, but devoted all to study and improvement of my mind which, but for the fact that it withdrew me from the world, exceeded in value all that is held in popular esteem, gave the occasion to my brother to obey his evil instinct. Like good parents vegetting bad children, my trust in him called forth his faithlessness which was as boundless as my trust in him was boundless. Being thus vested with control over the revenue of the state and what else goes with the dual power, he began to believe that he was actually the duke like one who makes his memory a party to the lie against the truth by repeatedly telling it the lie. Though a mere substitute of the duke and exercising all the formal authority and privilege of the duke, he felt that he was the actual duke. From this cause his ambition growing—do you listen to me ?

*Mir.* Your story is so interesting that it will make the deaf hear.

*Pros.* He wanted to be the actual duke that there might be nothing to separate the role that he played and the reality of being the duke. As for myself, poor creature, my library was a good enough substitute for my dukedom. He thought me incapable of exercising any earthly power. He was so eager for the rulership that he allied himself with the King of Naples, promising to pay him an annual tribute, acknowledge

The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan !—  
To most ignoble stooping.

*Mir.* O the heavens !

*Pros.* Make his condition and the event : then tell me  
If this might be a brother.

*Mir.* I should sin  
To think but nobly of my grandmother :  
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now the condition.  
This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens brother's suit,  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan  
With all the honours on my brother ; whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

*Mir.* Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cried out then,  
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint  
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further,  
And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now 's upon 's ; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.

*Mir.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench :  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—  
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set  
A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends  
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigg'd,  
Not tackle, sail, nor mast : the very rats  
Instinctively have quit it : there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh  
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,  
Dis us but loving wrong.

*Mir.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you !

him [as] his overlord, and hold the dukedom of Milan as a vassal state—Milan so long independent, and never before so humiliated.

*Mir.* O, God !

*Pros.* Observe the terms of his agreement with the King of Naples and the result. Then tell me if he behaved like a brother.

*Mir.* To think otherwise then honourably of my grand-mother would be a grievous wrong. Good mothers have sometimes borne bad sons.

*Pros.* Now let me narrate the terms of the agreement. This King of Naples, being a deadly enemy of mine, listens to my brother's petition. It was that the King of Naples in exchange for the oath of allegiance and I know not how much tribute, should immediately expel me and my child from the Dukedom, and confer it with all the honours appertaining to it on my brother. So an army was raised for this trecherous purpose, and one midnight when the plot was fixed to be accomplished, Antonio opened the gates of Milan ; and in the silence of midnight the hirelings removed me and your crying self from Milan.

*Mir.* Alas ! that it were so ; I, not remembering how I cried then, would have good cry over it again. It is a subject that draws tears from my eyes.

*Pros.* Hear a little more, and then I shall explain to you the matter that engages our attention at the present moment. Unless you see the connection between the two, the story I am telling you will be meaningless.

*Mir.* Why did they not kill us then ?

*Pros.* That is a question well put, my girl. My story naturally starts that question. Dear, they did not dare to kill us because the people loved me so much ; nor did they like to mark their action with bloodshed, but rather they sought to disguise their evil purposes in fair pretences. In short, they hurriedly put us into a ship, carried us a little way out to sea, where they launched for us a boat, the worst that can be imagined without tackle, sail or mast, which had been abandoned by the very rats following their instinct. They put us into this boat, and sent us adrift ; and we cried to the sea which roared to us in return, and we sighed to the winds and the winds sighed back in sympathy, which only increased our peril.

*Mir.* I must have given you a lot of trouble then.

*Pros.* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Under my burden groan'd ; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we ashore ?

*Pros.* By Providence divine,  
Some food we had and some fresh water that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design, did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,  
Which since have steaded much ; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

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*Mir.* Would I might  
But ever see that man.

*Pros.* Now I arise. [*Resumes his mantle.*  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
Here in this island we arrived ; and here  
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can, that have more time  
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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*Mir.* Heavens thank you for 't ; And now, I pray you, sir,  
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason  
For raising this sea-storm ?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth.  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,—  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions :  
Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dullness,  
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

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Come away, servant ; come, I am ready now.  
Approach, my Ariel, come.

[*Miranda sleeps.*

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer by best pleasure : be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride

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*Pros.* O, you were an angel that kept up my spirits. You smiled, inspired with a power of endurance that God gave you, when I, under the curshing weight of my grief, should have covered the sea with bitter tears. Your smile put into me courage, which enabled me to endure all that followed afterwards.

*Mir.* How did we manage to come ashore ?

*Pros.* By the mercy of God. We had some food and some fresh water which a native of Naples, Gonzalo, provided out of love, who being appointed to carry out the design. He also gave us a supply of rich garments, lines and other necessary stuff, which had been of much help to us since then. Also out of his kindness knowing that I loved my books, he supplied from my library books that I value more than my dukedom.

*Mir.* I wish I might see again that man.

*Pros.* Now I get up :

[*Resumes his mantle.*

Sit still and hear the last of the trouble that we suffered at sea. We arrived here in this island. And here I have been your schoolmaster and given you a better training than many princesses can have, who have more time to waste on vanities and who have less careful tutors.

*Mir.* May God recompense you for it ! Now I beg to ask—for it is still working in my mind—why you have raised this storm.

*Pros.* Let me tell you this much. By the strangest accident, gracious Fortune who now seems to be favouring me, has brought my enemies to this shore. By my foreknowledge I find that my fortunes depend on a very favourable star. If I do not take advantage of this auspicious moment, my fortunes will start ebbing. Ask me no more questions now. You seem to be drowsy. The sleep is well-timed, and better yield to it. I know that you cannot help it.

[*Miranda sleeps.*

Appear, my servant. I am ready now. Come, my Ariel.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari* My greeting to you, great master ! reverend sir, I greet you ! I am here to carry out whatever you are pleased to command, whether it is to fly, to swim, to plunge into the fire, to

On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

*Ari.* To every article.

I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak;  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places; on the topmast,  
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join. *(Jove's lightnings, the precursors* 200  
*O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary*  
*And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks*  
*Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune*  
*Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,*  
*Yea, his dread trident shake.)*

*Pros.* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil  
Would not infect his reason!

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me: the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, nor hair, —  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd;  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before: as thou had'st me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220  
The King's son have I landed by himself;  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this said knot

*Pros.* Of the King's ship  
The mariners, saw how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest o' the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;  
The Mariners all under hatches stow'd; 230

sail on the curling clouds. Employ Ariel and all his fellowspirits in any task you please.

*Pros.* Have you, spirit, obeyed my command to the minutest detail in raising the tempest ?

*Ari.* To the minutest detail, I entered the King's ship. Now on the bow, now in midship, on deck and in every cabin I appeared in the shape of a flame and caused terror among them. Sometimes I would part, and burn in many places. There would be columns of flame at once on the topmost, the yards, and bowsprit, and then these flames would meet and unite. Jove's lightnings, which precede the crash of thunder, could not have been quicker and more dazzling. The flames and the crashes of thunder seemed to girt round the mighty sea, and caused the waves to quiver, nay, the very sceptre of the sea-god to shake.

*Pros.* You are a fine spirit ! Who was so strong of nerve that this confusion did not taint his reason ?

*Ari.* There was nobody who did not have a fit of madness, and did not act like maiden. All persons except the sailors plunged into the stormy sea, abandoning the vessel, then wrapt in flames raised by myself. The King's son, Ferdinand, his hair bristling up in terror, and looking like reeds in that state, was the first to jump into the sea. He cried : "Hell has discharged all the devils, and they are here."

*Pros.* You have done like good spirit. But did all this happen near the shore ?

*Ari.* Yes, my master, very close to the shore.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair injured. Not a stain was on their garments which held them up in the water, but they looked fresher than ever. As you commanded me, I have separated them into several groups and they are wandering about on the island. I have brought the King's son ashore all by himself. I have left him sighing to the wind in an out-of-the-way corner of the island, where he sat with his arms in token of grief.

*Pros.* What have you done to the crew of the ship, and the rest of the fleet ?

*Ari.* The King's ship has been safely harboured in that deep bay, where once you called me up at midnight to fetch dew from the Bermudas, which is always agitated by storms. She has been safely put in there. The sailors have been lodged



Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour.  
 I have left asleep : and for the rest o' the fleet,  
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,  
 Bound sadly home for Naples,  
 Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,  
 And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work.  
 What is the time o' the day ?

*Ari.* Past the mid season.

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*Pros.* At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now  
 Must by us both be spent most precious.

*Ari.* Is there more toil ? Since thou dost give me pains,  
 Let me remembered thee what thou hast promised.  
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now ? moody ?  
 What is't thou canst demand ?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out ? more !

*Ari.* I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service ;  
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served  
 Without or grudge or gumbings : thou didst promise  
 To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget  
 From what a torment I did free thee ?

250

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
 Of the salt deep,  
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north,  
 To do me business in the veins o' the earth  
 When it is baked with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing ? Hast thou forgot  
 The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy  
 Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

*Ari.* No, Sir,

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*Pros.* Sir, in Argier.

*Pros.* O, was she so ? I must  
 Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax.  
 For mischiefs manifold and soceries terrible

in the lower deck with the hatches are gratings fastened down. I have left them all asleep by a magic spell, added to their own exhaustion. As for the rest of the fleet which I separated, they have all united again and are sadly proceeding to Naples supposing that they saw the King's shipwreck and the king himself perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, you have performed the task accurately. But there is some more work to do. What is the time now ?

*Ari.* It is past the midday.

*Pros.* At least two hours past midday. I suppose. The time between now and six must be spent by us both to our best advantage.

*Ari.* Is there more word to do still ? Since you give me toilsome tasks, let me remind you of your promise which is not yet fulfilled,

*Pros.* What do you mean ? Sulky again ? What is it you can ask for ?

*Ari.* My freedom.

*Pros.* Before the term of service is ended ? Speak no more of that ?

*Ari.* I beseech you ; do please remember that I have served you with all my heart. I have told you no lies, made no mistakes and served you without complaining. You promised to cut out a year of my service.

*Pros.* Do you forget from what torture I released you ?

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* You do, and think that it is much hardship to walk the bottom of the sea, to sail on the cold wind of the north, to work in the interiors of the earth when it is cruised over with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* You lie, malicious creature ! Have you forgotten the evil-minded witch, Sycorax, who was doubled over with old age and malice ? Have you forgotten her ?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* You have. Where was she born ? Tell me.

*Ari.* She was born in Algiers, sir.

*Pros.* O, is that so ? Once a month I must repeat to you what you have been, which you manage to forget. This accursed witch. Sycorax, was, as you know, banished from Algiers for her crimes and practices of magic which are too

To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd ; for one thing she did  
They would not take her life. Is not this true ?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou repor'st thyself, wast then her servant ;  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage.  
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift  
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years : within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with  
A human shape

*Ari.*

Yes, Caliban her son,

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in ; thy groans  
Did make wolves howl ; and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine and let thee out.

*Ari.*

I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*Ari.*

Pardon, master ;

I will be correspondent to command,  
And do my spiriting gently

*Pros.*

Do so ; and after two days

I will discharge thee.

*Ari.*

That's my noble master !

What shall I do ? Say what ; what shall I do ?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea :—  
Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,  
And hither come in 't ; go, hence with diligence !

[Exit ARIEL.]

numerous and terrible to relate to any man. They spared her life for one act of hers. Is that not true ?

*Ari.* Yes sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed witch, soon to be a mother, was brought to this island and left here by the sailors. You, my servant, as you have told it yourself, was then her servant. And as you were a spirit too fine to be able to do all her gross and hated tasks, she with the help of her more powerful spirits and in her implacable warth, put you into a pine, ripped open, for refusing to carry out commands. You remained a prisoner a dozen years in the hollow of the pine. During this time she died and left you there, and you emitted your groans as fast as mill-wheels strike the water as they revolve. Then was this island—except for the son that she bore here, a striped creature horn of a witch—not favoured with a human shape.

*Air.* Yes, Caliban, her son.

*Pros.* I say, a stupid creature ; he, that Caliban whom now I employ as a servant. You best know what agony of physical pain I found you suffering. Your groans made the wolves howl in sympathy, and touched the hearts of ever-angry bears. It was an agony that the cursed should have borne, which Sycorax could reverse. When I arrived in the island and heard your groans, it was my magic art that made the pine, and released you.

*Ari.* I am grateful to you, master.

*Pros.* If you grumble again, I shall split open an oak and peg you up in its interior until you groan out twelve years.

*Ari.* Forgive me master. I will obey your commands, and do the work of a spirit without a murmur.

*Pros.* Be have, and in two days I will release you.

*Ari.* That is like my good master. Tell me what I shall do now ; I am eager to do it.

*Pros.* Go and turn yourself into a nymph of the sea. Do not make yourself visible to any eye but yours and mine. Go and assume this shape, and come back to me. Go quick !

Of Sycorax, toads beetles, bats. light on you !  
 For I am all the subjects that you have,  
 Which first was mine own king ; and here you sty me  
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
 The rest o' the island.

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*Pros.* Thou most lying slave,  
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness ! I have used thee,  
 Filth as thou art, with human care, lodged thee,  
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
 The honour of my child.

*Cal.* O ho, O ho ! would't had been done !  
 Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else  
 This isle with Calibans.

350

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
 Being capable of all ill I ] pitied thee,  
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught the each hour  
 One thing or other ; when thou didst not, savage,  
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like  
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
 With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
 Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
 Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou  
 Deservedly confined into this rock,  
 Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

360

*Cal.* You taught me language ; and my profit on't  
 Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you  
 For learning me your language !

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence !  
 Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
 To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?  
 If thou neglect'st dost unwillingly  
 What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,  
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make the roar,  
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

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*Cal.* No, pray thee,—  
 [*Aside.*] I must obey ; his art is such power,  
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,  
 And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave, hence ! [Exit CALIBAN.]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing :*

*FERDINAND following.*

*ARIEL's song*

Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands :  
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

bats—descend on you ! I was at first lord of myself and now I am your subject—and my single self makes up the total of your subjects. And here you confine me to this rocky coast, while you have the rest of the island to yourself.

*Pros.* You most lying slave, who respond only to stripes, and not to kindness ! I have treated you, a mean and dirty fellow as you are, with kindness, and put you up in my own cell, till you tried to dishonour my child.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, I wish it had been done.  
You prevented it. Otherwise I would have filled the island with Calibans.

*Pros.* Hated slave, who can only do evil and cannot receive any goodness ! I took pity on you, taught you to speak and taught you lots of things ; when brutish as you are, you did not know what you meant to say, and would chatter like a monkey, I taught you how to express your meaning in words. But your evil origin, though you learnt things, was so perverse that no good people could ever dwell with you. Therefore, you were restricted to this rock as you deserved—nay, you deserved more than imprisonment.

*Cal.* You taught me language. The best use that I can put it to is to curse you. May the red plague remove you for teaching me your language.

*Pros.* Hag-offspring, get away ! Fetch in wood, and off at once ! It would be better for you to attend to other duties. Do you shrug your shoulders, malicious creature ? If you do either carelessly or unwillingly what I bid you to, I will torment you with cramps such as the aged suffer from, make all your bones ache and make you roar in agony till beasts tremble to hear your howling.

*Cal.* Pray, do not torment me. [*Aside.*] I must obey. His magic is so powerful that it would subject my mother's god, Setebos, and make him an obedient slave.

*Pros.* So, servant, off with you ! [ *Exit Caliban.* ]

*Re-enter Ariel, invisible playing and singing*  
*Ferdinand following.*  
*ARIEL'S Song.*

Come to the beach, strewn with yellow sands and then take hands ; when you have greeted and kissed each other, the wild

The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featy here and there ;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear,  
Hark, hark !

380

[*Burthen, dispersedly, within. Bow-wow.*]

The warch-dogs bark :

[*Burthen, dispersedly within, Bow-wow.*]

Hark ! hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddl-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be ? 'T' the air or the earth ?

It sounds no more : and, 'sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King, my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters.  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air ; thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

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*ARIEL sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;  
'Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

400

[*Burthen, within. Ding-Dong.*]

*Ari.* Hark ! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes : I hear it now above me.

*Pros.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

*Mir.* What is 't ? a spirit ?

Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

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*Pros.* No, wench ; it earth and sleeps and hath such  
senses

As we have, such. This gallent which thou sees't  
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd  
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him  
A goodly person ; he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.*

I might call him

waves being hushed into silence, trip it lightly round about. Sweet spirits take up the refrain. Hark, hark !

[ *Burden, dispersedly, within* Bow-wow. ]

The watch-dogs bark :

[ *Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow-wow. ]

Listen ! I hear the song of the conceited cock

Cry, cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Whence comes this music ? Is it in the air ? or does it come from the earth ? It has stopped. Surely it attends some god of the island. As I sat on a bank lamenting again the loss of my father, this music greeted my ears right across the waters, hushing the waves and my grief with its sweetness. Since then I have followed it, or rather it has lured me on. But it has stopped. No, it begins again.

*Ariel sings.*

Your father lies very deep at the bottom of the sea. His bones turn into coral ; his eyes become pearls. Anything of him that changes, changes into some substance, connected with the sea—something exquisite and marvellous. Sea-nymphs ring his death-ball every hour. [*Burden within.* Ding-dong].

*Ari.* Hark ! now I hear them—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The song reminds me of my drowned father. It cannot proceed from a man, nor can it have any earthly cause. I hear it now above my head.

*Pros.* Lift your eyes, so delicately shaded with lashes, and say what you see there.

*Mir.* What is it ? Is it a spirit ? O God ! how it casts its eyes about ! Believe me, father, it has a beautiful form. But it is a spirit.

*Pros.* No, my girl ; it eats and sleeps and has senses as we have ourselves. This handsome fellow whom you see was in the ship that was wrecked. But if he were not somewhat the worse for grief, which is always fatal to beauty you might have called him a good-looking fellow. He has lost his comrades, and wanders to find them.



A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] It goes on, I see,  
A my soul prompts it. *Spirit*, fine spirit ! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Fer.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island ;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here. My prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !  
If you be maid or no ?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir ;  
But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language ! Heavens !  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How ? the best ?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

*Fer.* A single things, as I am now, that wonders  
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;  
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples ;  
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld  
The King my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy !

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* (*Aside.*) To Duke of Milan  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do 't.—At the first sight  
They have changed eyes.—Delicate *Ariel*,  
I'll set thee free for this. [ *To Fer.* ] A word, good sir ;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
To be inclined my way ?

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir, ! one word more.  
[ *Aside.* ] They are both in either's powers ; but this swift  
business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light. [ *To FER.* ] One word more ; I charge  
thee

*Mir.* I might call him a divine creature : In nature I never saw anything so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] I see my spell works as my heart desires. Spirit, excellent spirit [*Addressing Ariel.*] I shail set you free in the space of two days for this act of yours.

*Fer.* Surely this must be the goddess on whom the song attends. Grant my prayer : may I know if you are an inhabitant of this island, and whether you will instruct me how I should conduct myself here. My first request which I put last is, O, you wondrous creature if you be a maid or not.

*Mir.* I am no wondrous creatures, sir but certainly I am a maid.

*Fer.* O, God speak my language ! I am in the past most exalted position among those who speak this language. if, I were in the country where it is spoken.

*Pros.* How ? You say you are in the most exalted position ! Where would you be if the King of Naples heard you ?

*Fer.* I would be the same poor, lovely self, as I am now. I wonder to hear you speak of Naples. The King of Naples does hear me, and I weep because he hears me. I am myself King of Naples. With my own eyes, shedding tears since the day, I saw the King, my father, perish.

*Mir.* O, it is a pity !

*Fer.* Yes, indeed, I saw him and all his lords perish, the Duke of Milan and his beautiful son being among them.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan and his still more beautiful daughter could have contradicted you, if now it were proper to do so. At first sight they have exchanged glances of love. Nice Ariel, I shall set you free for this [*To Fer.*]. A word with you, sir, I think you have described yourself wrongly.

*Mir.* Why does my father speak so unkindly. This is the third man that ever I saw : the first whom my heart longed for. May pity enter my father's soul, and make him feel as I do.

*Fer.* O, if you are a maid and your affection is not pledged, I shall make you the Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Patience, sir ! I want to have one more word with you. [*Aside.*] They seem each to be fascinated by the other. But I shall make some trouble for them, when they are carrying it on so fast. If he wins her easily, he will begin to neglect her. [*To Fer.*] I want to have one word more with you,

A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

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A my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

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*Mir.* O, it is a pity !

*Fer.* Yes, indeed, I saw him and all his lords perish, the Duke of Milan and his beautiful son being among them.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan and his still more beautiful daughter could have contradicted you, if now it were proper to do so. At first sight they have exchanged glances of love. Nice Ariel, I shall set you free for this [*To Fer.*]. A word with you, sir, I think you have described yourself wrongly.

*Mir.* Why does my father speak so unkindly. This is the third man that ever I saw : the first whom my heart longed for. May pity enter my father's soul, and make him feel as I do.

*Fer.* O, if you are a maid and your affection is not pledged, I shall make you the Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Patience, sir ! I want to have one more word with you. [*Aside.*] They seem each to be fascinated by the other. But I shall make some trouble for them, when they are carrying it on so fast. If he wins her easily, he will begin to neglect her. [*To Fer.*] I want to have one word more with you,

That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not : and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it.  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I am a man.

*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

*Pros.* Follow me.

Speak not you for him : he's a traitor. Come ;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

*Fer.* No :

I will resist such entertainment till  
Mine enemy has more power.

*Draws, and is charmed from moving*

*Mir.* O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle and not fearful.

*Pros.* What ? I say,

My foot my tutor ? Put thy sword up traitor ;  
Who makest a show but dardest not strike, the conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mir.* Beseech you, father.

*Pros.* Hence ! Hang not on my garments.

*Mir.* Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence ! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !

An advocate for an imposter ! hush !

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban ; Foolish wench !

To the most of men this is a Caliban.

And they to him are angles.

*Mir.* My affections

Are then most humble ; I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* Come on ; obey :

Thy nerves are their infancy again

And have no vigour in them.

*Fer.* So they are :

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

bid you that you carefully listen to me : you claim for yourself the title that you do not possess, and you have come to this island as a spy to dispossess me of it.

*Fer.* No. I swear by my honour.

*Mir.* I am sure that nothing evil can ever dwell in such a lovely form. If an evil spirit possesses such a fair house (*i. e.*, body), all that is good would contest its possession.

*Pros.* Follow me. Do not speak for him. He is an traitor. Come ; I sha'll enchain your neck and feet together. You shall drink salt-water and you shall feed upon common shell-fish, dried roots and husks from which the acorn has been extracted. Follow me.

*Fer.* No, I will not yield to such a treatment as you propose until you can overpower me.

*[Draws, and is charmed from moving.]*

*Mir.* O dear father, do not try him too severely, for he is gentle and is not to be afraid of.

*Pros.* What ? You presume to teach, you my daughter ! Sheathe you sword, traitor. You put on a brave air, but have not the courage to strike. Your conscience is burdened with guilt. Abandon your position of defence, for with this wand, I can deprive you of our arms, and make your sword drop to the ground.

*Mir.* I pray you, father.

*Pros.* Get away ! do not cling to my robe.

*Mir.* Do please have pity. I give my word for his innocence.

*Pros.* Silence ! if you say one word more, I shall have to reprove you, if not actually to hate you. What ! you plead for an impostor. Silence ! You think there is no more handsome person than he, having seen only him and Caliban. Foolish girl ! compared with most men he will appear to be no better than a Caliban, and they will appear to be angels, compared with him.

*Mir.* My love is then very humble. I am not ambitious to be a more handsome person.

*Pros.* Come on : obey. Your nerves seem to have lost all power, as if they were the nerves of an infant.

*Fer.* So they seem to be. My spirits seem to be in a strange confusion. The loss of my father, the exhaustion

## ACT II

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ALANSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause  
So have we all, of joy ; for our escape.  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme or woe ; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us, Then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Prithee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge. 10

*Ant.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

*Se'.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by and by  
it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir,—

*Seb.* One—tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd, Comes to  
the entertainer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken truer  
than you purposed. 20

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord—

*Ant.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue ?

*Alon.* I prithee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done ; but yet—

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to  
crow ?

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.*

*Gon.* I pray you, sir, cast off your sadness. You have good reason, as we have all, to rejoice. The fact of our being saved is far greater than all that we have lost. Our subject of grief is quite general. Everyday some sailor's wife the owners of some merchant vessel, and the merchant to whom the cargo is consigned have just the same cause of grief. But for the wonderful thing, I mean the fact of our being saved, few in million can boast of the same. Then, good sir, set our cause of grief against our cause of rejoicing.

*Alon.* I pray you, stop.

*Seb.* Consolation is as distasteful to him as cold porridge.

*Ant.* Yet the preacher (Gonzalo) will not let him alone.

*Sub.* Look, he is collecting his thoughts, and he will be at it again.

*Gon.* Sir—

*Seb.* There he is again ! Let us watch.

*Gon.* When every grief that comes is welcomed, then comes to such a welcomer—

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Really, dolour (grief) comes to him. You have spoken more truly than you intended.

*Seb.* You have taken it in a more profound sense than I intended.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord—

*Ant.* Shame on him ! How he lets his tongue run away with him. !

*Alon.* I pray you, stop.

*Gon.* Well, I have finished : but yet—

*Seb.* He will be still talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, Gonzalo or Adrian, for a good bet, first begins to chatter ?



*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockerel.

30

*Seb.* Done. The wager ?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match !

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert—

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Ant.* So, you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

*Seb.* Yet—

*Adr.* Yet—

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

40

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Aye, and a subtle : as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True : save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

50

*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in 't

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

*Seb.* Ay many vouched rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

60

*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say lies ?

*Seb.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gon.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. The old fellow.

Ant. The youngster.

Seb. All right. What will be the bet ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. Agreed ?

Adr. Though this island seems to be lonely—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha !

Ant. So you are rewarded (*ironically*).

Adr. Not to be inhabited and almost out of reach.

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He must put in 'yet' after 'though'.

Adr. It must have a subtle, mild and delicate temperature  
(i. e., *temperature*).

Ant. Yes, *Temperance* was a delicate girl.

Seb. And also a *subtle* (girl), as he most wisely remarked.

Adr. The air seems to have a sweet breath.

Seb. As if the air had diseased lungs.

Ant. Or, as it were, reeking of the marsh land.

Gon. Here is everything favourable to life.

Ant. True, except the means of living.

Seb. Of that there is precious little.

Gon. How luxuriant and vigorous the grass looks ! how  
green !

Ant. The surface indeed looks brown.

Seb. With a shade of green in it.

Ant. He is not far wrong (*ironically*).

Seb. No ; he is rather nearer the truth (*ironically*).

Gon. But the most rare thing—and that seems to be rather  
incredible.

Seb. As many sworn rare things are.

Gon. That our clothes, though wetted in the sea, keep, all the  
same, their freshness and lustre, as if they had been newly dyed, and  
not discoloured by salt-water.

Ant. If only one of his pockets (*which are filled with mud*)  
could give evidence, would it not say that he tells a lie ?

Seb. Or else suppress his statement altogether.

Gon. It seems to me that our clothes are as fresh as when we  
first put them on in Africa at the marriage of the King's lovely  
daughter, Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adr.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen. 70

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Widow ! a plague o' that ! How came that 'widow' in ? Widow Dido !

*Seb.* What if he had said 'widower Aeneas' too ?  
Good Lord, how you take it !

*Adr.* 'Widow Dido' said you ? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage ?

*Gon.* I assure you, Carthage. 80

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Gon.* Ay

*Ant.* Why, in good time. 89

*Gon.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Seb.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Ant.* O, widow Dido ! ay, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

*Ant.* That sort was well fished for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ? 99

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee ?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live :

*Seb.* It was indeed a lucky marriage, and happiness attends our return (*ironically*).

*Adr.* Tunis had never been honoured before with such a lovely and accomplished woman as their queen.

*Gon.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Ant.* Why do you say a "widow" in this connection? What has she got to do with it? Widow Dido!

*Seb.* Would it have made much difference if he had said 'widower Aeneas'? Good gracious! how you snap at the remark!

*Adr.* Did you say 'widow Dido'? You make me think of that. Dido was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

*Gon.* This Tunis, sir, was identical with Carthage.

*Adr.* Carthage?

*Gon.* Yes, Tunis was Carthage.

*Ant.* His word has accomplished more than the miraculous harp (*i. e.*, harp of Amphion or Apollo).

*Seb.* The 'miraculous harp' raised only the walls, but he has erected the whole city.

*Ant.* There is nothing impossible that he will not achieve.

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island in his pocket and give it to his son as an apple.

*Ant.* And he may sow the seeds of it in the sea, and call more islands into being.

*Gon.* Yes.

*Ant.* Why, he will accomplish the impossible in course of time.

*Gon.* Sir, we were saying that our clothes seem now as fresh as when we first put them on at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen of Tunis.

*Ant.* And the rarest queen that Tunis ever had.

*Seb.* Except, I pray you, widow Dido

*Ant.* O, yes, widow Dido.

*Gon.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a way.

*Ant.* That qualifying phrase was happily put in.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

*Alon.* You stuff these words into my ears against my will. I wish I never married my daughter there, for coming thence - I have lost my son, and in my opinion my daughter who is so far away from Italy is lost too, for I shall never see her again. O you, my heir of Naples and Milan, you must have been devoured by some strange fish.

*Fran.* Sir, he may be alive. I saw him repel the waves

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head  
 'Bove the cotentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him : not doubt.

110

Alon.

No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter.  
 But rather lose her to an African ;  
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on't,

120

Alon.

Prithee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise  
 By all of us, and the fair soul herself.  
 Weigh'd between loathness and obdience, at  
 Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,  
 I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have  
 Moe widows in them of this business' making  
 Than we bring men to comfort them :  
 The fault's your own.

Alon.

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian.

130

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
 And time to speak it in ; you rub the sore,  
 When you should bring the plaster.

Seb.

Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
 When you are cloudy.

Seb.

Foul weather ?

Ant.

Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb.

Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do ?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

140

Gon. **I** the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things : for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
 Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,

and hold himself above them. He struggled manfully with the rolling waves that assailed him. He kept his head above the battling waves and propelled himself with bold strokes of his arms to the shore which seemed to stoop down over the eaten-out basis to receive him before he was too exhausted. I do not doubt that he reached the shore alive.

*Alon.* No, no, he has perished.

*Seb.* Sir, you alone are to blame for the loss of your son—you who would not marry your daughter to a prince of Europe, but rather to an African. Being married to an African she is removed from your sight, and you have good reason to regret it.

*Alon.* Please stop.

*Seb.* All of us knelt to you and begged you incessantly not to marry her to the African. And your daughter herself wavered long between her unwillingness to marry him and her duty of obedience to you. We have lost your son, I am afraid for ever. This African marriage has made many widows in Milan and Naples, and we have no consolation to offer them for the loss of their husbands. You are responsible for all this.

*Alon.* So am I responsible for the most grievous of losses.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian, the truth you speak is rather rude, and it is not the proper time to rub it in. When you should administer comfort, you make it more painful for him to bear.

*Seb.* I should (administer comfort).

*Ant.* And that like a most considerate physician.

*Gon.* Sir, when you are gloomy, we are all overcast with gloom too.

*Seb.* That means foul weather ?

*Ant.* Yes, very foul.

*Gon.* If I had to plant a colony in this island, my lord—

*Ant.* He would plant nettle-seed in it.

*Seb.* Or common wayside weeds.

*Gon.* And if I were the king of it, what would I do ?

*Seb.* As there is no wine to be had, he would keep sober.

*Gon.* I would run the state-republic in a manner, contrary to the usual custom. I would permit no trade, no magistrate, no learning. Wealth, poverty and labour would be abolished. There would be no bother of legal agreement,

And use of service none ; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
 No occupation ; all men idle, all :  
 And women too, but innocent and pure ;  
 No sovereignty ;—

*Seb.* Set he would be king on't. 15

*Ant.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature should produce.  
 Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth  
 Of it own kind all foison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, man ; all idle. 16

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
 To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* God save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And—do you mark me, sir ?

*Alon.* Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness : and did it to  
 minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such  
 sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at  
 nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laughed at. 17

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing  
 to you : so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given !

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle : you would  
 lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it  
 five weeks without changing.

*Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gon.* No, I warrnt you ; I will not adventure my  
 discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am  
 very heavy ?

*Ant.* Go sleep, and hear us. 18

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.]

right of inheritance, limits of land or boundary, cultivation, growing of grapes, etc. The use of metal, corn, wine or oil would be abolished. There would be no industry. All men would be idle, as well as women, who must be chaste and innocent. There would be no sovereignty.

*Seb.* Yet he would be the king of it.

*Ant.* What he says about the state-republic in the end is inconsistent with what he says about it in the beginning.

*Gon.* Nature should supply all the needs of mankind. There would be no necessity of human labour. Breach of faith, crime, sword, pike, dagger, gun, or any implement of war would be banned. Nature should produce spontaneously all food and enough to spare to maintain my innocent people.

*Seb.* Will there be no marrying among his subjects ?

*Ant.* None, my friend. All will be idle.

*Gon.* I would rule with such perfect skill, sir, that it would be a new era better than the golden age.

*Seb.* May God save his majesty !

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gon.* And,—do you listen to me, sir ?

*Alon.* Do please stop. You talk nonsense to me.

*Gon.* Yes, you are right, sir. I talked nonsense to provide mirth to these gentlemen who have such sensitive lungs that they readily laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* It was you whom we laughed at.

*Gon.* In this matter of foolery I am indeed nothing compared to you. So you may go on laughing, and always laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* He was cleverly hit out ?

*Seb.* If the blow had not fallen flat, and so missed.

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of high spirits. You may as well presume to lift the moon out of its orbit, if she would not change in due time.

*Enter Ariel invisible playing solemn music.*

*Seb.* We would certainly do so, and then go out hunting birds (by striking them down with poles on a dark night in the blaze of a brilliant light).

*Ant.* My good lord, do not lose your temper.

*Gon.* Certainly not. I shall not imperil my sanity by showing any such weakness. Will you go on laughing till I fall asleep I am drowsy ?

*Ant.* Fall asleep and then hear us laughing.

[All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio.]



*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes  
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts ? I find  
They are inclined to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Think you. Wondrous heavy !

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[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]

*Seb.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Ant.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Seb.* Why ?  
Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble,  
They fell together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian ?—O, what might !—No more !  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be : the occasion speaks thee ; and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

200

*Seb.* What, are thou waking !

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Seb.* I do ; and surely  
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian.  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather ; wink's  
Whiles thou art waking.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

210

*Ant.* I am more serious than my custom : you  
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.

*Seb.* Well, I am standing water.

*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so ; to ebb,  
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Alon.* I wonder they are all so soon asleep ! I wish my eyes too would close, and so would give a respite to the thoughts that torment me. I find that I am sleepy.

*Seb.* Please, sir, do not resist the invitation of sleep. It seldom comes to an afflicted person ; when it comes it is a great comfort to be welcomed.

*Ant.* We two, my lord shall keep watch over you while you sleep, and see that no harm comes to you.

*Alon.* Thank you. I am feeling very drowsy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.]

*Seb.* What a strange fit of sleepiness seizes them !

*Ant.* It is due to the effect of the climate.

*Seb.* Why do not our eyes then close in sleep ? I am not drowsy.

*Ant.* Nor I. My senses are quite alert. They fell together all of them as if by common argument. They dropped, as if struck by thunder. What might not be, good Sebastian ? O, what might it not come to ? I should better say no more. Yet I seem to see what you should be mirrored on your face. The opportunity invites you. In my mind's eyes, I see a crown coming down on your head.

*Seb.* What, are you awake ?

*Ant.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Seb.* I do. But surely you seem to be talking in your sleep. What is it that you said ? It must be a strange sleep, when you are asleep, and yet your eyes are wide open. You standing, speaking and moving about, and yet you are fast asleep, as I must think from what you are talking.

*Ant.* Noble Sebastian, you let the great chance of your life slip by—rather perish altogether. You close your eyes to it while you are awake.

*Seb.* O, you are asleep, and you are snoring, but your snores seem to be quite articulate and full of meaning.

*Ant.* I am really more serious than I usually am. You must be serious too, if you pay attention to me which, if you do, will make you thrice as great as you are.

*Seb.* Well, I am like water that stands still and does not ebb or flow.

*Ant.* I shall teach you to flow.

*Seb.* You are welcome to it. My constitutional indolence teaches me rather to ebb.

*Ant.*

O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,  
 Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,  
 You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,  
 Most often do so near the bottom run  
 By their own fear or sloth,

*Seb.*

Prithee, say on ;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
 A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed  
 Which throes thee much to yield.

*Ant.*

Thus, sir ;

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
 Who shall be of as little memory  
 When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded—  
 For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade—the King his son's alive,  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
 As he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.*

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd

*Ant.*

O, out of that 'no hope'.

What great hope have you ! no hope that way is  
 Another way so high a hope that even  
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
 That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

*Seb.*

He's gone.

*Ant.*

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.*

Claribel.

*Ant.* [She that is Queen of Tunis ; she that dwells  
 Ten leagues beyond man's life ; she that from Naples  
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post —  
 The man i' the Moon's too slow—till new-born chins  
 Be rough and razorable : she from whom  
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,  
 And by that destiny to perform an act  
 Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
 In yours and my discharge.]

*Seb.*

What stuff is this !—how say you ?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis ;  
 So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions  
 There is some space.

*Ant.*

A space whose every cubit  
 Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
 Measure us back to Naples ? Keep in Tunis,  
 And let Sebastian wake.' Say this were death

*Ant.* If you only know how fondly you entertain the purpose in your mind, while you seem to make light of it, how in putting it off, you fondle it to your bosom ! Men who are apt to neglect their chances, do often almost wreck their career by their hesitation or indolence.

*Seb.* Please go on. Your fixed look and tense expression of the face show that you are going to be delivered of an important matter, which seems to be struggling within you.

*Ant.* It is like this, sir. Although this lord of feeble memory — who remembers little now, and will be as little remembered after he is dead, has now very nearly persuaded—for he is good at nothing but persuasion which seems to be his business—the King that his son is alive. You may as well say that he is undrowned as he that sleeps here swims.

*Seb.* I have no hope that he is not gone.

*Ant.* When you say that there is no hope about his being not drowned, it means that there is a great hope for you. It is so high a hope that ambition cannot see anything beyond it, or make out anything (on that dim and dizzy height). Will you assume as I do that Ferdinand is drowned ?

*Seb.* Yes, he is gone.

*Ant.* Then tell me, who is the next heir of Naples ?

*Seb.* Claribel.

*Ant.* She who is Queen of Tunis—She who dwells out of humanity's reach—she who can have no message from Naples unless the sun would carry the message—the man in the moon being too slow for the purpose—till the cheeks of new-born infants have grown beards. It is on coming back from her that we were drowned in the sea, though some of us have been thrown ashore. Destiny, therefore, intends us to perform a deed to which what happened in the past is but a preliminary, and what is to follow, depends on you and my execution.

*Seb.* What nonsense are you talking ? What do you mean ? It is true that my brother's daughter is the Queen of Tunis, and therefore, she is the heir of Naples. Of course, there is a pretty good distance between Naples and Tunis.

*Ant.* A distance whose every bit of space seems to cry aloud, 'How shall that Claribel ever make her way back to Naples ? Stay in Tunis, and let Sebastian avail himself of

That now hath seized them ; Why, they were no worse  
 Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
 As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate  
 As amply and unnecessarily  
 As this Gonzalo ; I myself could make  
 A chough of as deep chat O, that you bore  
 The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this  
 For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

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*Seb.* Methinks I do.

*Ant.* And how does your content  
 Tender your own good fortune ?

*Seb.* I remember  
 You did supplant your brother, Prospero.

*Ant.* True :  
 And look how well my garments sit upon me ;  
 Much feater than before. My brother's servants  
 Were then my fellows : now they are my men.

*Seb.* But, for your conscience ?

*Ant.* [Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,  
 'T would put me to my slipper : but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom ; twenty consciences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
 And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead ;  
 Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.]

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*Seb.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan,  
 I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke  
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest ;  
 And I the King shall love thee.

*Ant.* Draw together ;  
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, but one word. [They talk apart.]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Ari.* My master through his part foresees the danger  
 That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth—

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the opportunity. Suppose, their sleep were as good as death. If dead, they could not be any worse than they are now. There is one who can rule Naples no worse than he that sleeps. There are lords who can talk as good a chatterer as he. O, I wish you felt the same way as I do. How you could make use of this sleep for your own promotion. Do you see my point ?

*Seb.* I think I do.

*Ant.* How it pleases you to regard your good fortune ?

*Seb.* I remember you displace your brother Prospero.

*Ant.* That 's true. And see how well the ducal robe fits me even much more gracefully than when I acted in the place of the Duke. My brother's officers were then my comrades. Now they are my servants.

*Seb.* But, what about your conscience ?

*Ant.* Well, sir, where lies my conscience ? If it were a sore on my heel, I would put on a slipper for my comfort. But I am not aware of the presence of conscience in my heart. If there were twenty consciences to keep me from the dukedom of Milan, though they should be turned into sugar, they would melt before they troubled me. Here lies your brother, and he seems to be as lifeless as the earth upon which he lies. He might be as well like the lifeless earth ; with this sword of mine, three inches of it, which is ready to obey any impulse of mine, I can for even put him to sleep, while you, following my example, close for ever the eyes of this old fellow, who assumes an air of wisdom and discretion, and thus prevent him from condemning our action. As for the rest, they do not matter much, for they will act as we desire, to serve our interests.

*Seb.* Dear friends, what you did to Prospero, will be an example for me to follow. As you got Milan, so I shall secure Naples. Draw your sword. One blow shall release you from your annual tribute, and I, the King of Naples, shall ever love you.

*Ant.* Let us draw our swords together. When I lift my arm, do the same to let it fall on Gonzalo.

*Seb.* O, let us have a word before that. [ *They talk apart.*

*Re-enter Ariel, invisible.*

*Ari.* My master by his magic anticipates the danger, which you, his friend, are in, and sends me—for otherwise his plan

For else his project dies,—to keep them living.

[ *Sings in GONZALO's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware !

Awake, awake !

*Ant.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gon.* [ *Waking* ] Now, good angles Preserve the King !

[ *To SEB. & ANT.* ] Why, how now ? [ *To ALON.* ] ho,  
awake ! [ *To SEB. & ANT.* ] Why are you drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

*Alon.* [ *Waking.* ] What's the matter ?

*Seb.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake ! Sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

*Gon.* Upon mine honour, sir, heard a humming.  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :  
I shaked you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn—there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground ; and let's make further  
search.

For my poor son.

*G n.* Heavens keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away. [ *Exit with the others.*

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done :  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of  
thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, on Prosper fall and make him

fails—to save them from sudden death. [*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*] While you lie sleeping and snoring, ever-watchful conspiracy bids its time. If you care for your life, shake off your sleep and be on your guard. Awake, awake !

*Ant.* Then let us act once.

*Gon.* Now, my good angels, protect the King.

[*To Seb. and Ant.*]

Why, what's up ? [*To Alon.*] Ho, wake up ! [*To Seb. and Ant.*] Why have you drawn your swords ? Why do you stare in wild terror.

*Alon.* What's the matter ?

*Seb.* While we stood here, watching you while you slept, even a little while ago, we heard a most terrific roar like that of bulls, or rather lions. Did it not wake you ? It assailed my ear most forcibly.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Ant.* O, it was an awful noise to startle even a monster, to make an earthquake. Surely, it was the roar of several lions together.

*Alon.* Did you hear this, Gonzalo ?

*Gon.* I swear, sir, I heard a gentle murmur ; and it was a strange murmur too, which woke me up. I shook you, sir, and shouted. As my eyes opened, I saw them with their drawn swords. There was a noise—that's true. It is most proper we should be on the defensive, or that we leave the place. Let us draw our swords

*Alon.* Let us withdraw from here, and search further my lost son.

*Gon.* May God preserve him from these beasts, for he must be here on this island.

*Alon.* Go ahead.

[*Exit with the others.*]

*Ari.* My master, Prospero, must know what I have done. So, King, go safely forward to seek your son.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter Caliban, with a burden of wood, A noise of thunder heard.*

*Cal.* My all the pestilence that the sun absorbs from marshes and shallows fall on Prospero and afflict every inch of



By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
 Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me,  
 And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime and I  
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
 Do hiss me into madness.

*Enter TRINCULO*

Lo, now, lo !

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;  
 Perchance he will not mind me.

[*Enter TRINCULO.*

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any  
 weather at all, and another storm brewing, I hear it sing i' the  
 wind. Yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
 bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it  
 did before, I know not where to hide my head. Yond same  
 cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here ?  
 a man or a fish ? dead or alive ? A fish ; he smells like a fish ; a  
 very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of not of the newest,  
 Poor-John. A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I  
 was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but  
 would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make  
 a man ; any strange beast there makes a man ; when they will  
 not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to  
 see a dead Indian. Legged like a man ! and his fins like arms !  
 Warm, o'my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it no  
 longer : this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered  
 by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again !  
 My best way is to creep under his gaberdine ; there is no other  
 shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-  
 fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*CREEPS under CALIBAN's garments.*

*Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

*Steph.* I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
 Here shalt I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at man's funeral : w  
 here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain

him with disease. The spirits, serving him overhear me ; yet I cannot help cursing. But they will not pinch me, nor frighten me by assuming the shape of hedgehog, nor throw me into the mud, nor mislead me by burning like a flame in darkness, unless he orders them to do so. For the most trivial offence they are put on me. Sometimes like monkeys they make faces and gibber at me, and afterwards bite me ; then like hedgehogs they lie across my path as I walk bare-footed, and raise their bristles as soon as I step forward ; sometimes I am entwined with snakes, which begin to hiss with their forked tongues till I am driven mad.

*Enter Trinculo.*

Behold, now here comes one of his spirits. He will persecute me for bringing in wood slowly. I shall fall flat. Perhaps he will not notice me. [ *Enter Trinculo.*

*Trin.* Here is neither underwood nor shrub to give me shelter from the weather, and another storm ready to burst. I hear it sigh and whistle. Yonder black cloud looks like a huge stinking leather bag that would soon discharge its contents. If it should thunder as it did before. I do not know where to shelter myself ; that very cloud will soon pour into rain in heavy torrents. What do I see here ? Is it a man or fish ? Dead or living ? Obviously a fish : he smells like a fish—it has the smell like that of a fish salted long ago, rather a hake salted and dried. A strange fish ! If I were in England now, as I once was, and had but this fish advertised, there is not a fool out on a holiday but would pay to see it. In England this monster would make the fortune of a man. Any strange beast exhibited there would make the fortune of a man. When they will not give a single farthing to help a lame beggar, they will spend a lot to see an Indian (*i. e.*, Red Indian), though dead. He has the legs of a man, his fins are like arms. He is warm indeed. I should express my opinion now ; no good withholding it any more. It is no fish, but a native of the island, who seems to have been struck by thunder. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is burst. For shelter I must crawl under his gaberdine. There is no other shelter here. Misery throws a man into contact with the rum sort of fellows. I shall shelter myself till the last remains of the storm are over.

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment*

*Enter Stephano, singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

*Steph.* 'I shall no more go to sea. Here I shall die on shore'. It is a wretched tune that may be sung at a man's funeral. But this bottle will give comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*He takes a drink and*

The gunner, and his mate,  
 Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
 But none of us cared for Kate ;  
 For she had a tongue with a tang,  
 Would cry to sailor 'Go hang !  
 She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did it  
 Then to see, boys, and let her go hang !

This is a scurvy tune too ; but here's my comfort. [Drin

*Cal.* Do not torment me ! Oh !

*Steph.* What's the matter ? Have we devils here ?  
 you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, Ha ? I ha  
 not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ;  
 it hath been said ; As proper a man as ever went on four l  
 cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so aga  
 while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me ! Oh !

*Steph.* This is some monster of the isle with four. le  
 who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil shou  
 he learn our language ? I will give him, some relief, if it  
 but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and  
 to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that c  
 trod on neat's-leather.

*Cal.* Do not torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my wo  
 home faster.

*Steph.* He's in his fit now and does not talk after  
 wisest. He shall taste of my bottle ; if he have never dru  
 wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can reco  
 him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ;  
 shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt and  
 I know it by thy trembling ; now Prosper works upon thee.

*Steph.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; he  
 is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mout  
 this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundl  
 you cannot tell who's your friend, Open your chaps again.

[Gives CALIBAN drin

*Trin.* I should know that voice : It should be—but he  
 drowned ; and these are devils. O, defend me !

*Steph.* Four legs and two voices : a most delica  
 monster ! His forward voice, now is to speak well of I  
 friend ; his backward voice now is to utter foul speech  
 and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recov

scrubs the deck), the boatswain and I, the gunner and his assistant loved Mall, Meg, Marian and Margery; but none of us cared for Kate. She had a shrill tongue and would turn off a sailor. She did not like the smell of tar or pitch, yet a tailor might scratch the place where she did itch. Let us go to sea, boys, and let her be cursed. This is a wretched tune too, but I can comfort myself with my bottle.

[ *Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not persecute me, Oh !

*Steph.* What's up ? Are there evil spirits here ? Do you fool us with such tricks as the apparitions of savages and Indians ? Since I did not get drowned, I am not going to be frightened by your four legs. It has been said, as good a man as walked on four legs could not ever make him yield. Yet it shall be repeated so long Stephano is alive.

*Cal.* The spirit afflicts me.

*Steph.* This must be some monster of the island with four legs, and is taken ill with a shivering fit of fever, I suppose. How could he have learnt our language ? Because he happens to know our language, I shall seek to relieve his fit. If I can cure him and adopt him and get back to Naples with him, he will be a gift to any decent emperor.

*Cal.* Do not afflict me please. I shall bring in wood quicker.

*Steph.* He is in his fit now, and raving. He shall have a taste of my bottle. If he has not drunk wine before, it may help in curing his fit. If I can cure him and adopt him, I shall not charge too much for him. He, who will have him, must of course, pay a decent price.

*Cal.* You do not hurt me much now, but you will soon begin to. I know it by your trembling. Now Prospero has his spell upon you.

*Steph.* Be good enough to open your mouth. Here is that which will teach you to speak, you cat. Open your mouth. This will cure your fit, I can tell you and that thoroughly. You do not know who is your friend. Open your mouth again.

[ *Gives Caliban drink.*

*Trin.* I think I recognize that voice : it should be—but he is drowned. These are devils. May God protect me.

*Steph.* Four legs and two voices. It must be a fine sort of monster ! His voice which is in front is meant for speaking well of his friend, and his voice which is at the back is meant for abusing and slandering. If all the wine in my

him, I will help his ague. Come—[ *Give CALIBAN drink again.* ] Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano !

*Steph.* Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy, mercy ! This is a devil and no monster ; I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano ! If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

*Steph.* If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [ *Draws TRINCULO out.* ] Thou art very Trinculo indeed ! How camest thou here ?

*Trin.* I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano ? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped !

*Steph.* Prithee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [ *Aside.* ] These be fine things, and if they be not sprites.

That a brave go ! and bears celestial liquor.  
I will kneel to him.

*Steph.* How didst thou'scape ? How camest thou hither ? Swear by this bottle how-thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle ! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject ; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Steph.* Here ; swear then how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swum ashore, man, like a duck : I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn

*Steph.* Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

[ *Gives TRINCULO drink.* ]

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this ?

*Steph.* The whole butt, man : my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now moon-calf ! how the does thine ague ?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven ?

*Steph.* Out o' the moon, I do assure thee ; I was the man i' the moon when time was.

*Cal.* I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :  
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy br

bottle will be needed to cure him, I must still cure him. Come. That's right, I shall put some wine in your other mouth.

[ Gives Caliban drink.

*Trin.* Stephano ?

*Steph.* Does your other mouth call me ? May God have mercy on me ! This is a devil, and no monster. I shall leave him. I have no long spoon to keep the devil off.

*Trin.* Stephano ! If you are Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—I am your good friend, Trinculo.

*Steph.* If you be Trinculo, come out, I shall pull you out by the smaller leg. If they are Trinculo's legs, they must be these ones. You are Trinculo indeed. How did you come to, here ?

*Trin.* I supposed him to have been killed by thunder. But were you not drowned. Stephano ? I hope now that you are not drowned. Has the storm blown over ? I hid myself under the dead monster's gaberdine for fear of the storm. Are you living Stephano ? O Stephano, two inhabitants of Naples are saved.

*Steph.* Do not please turn me round and about. My stomach is squeamish.

*Cal.* [ *Aside.* ] These are fine creatures, if they are no spirits. He is a fine god, and carries heavenly drink. I shall kneel to him.

*Steph.* How did you escape ? How did you come here ? Swear by this bottle how you came here. I escaped by means of a cask of wine which the sailors threw overboard—I swear by this bottle, which I made from the bark of a tree since I landed.

*Cal.* I shall swear by that bottle to be your loyal subject, for the drink is heavenly.

*Steph.* Here [ *holding out the bottle* ] ; swear how you escaped.

*Trin.* I swam ashore, fellow, like a duck ; I say, I can swim like a duck.

*Steph.* Here, kiss the bottle. Though you can swim like a duck, you have the stupid looks of a goose.

[ Gives Trin. drink.

*Trin.* O Stephano, have you any more of this wine ?

*Steph.* The whole case of it, my friend. My store is in a rock by the sea-coast where I have hidden my wine. How now, monster ? How is your ague ?

*Cal.* Have you descended from the skies ?

*Steph.* I tell you, I have descended out of the moon. Once I was the man in the moon.

*Cal.* I have seen you in the moon, and I worship you. My mistress showed me you, your dog and your bush.

*Steph.* Come, swear to that I kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear. [ *Glizes CAL. drink.* 131

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ! I afraid of him ! A very weak monster ! The man i' t c moon ! A most poor credulous monster ! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth !

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island ; And I will kiss thy foot : I prithee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject. 140

*Steph.* Come on then ; down and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

*Steph.* Come, kiss.

*Trin.* But that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll show thee best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ; I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve ! I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man. 155

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard,

*Cal.* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ; Show thee a jay'st nest and, instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmoset : I'll bring thee To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ? 160

*Steph.* I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle : Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Cal.* [ *Sings drunkenly.* ]

Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring ;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ; 170

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master ; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !

*Steph.* O brave monster ! Lead the way.

[ *Exeunt.*

*Steph.* Come ; swear that it is true. Kiss the bottle. I shall replenish it soon. Swear.

*Trin.* On my faith, this is a very silly monster, I wonder that I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> afraid of him ! A very dull-headed monster. He talks of the man in the moon ! A monster that believes silly stuff ! You have drained a good quantity, monster !

*Cal.* I shall show you every fertile tract of the island and I shall fall at your feet. I pray you, be my god.

*Trin.* Graciousness ! A most faithless and drunken monster ! When his god is asleep, he will steal his bottle.

*Cal.* I shall fall at your feet and worship you. I swear myself to be your subject.

*Steph.* Well, then ; kneel and swear.

*Trin.* I shall be tickled to death by this fawning puppy of a monster. A most confounded monster ! I would have felt inclined to beat him.

*Steph.* Come, on your knees and swear.

*Trin.* Except that the poor monster is drunk. A loathsome monster !

*Cal.* I shall show you the best springs of fresh water. I shall pluck for you berries, catch fish for you and get enough firewood for you. Confound the tyrant whom I serve. I shall carry for him no more wood, but follow you, you wonderful man.

*Trin.* He must be a very silly monster, when he idolizes a wretched drunkard (*i.e.*, Stephano).

*Cal.* If it may please you, I shall take you where crabapples grow, and I shall dig the ground-nuts for you with my nail ; show the jay's nest and teach you how to ensnare the agile monkey, called marmoset : I shall bring where the hazelnuts grow in bunches ; and now and then I shall get for you sea-mews from the rock. Will you come with me ?

*Steph.* If you don't mind, do not talk any more, but lead the way. Trinculo, the King and all others having perished in the shipwreck, we shall take possession of the island. Look here, take my bottle My Trinculo, we shall fill the bottle soon again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Farewell, master : farewell, master !

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* I will construct no more entrenchments for catching fish, nor fetch firewood when I am bidden to ; nor clean plates and wash dishes. Hurrah for Caliban ! Caliban has a new master. Let Prospero look about for another to serve him. I am to be free, and to bother about nothing. How nice it is !

*Steph.* O fine monster ! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]



### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* [There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off ; some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead  
And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed ;  
And he's composed of harshness ! I must remove  
Some thousand of these logs and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness  
Hath never like executor. I forget ;  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busyless when I do it.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.* Alas, now ; pray you,  
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you enjoind to pile !  
Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself :  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear Mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mir.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature ;  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.*

*Fer.* There are some diversions which are tedious, and if we can take pleasure in them, the toil demanded by them is much lightened. Some kinds of mean occupations are gone through with a noble end in view and often when an occupation is low, the object aimed at is high. The mean task which I am doing would be as tedious to me as it is hateful, were it not that the lady whom I want to please enlivened what is dull and lifeless, and made pleasurable to me what would otherwise be toilsome. O, she is ten times gentler than her father is rough. Her father is all harshness. I must remove some thousands of these and stack them on pain of severe chastisement. My gentle and kind lady weeps when she sees me work, and says that such a mean task has never been gone through by one so noble I often pause in my labour in sheer absent-mindedness. The thoughts of my gentle lady often cheer me in my task. I am most busy when I think of her ; I am least busy when I work.

*Enter Miranda ; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.*

*Mir.* It is a pity. I beg you, do not work so hard. I wish the lightning had burnt up these logs that you are bidden to stack ! Do please leave the logs alone, and take rest. They will burn with exudation for having fatigued you. My father is busy with his books. Do please rest. He will not trouble us for these three hours.

*Fer.* O sweetest lady, the sun will go down before my task is completed.

*Mir.* If you will sit down, I shall carry the logs for you meanwhile. Let me please carry that log. I shall carry it to the stack.

*Fer.* I cannot let you do that, sweet lady. I should rather burst my muscles and break my neck than let you demean yourself by such drudgery, while I sit idle.

*Mir.*

It would become me

As well as it does you ; and I should do it  
 With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
 And yours it is against.

30

*Pros.* [*Aside*]. Poor worm, thou art infected !  
 This visitation shows it.

*Mir.*

You look wearily.

*Fer.* No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me  
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you—  
 Chiefly that I might set in my prayers—  
 What is your name ?

*Mir.*

Miranda,—O my father,  
 I have broke your hest to say so !

*Fer.*

Admired Miranda!

Indeed the top of admiration ! worth  
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
 I have eyed with best regard, and many a time  
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
 Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues  
 Have I liked several women ; never any  
 With so full soul, but some defect in her  
 Did quarrel with noblest grace she owed  
 And put it to the foil ; but you, O you,  
 So perfect and so peerless, are created  
 Of every creature's best !

40

*Mir.*

I do not know

One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
 Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
 More that I may call men than you, good friend,  
 And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
 I am skillness of ; but, by my modesty,  
 The jewel in my dower, —I would not wish  
 Any companion in the world but you,  
 Nor can imagination from a shape,  
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I therein do forget.

50

*Fer.*

I am in my condition

A prince, Miranda ; I do think ; a king ;  
 I would, not so !—and would no more endure  
 This wooden slavery than to suffer  
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :  
 The very instant that I saw you, did  
 My heart fly to your service : there resides,  
 To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
 Am I this patient log-man.

60

*Mir.*

Do you love me ?

*Mir.* If it does not humiliate you, it cannot humiliate me. I could do it more easily, because I have the will to do it while yours is averse to it.

*Pros.* [ *Aside.* ] My duck, you are smitten with love. This stolen visit proves it.

*Mir.* You look tired.

*Fer.* No good lady. Even if it is night when you are with me, it is bright morning with me. I pray you—mainly because I want to put it down in my prayers—what is your name ?

*Mir.* Miranda. O my father, I have broken your command not to tell my name.

*Fer.* Miranda ! that is to be admired. Indeed you are the object of highest admiration. You are worth all that is most valuable to the world. I have observed many ladies with closest attention, and often the sweetness of their speech has captivated my too willing ear. For different attributes I have liked different women. If I ever liked any with all my heart, I found some defect in her that contradicted and defeated her highest attribute. But you, O you, have been created so perfect and so unequalled that you seem to be the best of all created women.

*Mir.* I do not know any member of my own sex : nor do I remember any woman's face except my own, reflected on the mirror ; nor have I seen more of the opposite sex than you, my good friend, and my dear father. I am ignorant how human shapes are outside this island. I swear by my modesty which is the best treasure I possess, I would not desire for any other companion than you in this world ; nor can I picture to my mind any other shape than yours, I may take a fancy to. But I am rattling away rather irrelevantly, and in this matter I am forgetting my father's counsel.

*Fer.* I am a prince by rank, Miranda ; I might say, a king. I wish it was otherwise ! would no more submit to this drudgery of carrying wood than allow the flesh-fly to defile my mouth. Listen, I am declaring the inmost desire of my heart. The moment I saw you, my heart was at your feet, and so I am your slave. For your sake I am patiently performing this hateful task of carrying wood.

*Mir.* Do you love me ?

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

70

*Mir.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pros.* [*Aside*]. Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em !

*Fer.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mir.* [At mine unworthiness that dare not offer  
What I desire to give, and much less take  
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
To bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !]  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die your maid ; to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

80

*Fer.* My mistress, dearest ;  
And I thus humble ever.

*Mir.* My husband, then ?

*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't ; and now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

91

*Fer.* A thousand thousand !

[ *Exeunt FERD ! NAND and MIRANDA severally.*

*Pros.* So gland of this as they I cannot be,  
Who are surprised withal ; but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,  
For yet ere supper-time must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

[ *Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO.*

*Steph.* Tell not me ; when the butt is out, well drink  
water : not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em.  
Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island !  
They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three  
of them ; if th' other two be brained like us, the

*Fer.* O heaven, O earth, stand surety for my speech and yield favourable result of my profession if I speak truth ; if I speak insincerely, turn the best promise or fortune to misfortune. I love, esteem and respect you beyond the measure of anything else in world.

*Mir.* I must be silly when I weep at what I rejoice to hear.

*Pros.* [ *Aside* ] A lovely sight of two who love each other most devotedly ! May heavens bless their love !

*Fer.* Why do you weep ?

*Mir.* I weep, thinking of my own unworthy self, and I dare not give you what my heart most desires to make an offering of, and I dare much less take what I am dying to have. But it matters not. The more I try to hide, the more it reveals itself. Away with this false, affected modesty ! Let simple and sacred innocence be my help ! I am your wife, if you will marry me, if not, I will die unmarried, and be ever devoted to you. You may refuse to make me your companion, but I will ever be yours, whether you will have me or not.

*Fer.* My sweet lady, I will ever be your humble servant.

*Mir.* You will be my husband then ?

*Fer.* Yes, and as gladly and willingly as a prisoner will welcome freedom. Here is my hand in confirmation of the pledge.

*Mir.* Here is my hand, and my heart goes with it. Now farewell ! For half an hour we shall not see each other.

*Fer.* A thousand farewells !

[ *Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*

*Pros.* It must have rejoiced their hearts more than mine. They are surprised too. Yet I could not have more delighted in anything else. I will have recourse to my book of magic. Before supper-time I must do many necessary things.

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

*Steph.* Do not talk to me. When the cask is empty and the supply of wine is gone, we shall drink water ; not a drop of water before that. Therefore let us attack the cask of wine. Servant-monster, drink my health.

*Trin.* A servant-monster indeed. What foolery there must be on this island ! It is said that there are but five on this island ; we are three of them ; if the other two have no more brains as we three, then the state will collapse.

*Steph.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

*Trin.* Where should they be set else ? He were a brave monester indeed, if they were set in his tail. 11

*Steph.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

*Steph.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither ; but you'll lie, like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

*Steph.* Moon-calf, speak, once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf. 21

*Cal.* How does thy honour ? Let me lick thy shoe ; I'll not serve him ; he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster : I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster ?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me ! wilt thou let him, my lord ? 30

*Trin.* 'Lord' quoth he ! That a monster should be such a natural !

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again ! bite him to death, I prithee.

*Steph.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head ; if you prove a mutineer—the next tree ! The poor monster's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

*Steph.* Marry, will I : kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 40

*Enter ARIEL invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou : I would my valiant master would destroy thee ! I do not lie.

*Steph.* Drink, servant-monster, when I command you. Your eyes are fixed in your head and are staring out of their sockets.

*Trin.* His eyes could not have been fixed elsewhere. He would be a fine monster, if his eyes were set in his tail.

*Steph.* My servant-monster is dumb though being overwhelmed by sack (wine). As for myself the sea (also a sea of sack) cannot drown me. I swam, before I reached the shore thirty-five leagues more or less. I swear that you shall be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard-bearer.

*Trin.* He may be the lieutenant, if it may please you ; but he is no good as standard-bearer.

*Steph.* Monster, don't you suppose that we shall run away from the enemy.

*Trin.* Going or running makes little difference to you. You would better lie on the ground like a dog and keep quiet.

*Steph.* Say something, good monster, for once at least.

*Cal.* How is your lordship ? Let me like the dust of your feet. I will not serve him ; he is not courageous.

*Trin.* You lie, deluded monster. I am strong enough to knock down a constable. Why you, drunken fish, was ever a man a coward who had drunk so much wine as I today ? You are half a fish and half a monster—will you tell a lie that would rather befitt a monster ?

*Cal.* Look, he jeers at me. Will you let him do so, my lord ?

*Trin.* He says, "Lord !" I wonder that a monster should be such a fool !

*Cal.* See, he starts at it again. Kill him for me.

*Steph.* Trinculo, speak civilly. If you turn a rebel, I will hang you on the next tree. The wretched monster is my subject and he must not be insulted.

*Cal.* I am grateful to you my lord. Will you be pleased to listen once more to the petition that I made to you.

*Steph.* Yes, surely. Kneel and repeat your petition.

*Enter Ariel, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told you before, a tyrant rules me. He is a magician and by his skill in magic, he has robbed me of this island.

*Ari.* You lie.

*Cal.* You lie, you insulting monkey (*Caliban suppresses* Trinuculo interrupts him). I with my master would finally am telling the truth.



*Steph.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Steph.* Mum, then, and no more.—[To CALIBAN.  
Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;  
From me he got it. If thy greatness will  
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,  
But this thing dare not,—

*Steph.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

*Steph.* How now shall this be compassed ?  
Canst thou bring me to the party ?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Art.* Thou liest ; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this ! Thou scurvy patch !  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him ; when that's gone  
He shall drink naught but brine ; for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

*Steph* Trinculo, run into no further danger ; interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I ? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

*Steph.* Didst thou not say he lied.

*Art.* Thou liest.

*Steph.* Do I so ? take thou that. [*Beats TRINCULO.*]  
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin* I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too ? A plague o' your bottle ! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Steph.* Now, forward with your tale.  
Prithee, stand further off.

[To TRIN.

*Cal.* Beat him enough : after a little time,  
I'll beat him too.

*Steph.* Stand further. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,  
I'th' afternoon to sleep ; there thou mayst brain him,

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*Steph.* Trinculo, if you interrupt him again in his narrative, I will knock out some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Steph.* I say, hush, and I want to hear you speak no more. [To Caliban.] Go on.

*Cal.* I say, by magic he possessed himself of this island. He robbed me of it. If your lordship will be pleased to avenge in on him—for I know that you have the courage to do it, but this creature (*Pointing to Trinculo*) is no good—

*Steph.* That is very true.

*Cal.* Then you will be master of this island, and I will serve you.

*Steph.* How can this be accomplished? Can you bring us to meet?

*Cal.* Yes, my lord, I shall hand him over to you when he is asleep, and then you drive a nail into his head.

*Ari.* You lie, it is not so easy.

*Cal.* What a fool is this creature? You stinking wretch! I pray you, my lord, give him a good thrashing, and snatch away the bottle of wine from him. When he is deprived of the bottle, he shall drink nothing but salt water; for I will not show him where fresh-water springs are.

*Steph.* Trinculo; I warn you again. If you interrupt the monster again, I will show no mercy, and beat you as a dried cod is beaten before it is boiled.

*Trin.* Why, I did nothing. Well, I will remove myself from your company.

*Steph.* Did you not say that he lied?

*Ari.* You lie.

*Steph.* Do I lie? Here, this is for you. [*Beats Trinculo*]. If you savour it well, contradict me again.

*Trin.* I did not contradict you. You seem to be out of your senses. Curse your bottle? This is the result of your drinking. I curse you and your monster.

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Steph.* Now, go on with your story. [*to Trinculo*]. Please, move a little off.

*Cal.* Give him a good beating. I shall also take part in beating him.

*Steph.* Stand off. Well, now go on.

*Cal.* As I told you, it is his (*Prospero's*) practice to sleep in the afternoon. Then you can knock out his brains, having

Having first seized his books, or with a log  
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
*First to possess his books* ; for without them  
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him  
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.  
 He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—  
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
 And that most deeply to consider is  
 The beauty of ~~his~~ daughter, he himself  
 Calls her a nonpareil ; I never saw a woman,  
 But only Sycorax my dam and she ;  
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
 As great'st does least.

*Steph.* Is it so brave a less ?

*Cal.* Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant. 100  
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Steph.* Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and I  
 will be king and queen,—save our graces !—and Trinculo and  
 thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Steph.* Give me thy hand ; I am sorry I beat thee ; but,  
 while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half hour will he be asleep ;  
 Wilt thou destroy him then ?

*Steph.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master. 110

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry ; I am full of pleasure :  
 Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch.  
 You taught me but while-ere ?

*Steph.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any  
 reason.

Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[ *Sings.*

[ *Sings.* ] Flout 'em and scout 'em ;  
 And scout 'em and flout 'em ;  
 Thought is free.

*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[ *ARIEL, plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

*Steph.* What is this same ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture  
 of Nodody. 120

*Steph.* If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness ;  
 if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

first secured his books, or with a log break his skull, or run him through the belly with a pointed piece of wood, or cut his throat with your knife. But mind that you seize his books first ; for without his books he is as helpless a fool as I am, and cannot command a single spirit. All the spirits (that serve him) hate him with as deadly a hatred as I. Burn his books for safety. He has a lot of fine stuff—‘utensils’ as he calls them—with which he will decorate his house, when he will have one. The point you must seriously consider is the beauty of his daughter. He calls her a paragon of beauty—I never saw a woman but my mother Sycorax and her (Miranda)—and she is far superior to Sycorax.

*Steph.* Is it a lovely girl ?

*Cal.* Yes my lord ; she will best grace your bed and bear you fine children.

*Steph.* Monster, I will kill this man. I will be king and his daughter will be my queen. May God help us. Trinculo and yourself shall be my deputies. Do you approve of the plot, Trinculo ?

*Trin.* Yes, it is excellent.

*Steph.* Let me grasp your hand. I am sorry that I beat you. But all your life you must behave.

*Cal.* In less than half an hour he will be asleep. Will you kill him then ?

*Steph.* Yes, I swear (to kill him).

*Ari.* I will communicate this to my master.

*Cal.* You make me feel so jubilant. I am in a mood to be gay. Let us be merry. Will you sing the tune that you taught me a little while ago.

*Steph.* Anything that is reasonable to please you, monster. Well Trinculo, let us sing. [ *Sings.*

[*Sings*]. Flout 'em and scout 'em  
And scout 'em and flout 'em ;  
Thought is free.

*Ca.* It is not the same tune.

[ *Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and*

*Steph.* What do I hear ?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our song, played by an ~~English~~ being.

*Steph.* If you be a man, reveal yourself in your ~~trunk~~  
if you be a devil, please yourself.

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins!

*Steph.* He that dies plays all debts : I defy thee.—  
Mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Art thou afeard ?

*Steph.* No monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard : the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears : and sometimes voices,  
That, If I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again ; and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

130

*Steph.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I  
shall have my music for nothing.

140

*Cal.* When prospero is destroyed.

*Steph.* That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

*Trin.* The sound is going away ; let's follow it and after do  
our work.

*Steph.* Lead monster : we'll follow. I would I could see  
this taborer ! he lays it on.

*Trin.* [To CAL.] Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter ADRIAN, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,  
ALONSO, FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir ;  
My old bones ache : here's maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders ! By your patience,  
I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits ; sit down and rest.  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer ; he is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

10

*Ant.* [Aside to SEB.] I am right glad that he's so out of  
hope.

*Trin.* O forgive me my sins !

*Steph.* He that dies has nothing to fear. I defy you. May God have mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Are you frightened ?

*Steph.* Certainly not I, monster.

*Cal.* Do not get frightened. This island is full of unknown sounds and melodies, which delight us, and which are harmless. Sometimes a good many stringed instruments will assail my ears with music. Sometimes I hear voices which will make me sleep again if I have waked from sleep. Then in dreams the sky seemed to open and to be ready to shower pearls upon me, so that when I waked from sleep, I wished to sleep and dream again.

*Steph.* This will prove a fine kingdom for me ; and I shall have free music for my entertainment.

*Cal.* Yes, when Prospero is put out of the way.

*Steph.* It shall be done soon. I remember every thing that you have told me.

*Trin.* The sound is retreating. Let us follow it and afterwards carry out our plan.

*Steph.* Go ahead, monster, We shall follow you. I wish I could see this fellow who played on a tabor. He does it with skill.

*Trin.* Will you go [to Caliban]. I will follow, Stephano.

SCENE III. *Another part of the island.*

*Enter* Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,  
Adrian, Francisco *and others.*

*Gon.* By the Virgin Mary, I can proceed no further. My old limbs are full of pain. We have indeed gone through a labyrinth—through straight paths and winding passages. With your leave I must rest.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot reproach you. I am myself tired and my spirits are depressed. Sit down and rest. Even at this place I will abandon my hope. What's the good of keeping it to deceive myself ? He is drowned. We are seeking him in vain. The sea seems to be smiling at our fruitless search on land. Well, he is gone.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] I am so glad that he has abandoned

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolved to effect.

*Seb.* [*Aside to ANT.*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.

*Ant.* [*Aside to SEB.*] Let it be to-night ;  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to ANT.*] I say, to-night : no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What harmony is this ?—My good friends, hark !

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music !

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter below, several strange  
Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; they dance about it with  
gentle actions of salutation ; and inviting the King,  
etc., to eat ; they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were these ?

*Seb.* A living drollery. Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns ; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true ; travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gon.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say, I saw such islanders—  
For, certes, these are people of the island—  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse  
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,  
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.* No matter, since  
They have left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.—  
Will't please you taste of what is there ?

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all hope. Do not, because you have met with defeat once renounce the purpose you resolved to carry out.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] We must make proper use of the next opportunity.

*Ant.* [*Aside to Seb.*] Let us do it to-night. Now they are quite exhausted, and will not, and cannot keep as strict a guard as when they are fresh.

*Seb.* [*Aside to Ant.*] So, we will do it to-night. No more of this at present.

[*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What music is this? My good friends, listen!

*Gon.* Exquisitely sweet music!

*Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter below several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, etc., to eat; they depart.*

*Alon.* May god give us angels to protect us! What these mysterious Shapes are likely to be.

*Seb.* A dumb-show by living persons. Now I shall believe that there are unicorns, that in Arabia there is a single tree, the seat of the phoenix, and that there is only one phoenix who is alive now.

*Ant.* I shall believe both and what else seems to be incredible, I shall say, is true, whenever I hear it. Travellers did not lie, though we are fools who try to discredit them.

*Gon.* If in Naples I repeat the story, will they believe me? If I were to say that I saw such islanders—for certainly' they are people of the island—who, though they look monsters, yet observe, have more gentle and courteous manners than you find many, nay, almost any men to possess.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord, what you say is true; for some of the men present here are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot help wondering much at these strange beings, their movements and their music. Though they seem to be wanting in speech, they make their meaning understandable by signs.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Do not praise too early—until the feast is ended.

*Fran.* They disappeared mysteriously.

*Seb.* It does not matter, since they have left the banquet behind. We are hungry. Will you please taste the feast?



Alon.

Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,  
 Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
 Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men  
 Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find  
 Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
 Good warrant of.

Alon.

I will stand to, and feed,

Although my last ; no matter, since I feel  
 The best is passed. Brother, my lord the duke,  
 Stand to and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy ;  
 claps his wings upon the table ; and, with a quaint  
 device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
 That hath to instrument this lower world  
 And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caused to belch up you ; and on this island  
 Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men  
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;  
 And even with such-like valour men hang and drown  
 Their proper selves. [ALON., SEB. etc. draw their swords.

You fools ! I and my fellows

Are ministers of Fate : the elements,  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowe that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers  
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
 Your swords are not to massy for your strengths,  
 And will not be uplifted. But remember—  
 For that's my business to you—that you three  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
 Him and his innocent child ; for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me  
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from—  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls  
 Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow  
 And a clear life ensuing.

*Alon.* Not I.

*Gon.* You need not have any fear, sir. In our boyhood no one would believe that there were mountaineers, with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat like a bull's, that there were men whose heads were placed in their breasts. These facts are now attested by every traveller who goes abroad after investing at the rate of five (pounds) for one in return.

*Alon.* I will not shrink, but partake the feast, though it may be my last meal. It does not matter, since the best part of my life is gone. Brother, my lord the duke, let us partake the feast.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIAL like a harpy ; claps his wings upon the table ; and with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three sinners. Destiny, which uses all earthly powers as instruments, has made the ever-greedy sea throw you up, on this island which is uninhabited because you are most unfit to live among men. I have driven you mad. In the fit of desperation that you are in, men hang and drown themselves.

[ *Alon., Seb., etc. draw their swords.*

You fools ! I and my comrades are agents of Fate. With the material of which your swords are made, you may as well inflict wounds upon the invisible winds, as with stabs that are simply laughed at cut through the sheet of water that ever closes up the gap, as remove one single fibre from my feathers. My comrades are similarly incapable of being wounded. If you were able to inflict any wounds with your swords, now you will find that they are too heavy for you to lift up. But remember—for it is my errand to you—that you three replaced good Prospero from Milan, put him out to sea, and the sea now avenges the wrong done to him and his child. For this treacherous deed the unseen powers, which only put off, but did not forget, the punishment due to you, have stirred up the sea land and all created things to give you no peace. They have robbed you, Alonso, of your son, and pronounce by me that a long drawn-out doom, more, painful than death, will dog your steps. If you want to protect yourself from their doom—which otherwise falls upon you in this solitary and barren island—you can do nothing but to repent sincerely and lead a blameless life henceforth.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the SHAPES again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

*Pros. [Aside.]* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring !  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,  
And these, mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions ; they now are in my power ;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,—  
And his and mine loved darling. [ Exit ab

*Gon.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare ?

*Alon.* [ O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper ; it did bass my trespass,  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded. [ Exit.

*Seb.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Ant.* I'll be thy second".

[ Exeunt SEB. and ANT.

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to.

*Adr.* Follow, I pray you.

[ Exeunt.

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the  
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows,  
and carrying out the table.*

*Pros. [Aside.]* You have nicely played the part of the harpy, my Ariel. Most neatly it was done, the banquet being spirited away. You have omitted no particulars of my instructions. Similarly, the lower spirits who serve me have performed their respective parts in the most life-like manner and with utmost accuracy. My potent magic is acting successfully. These my enemies are all entangled in a strange confusion. Now they are absolutely under my control. In this fit of distraction I leave them, while I go to see Ferdinand, who, they suppose, is drowned and Miranda, who is beloved of him and me. *[Exit.]*

*Gon.* Graciousness ! Why are you, sir, standing thus in a bewildered state ?

*Alon.* O, it is most staggering. It seemed to me that the waves spoke and warned me of it ; the winds sang it to me, and the thunder, with a voice as deep and solemn as that of an organ, mentioned the name of Prospero ; it proclaimed in a loud voice my offence. Now I understand that my son is lying at the bottom of the sea. I shall have to seek him deeper than ever a sounding-line reached, and lie with him in the sea-bed. *[Exit.]*

*Seb.* Let me meet but one devil at a time, and I shall fight the whole lot of them.

*Ant.* I shall assist you. *[Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.]*

*Gon.* All three of them are in a violent mood. Their sin, like poison which has been allowed to work inside long, now begins to infect their spirits. I pray you, who have more active and quicker limbs, to follow them fast and prevent what they may be driven to do in their fit of madness.

*Adr.* Do follow them please. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere<sup>ly</sup> punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends, for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live ; who once again  
I tender to thy hand ; all the vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand !  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,  
And make it halt behind her.

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But  
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
Sour-eyed, disdain and discord shall bestrew  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.]

*Fer.* [As I hope  
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,  
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion  
Our worser genius can, shall never melt  
Mine honour into lust, to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think, or Phoebus steeds are founder'd  
Or Night kept chain'd below]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.*

*Pros.* If I have been too hard upon you, it is fully made up to you now, for I have given you now a third part of my existence, or rather all I live for. I offer it to you again. All the annoyances that you had suffered were meant to test your love and you have wonderfully endured the trial. Here with God to witness I confirm the treasured gift that I have made to you. O Ferdinand, do not ridicule me that I commend her so highly, for you shall find that she is beyond all praises.

*Fer.* I do believe it even if an oracle were to say nay to it.

*Pros.* Then as a gift from me to you and as your own deserving, here is my daughter for you, and you have won her by your love. But if you loosen the girdle of her maidenhood before all the rites of holy matrimony have been performed, the Heavens will not shed any blessings on this love, but will sow between you hatred, bitterness and strife, and your married life will be a hell. So be careful and let the holy dictates of matrimony guide you.

*Fer.* As I expect peaceful days, lawful children and long life, loving as I do now in all honour, I shall not let myself be tempted by the darkest cave—the place most favourable for the action—when the evil nature prompts one to sacrifice honour to lust so as to rob myself of the intense enjoyment of the day the marriage is celebrated when I shall think that either the horses of the Sun-god have broken down, or Night has been kept chained in her cave.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.  
Sit then and talk with her ; she is thine own.  
What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? Here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner follows your last service  
Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
In such another trick. God Bring the rabble,  
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place :  
Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
Some vanity of mine art ; it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say 'come' and 'go',  
And breathe twice, and cry 'so, so,'  
Each one, tripping on his toe,  
Will be here with mop and mow.  
Do you love me, master ? No ?

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. *[Exit.]*

*Pros.* Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire i' the blood ! be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow !

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir ;  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*Pros.* Well !  
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,  
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and pertly !  
No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent.

*[ Soft music ]*

*Enter Iris.*

IRIS. [ Ceres, most bounteous lady, the rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and peace ;  
Thy trufy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep ;  
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,  
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broomgroves,

*Pros.* This is well-spoken. Sit then and talk with Miranda. She is yours. Ho, Ariel ! my ever diligent servant.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* What would my powerful master desire of me ? I am here.

*Pros.* You are your fellow-spirits played your parts well last time. I am going to employ you in another such illusion. Go and bring the band of spirits, over whom I give you power, to this place. Hurry them up, for I must show to this young couple some illusion which my magic can produce. I have promised it, and they expect it.

*Ari.* Immediately ?

*Pros.* Yes, in the twinkling of an eye.

*Ari.* In a minute before you can say 'come' and 'go' and draw your breath twice, each one of the spirits will be here lightly skipping and making gesture. Do you love me, master ? Don't you ?

*Pros.* I love you dearly, my dainty Ariel. Do not come till you hear me call.

*Ari.* I understand, sir.

*(Exit.)*

*Pros.* Be careful that you keep your vow. Do not too freely indulge in amorous sports. The strongest oaths like the merest straw are consumed in the fire of passion. Be more temperate, or your vow is no good.

*Fer.* I assure you, sire, that the purity of my sentiment cools the ardour of my passion.

*Pros.* Well now come, Ariel. Being a large number of spirits than are actually needed. Appear and that quickly. Do not please talk, but keep your eyes open and observed.

*[Soft music.]*

*Enter Iris.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most generous lady, your rich (arable) fields of wheat rye, barely, vetches oats and peas, the grass covered mountain, where sheep graze, and plain meadows covered with hay, that they may feed the sheep, your banks, overgrown with marsh marigolds and ridge, which showery April bedecks, that the chaste nymphs might make their crown and your broom-groves, whose shadow is affected by the rejected lover,





when he is forsaken by his lady-love, your vineyard with poles hard as rock, where you air yourself, the Queen of the sky (Juno), whose rainbow and messenger I am, bids you leave your favourite haunts and come and sport with the majestic Juno here on this lawn, in this very place. Her peacocks are drawing near apace. Come bounteous Ceres, to give her a welcome.

*Enter Ceres.*

*Cer.* Welcome, many-coloured messenger, who never disobey Jupiter's wife, who with your saffron wings scatters moisture as good as honey to the flowers, bringing new life to them, and who spread her bow through the length of the sky, covering both my bush-covered fields and my bare tract of hill, a glorious kerchief to my proud earth. Why has your Queen summoned me to this trim lawn ?

*Iris.* My Queen has summoned you to bless the betrothal of two lovers, and bestow some favour on them.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly bow, if Venus or her son, as you know, is waiting on the Queen ? Since they plotted the means by which the dark Pluto got my daughter (Proserpine), I have renounced their scandalous company.

*Iris.* Do not worry about her. I met her and her son, proceeding through the clouds towards Paphos, in their chariot drawn by doves. Here they intended to stir up lustful desires in this man and the maid by their magic power, but they have taken the vow that they would not come together until the wedding rites had been celebrated. Venus and her son did not succeed. Mar's passionate darling has, therefore, returned. Her irritable son has broken his arrows and swears that he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows, and be a boy at once.

*Cer.* The majestic Queen of heaven, Juno, comes. I know her by her stately dignity.

*Enter Juno.*

*Juno.* How is my bountiful sister ? Come with me to bless this couple, that they may be prosperous and glorified in their children. [*They sing.*

*Juno.* Honour, riches, the blessings of married life, long



when he is forsaken by his lady-love, your vineyard with poles hard as rock, where you air yourself, the Queen of the sky (Juno), whose rainbow and messenger I am, bids you leave your favourite haunts and come and sport with the majestic Juno here on this lawn, in this very place. Her peacocks are drawing near apace. Come bounteous Ceres, to give her a welcome.

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*Cer.* The majestic Queen of heaven, Juno, comes. I know her by her stately dignity.

*Enter Juno.*

*Juno.* How is my bountiful sister ? Come with me to bless this couple, that they may be prosperous and glorified in their children.

[*They sing.*

*Juno.* Honour, riches, the blessings of married life, long

Hourly joys be still upon you !  
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison plenty,  
Barns and garner never empty ;  
Vines with clustering bunches growing,  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing ;  
Spring come to you at the farthest,  
In the very end of harvest !  
Scarcity and want shall shun you,  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

*Fer.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Fer.* Let me live here ever ;  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise  
Make this place paradise. [*JUNO and CERES whisper, and*  
*send IRIS on employment.*

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence !  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering  
  brooks  
With your sedged crowns and ever harmless looks,  
Leaves your crisp channels and on this green land  
Answer your summons ; Juno does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love ; be not late.

*Enter certain NYMPHS.*

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;  
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain REAPERS properly habited: they join with the NYMPHS in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange hollow, and confused noise they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life ; the minute of their plot

duration and increase of the same, hourly joys may ever attend you ! Juno sings her blessing upon you.

**Cer.** May you ever have the plenty of earth's products, barns and garner's ever filled, vines, laden with clustering bunches, and trees laden with fruit, and let spring come at the end of the harvest, cutting out the winter. May scarcity and want avoid you. Thus Ceres blesses you !

**Fer.** This is most splendid vision, attended by music, which has been called forth by your magic. May I venture to think that these are spirits ?

**Pros.** Yes, they are spirits. By my magic I have summoned them from the limits to which they are confined to execute my passing fancies.

**Fer.** I should like to live here for ever. A father-in-law who is able to perform such rare wonders, and is wise too, makes this place a veritable heaven.

*Juno & Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

**Pros.** Keep quiet now, my darling, Juno and Ceres whisper solemnly. There is something else going to be done. Silence, or our spell will be annulled.

**Iris.** You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wandering rivers, with your crowns made of sedge, and gentle and innocent looks, leave your rivers, marked by gentle ripples, and appear on these corn-fields. It is Juno's command. Come chaste nymphs, and help to celebrate the betrothal of true lovers. Be quick !

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sunburnt reapers, weary of your labour in the month of August, come here from the field, and enjoy a merry holiday ; put on your eye-straw hats, and join these nymphs, lately summoned, in country dance.

*Enter certain Reapers properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks : after which, to a strange, hollow and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

**Pros.** [Aside.] I had forgotten the base plot of the beastly Caliban and his associates against my life. The time is come

Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done ! avoid ! no more !

*Fer.* This is strange : your father's in some passion  
That work him strongly.

*Mir.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* Yo do look, my son, in a moved sort,  
As if you were dismay'd ; be cheerful, sir,  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ; 150  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;  
Bear with my weakness : my old brains is troubled ;  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity ; 160  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell  
And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

*Fer., Mir.* We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

*Pros.* Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel ; come.

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure ?

*Pros.* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

*Ari.* Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,  
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee. 169

*Pros.* Say agian, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;  
So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music ; so I charm'd their ears  
That calf-like they my lowing followed' through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns, 180  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

when they will execute their plot. [*To the Spirits*] Well done ! depart ! no more !

*Fer.* This is strange. Your father is in a strong gust of emotion which agitates him powerfully.

*Mir.* Never till this day did I see him, wrought by such a violent passion.

*Pros.* You look, my son (son-in-law), much amazed, as if you were frightened. Cheer up, sir. Our diversions are now finished. These our actors, as I told you before, were all spirits, and have returned to the invisible air. Like this vision so immaterial and unsubstantial, the lofty towers, the stately palaces, the sacred temples, the universe itself, and all that it contains, shall melt away and like this illusion, when it is gone, leave not a trace behind. We are no more real than dreams, and our short life is terminated by a sleep. Sir, I am upset. Excuse my weakness. Something is troubling me. Do not please notice my weakness. If you desire, you may withdraw to my cell and rest. I shall walk a little to compose my troubled mind.

*Fer. Mir.* We wish that you may soon recover your peace of mind. [*Exeunt.*]

*Pros.* Come as quick as thought. I thak you Ariel, come.

*Enter Ariel.*

*Ari.* I obey your merest wish as soon as it is born in your mind. What do you want me to do ?

*Pros.* Spirits, we must prepare to counteract Caliban.

*Ari.* Yes, my lord. When I represented Ceres, I intended to have told you of it, but I feared that you might be displeased.

*Pros.* Tell me where you left these wretches.

*Ari.* I told you, sir that they were flushed with drinking, so full of the dare-devil spirit that they struck at the air for blowing upon their faces ; beat the ground for being in contact with their feet ; yet they never forgot their plot. Then I played on my tabor, when like unbroken horses, they reared their ears, lifted their eyes, sniffed as if they smelt music. I so enchanted them by the music that they followed me as calves follow the lowing of their dams. They followed me through prickly shrubs and plants, which tore their legs. At last I left them in the foul and dirty pool on the further side of your cell. They are splashing and struggling in that pool, which smelt awfully bad.



*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.

*Ari.*

I go, I go.

[*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nature can never stick ; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;  
And as with age his body uglier grows ;  
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible, Enter CALIBAN,  
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

*Steph.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless  
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us. Do  
you hear, monster ? If I should take a displeasure against you,  
look you—

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Good my lord, give me thy favour still.  
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to  
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore speaks softly.  
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

*Steph.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,  
monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting ; yet this is  
your harmless fairy, monster.

*Steph.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for  
my labour.

*Cal.* Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,  
This is the mouth o'the cell ; no noise, and enter.  
Do that good mischief which may make this island.  
Thine own ever, and I, thy Caliban,  
For aye thy foot-licker.

*Steph.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O peer ! O worthy Stephano !  
look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a  
frippery. O King Stephano !

*Pros.* It was well done my Ariel. Keep yourself still invisible. You know the gaudy hpparel in my house, go and bring it here, and put it out as a decoy to catch these thieves.

*Ari.* Yes, I am off.

*Pros.* Caliban is a born devil. His nature can receive no culture. All my pains, taken for him from a kindly consideration, are utterly wasted. As with age his body grows uglier, his mind worsens too. I shall torment them all till they roar in pain and fear.

*Re-enter Ariel, loaded with glistering apparel, etc.*

Yes, hang them out on the line (or clothes-line).

*Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, all wet.*

*Cal.* Do please walk noiselessly so that the old fellow may not hear a footfall. We are now near his cell.

*Steph.* Monster, the fairy of the island, who, you say, is harmless, has played a dirty trick upon us. Are you listening, monster? If I should be offended with you, look out for trouble.

*Trin.* Oh, yes, if he were offended, it would be all up with you.

*Cal.* My good lord, continue your favour to me still. Use your patience, for the conquest that you will make through me will more than make up for the misadventure. Therefore speak under breath. All is yet as quiet as midnight.

*Trin.* To lose our bottles in the pool that cannot be made up.

*Steph.* That misadventure involves not only humiliation but an irreparable loss.

*Trin.* I mind the loss more than my drenching. And you say, monster, that the fairy is harmless.

*Steph.* I shall go back and recover the bottle, though it may be at the risk of my life.

*Cal.* I beg you, my king have patience. Look here ; this is the mouth of the cell. Make no noise, and enter. Do that act of murder which will give you the possession of this island, and of me, Caliban, your ever-devoted slave.

*Steph.* That's right. My blood is boiling up.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O noble pear ! O worthy Stephano !

Behold, what splendid apparel is here for you !

*Cal.* You fool leave it alone. Is is no good stuff.

*Trin.* Oh, monster you need not teach us what is not good stuff O King Stephano !

*Steph.* Put off that gown, Trinculo : by this hand I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! What do you mean. 230  
To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's alone  
And do the murder first ; if he awake,  
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches  
Make us strange stuff.

*Steph.* Be you quiet, monster, 'mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line ; now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

*Trin.* Do, do : we steal by line and level, an't like your grace. 239

*Steph.* I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't ; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous low.

*Steph.* Monster, lay to your fingers : help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to, carry this. 251

*Trin.* And this.

*Steph.* Aye, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about ; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey !

*Ari.* Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Furry, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark ! hark !

*[CALIBAN STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, are driven out,*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat o' mountain

*Ari.*

Hark, they roar ! 260

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour

Lies at my mercy all mine enemies ;  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,  
Follow, and do me service.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Steph.* Put off that gown, Trinculo. I swear I must have it.

*Trin.* Certainly your majesty shalt have it.

*Cal.* May dropsy afflict and kill this fool! What do you mean by being enamoured of such trash? Let us proceed and leave it behind. First do the murder. If he awakes, he will torment us with pinches from top to toe, and turn us into queer creatures.

*Steph.* Shut up, monster. Mistress line (lime tree), is not this my jacket? Now is the jacket under the line (a pun on the sense of equator); now jacket, you are likely to lose your hair and prove a hairless jacket.

*Trin.* That's right. We steal by line and level (*i. e.*, systematically), if it may please your majesty.

*Steph.* I thank you for the jest. Take this garment as a reward. While I am king of this island, I shall always patronize wit and intelligence. 'Steal by line and level' is a nice sally of wit. Here is another garment for it.

*Trin.* Monster, put some bird-lime on your fingers and remove all the rest of apparel.

*Cal.* I do not want any of the stuff. We shall but waste our time, and we shall all be turned to branches, or to apes with miserably low foreheads.

*Steph.* Monster, make use of your figures. Help to carry away all the apparel where my barrel of wine is, or I shall turn you out of my kingdom. Start straightway. Take this.

*Trin.* Take this.

*Steph.* Yes and this too.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about ;  
Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

*Pros.* Ho ; Mountain, ho !

*Ari.* Silver ! There it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Fury, Fury ! there Tyrant, there ! listen ! listen !

[ Caliban, Stephano & Trinculo are driven out.

Go and bid my spirits that they fill their joints with racking pain so that they feel choked, contract their muscles with cramps such as the old suffer from, and make them more spotted with pinches than a leopard or a panther.

*Arl* Listen, they roar.

*Pros.* Let them be hunted thoroughly. At this hour all my enemies lie absolutely under my power. Presently my labours will end, and you shall be free to roam through the air. For a little while follow me and do my bidding.

[ *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before PROSPERO's cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head :  
my charms crack not ; my spirits obey : and time  
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day ?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the King and 's followers ?

*Ari.* Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir,  
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell ;  
They cannot budge till your release. The King,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,  
And the remainder mourning over them.  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo',  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so spirit ?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* [And mine shall.  
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself ;  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part : the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

*Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.*

*Pros.* Now my plan is ripening to a successful issue. My magic is working : my spirits are obedient, and time seems to be quite in my favour. What is the time of the day ?

*Ari.* It is on the stroke of six, at which my master you said, our work will come to an end.

*Pros.* I said so, when I first raised the tempest. Tell me, spirit, how the King and his followers are doing.

*Ari.* I have shut them up in the way you bade me do—they are just as you left them. They are all prisoners in the line-grove which protects your cell from the weather. They cannot move till you release them. The King, his brother and your, stay all three in a state of bewilderment, and the rest of them lamenting for them, overwhelmed with grief and terror ; but particularly he whom you called, sir, 'the good old lord, Gonzalo,' lets tears flow down his beard, like the icicles of winter dripping from a thatched roof. Your magic acts so powerfully upon them that if you now see them, your heart will be moved.

*Pros.* Do you think so, spirit ?

*Ari.* My heart would be moved, sir, if I were not a spirit.

*Pros.* Mine shall. When you, being a spirit are sensible of their distress, shall not myself one of them feeling joy and sorrow as acutely being as affected by emotion as they are, be moved more deeply than you are ? Though the wrongs they have done me, go deep into my heart, yet I shall combat my desire of revenge with loftier reason. The more uncommon, and therefore the more excellent action is in showing forgiveness than in taking revenge. As they are repentant,

The sole drift of my purpose both extend  
 Not a frown further.] Go release them, Ariel :  
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari.

I'll fetch them, sir.

[Exit.

Pros. [Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and  
 groves ;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
 When he comes back : you demi-puppets that  
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,  
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
 The noontide sun call'd forth the mutinous winds  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
 Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt ; the strong based promontory  
 Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
 The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
 Have waked their sleepers, oped and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
 I here abjure, and, when I have required  
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,  
 To work mine end upon their senses that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
 I'll drown my book.]

[Solemn music.

*Re-enter ARIEL before ; then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture,  
 attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO, in like  
 manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO ; they all  
 enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there  
 stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd within thy skull ! There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopp'd.  
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves space,  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

all my wrath is forgotten. Go and set them free from the spell, Ariel. I shall dissolve the spell I have cast upon them, and restore them to sanity, and they shall be their old normal selves again.

*Ari.* I shall bring them, sir.

[ *Exit.*

*Pros.* You fairies of hills, streams, motionless lakes and groves, and you who on the sandy shore follow the receding waves of the sea and run away as they begin to rush towards the shore ; you, tiny beings, that draw the green circle by moonlight, on which sheep do not feed ; you who are delighted to hear the curfew, and cause the mushrooms to spring up at midnight. By your assistance, though you are but weak agents, when left to yourselves. I have darkened the midday sun ; raised the contending storms, set the blue sky and the sea fighting each other ; I have given execution to the thunder of Jove and riven open his (Jove's) oak with his thunder-bolt ; I have made the rocky coast shake and pulled up the pine and cedar by the roots ; graves have opened at my command, and let forth their inmates under my magical power. But the powerful magic I now renounce, and after I have requisitioned some heavenly music, which I need now to restore their senses, good as the spell wrought by spirits of the air must be for them, I shall break my magic wand, bury it deep down in the earth and sink my book of magic deeper in the sea than the sounding-line ever reached.

[*Solemn music.*

*Re-enter Ariel, before ; then Alonso, with a frantic gesture, attended by Gonzalo ; Sebastian and Antonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco ; they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed ; which Prospero observing speaks.*

May a solemn tune which is the best soother to a troubled imagination, cure your madness which now possesses your brains. Stand there, for you are under enchantment. Virtuous Gonzalo, honourable man, my eyes weep tears of sympathy in response to yours. The spell is yielding, and as the light of dawn encroaches upon the night, dissolving the darkness, so their returning senses begin to dispel the mists of ignorance,



Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantie  
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces  
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly  
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.  
 Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, Flesh and blood,  
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and the nature ; who, with Sebastian—  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—  
 Would here have kill'd your King : I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding  
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
 That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them  
 That yet looks on me, would know me. Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and repair in my cell ;  
 I will discase me, and myself present  
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit ;  
 Thou shall ere long free.

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
 There I couch when owls do cry,  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*Pros.* Why that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;  
 But yet thou shalt have freedom : so, so, so.  
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art :  
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain  
 Being awake, enforce them to this place,  
 And presently, I prithee.

*Art.* I drink the air before me, and return  
 Or are your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement  
 Inhabits here : Some heavenly power guide us  
 Out of this fearful country !

*Pros.* Behold, sir King,  
 The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.  
 For more assurance that a living prince  
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
 And to thee and thy company I bid  
 A hearty welcome.

which obscure their reason. O good Gonzalo, preserver of my life and devoted follower of your master, I shall repay your acts of kindness thoroughly both in word and in action. Most cruelly did you, Alonso, treat me and my daughter. Your brother was your accomplice in this matter. Sebastian, you now suffer the pangs of remorse for it. My own flesh and blood, you, my brother, who cherished ambition, drove away pity and natural feeling, who, with Sebastian who suffers, therefore, the worst pangs of remorse, would have here killed your king—I forgive you, though you had acted so unnaturally. Their understanding is coming back in full tide and will soon flood the shore of reason, which now lies covered with mud. There is not of them who yet looks up to me, or would recognize me. Ariel, bring me the hat and sword that lie in my cell, I shall put off my magic robes, and present myself as the late Duke of Milan. Quick spirit. You shall be set at liberty soon.

*Ariel sings and helps to attire him.*

“I suck honey from the flower where the bee sucks, I creep into the cup of a cowslip and there is hidden when owls hoot. Riding on a bat I follow in pursuit of summer—and go wherever summer is. Henceforth I shall live joyously under the flower that hangs on the branch.”

*Pros.* Thank you, my good Ariel. I shall miss you ; but yet I shall set you free. That’s right, Invisible as you are, go to the King’s ship. There you will find the sailors asleep in the hold of the ship. When the master and the boatswain are awake, bring them here, and at once, I pray you.

*Arl.* I fly through the air, and return before your pulse beats twice. [ *Exit.*

*Gon.* This place seems to be possessed by all sort of torment, trouble, wonder and bewilderment. May some angel guide us out of this dreadful country !

*Pros.* See, your majesty, the Duke of Milan, Prospero, whom you wronged. For a more positive proof that a living prince speaks to you, I touch your body ; and to you and to your company, I extend a cordial welcome.

Alon.

Whether thou be'st he or no.

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
 As late I have been, I not know, Thy pulse  
 Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and since I saw thee,  
 The affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
 I fear, a madness held me. Thus must crave,  
 An if this be at all, a most strange story.  
 Thy dukedom I resign, and no entreat  
 Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero  
 Be living and be here ?

Pros.

First, noble friend,

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Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
 Be measured or confined.

Gon.

Whether this be

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros.

You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you  
 Believe things certain, Welcome, my friends all !

[ *Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,  
 I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you  
 And justify you traitors ; at this time  
 I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*]. The devil speaks in him.

Pros.

No,

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For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
 Thy rankest fault—all of them ; and require  
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know,  
 Thou must restore.

Alon.

If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation ;  
 How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since  
 Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost—  
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is !  
 My dear son Ferdinand

Pros.

I am woe for 't, sir.

140

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience  
 Says it is past her cure.

Pros.

I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace  
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
 And rest myself content.

Alon.

You the like loss !

Pros. As great to me as late ; and, supportable

*Alon.* I do not know whether, you are Prospero or not, or some illusion to deceive me as lately I have been deceived. Your pulse beats like that of a human-being. And, since I saw you, the distress of my mind is gone. In addition to it, I suppose I was possessed by madness. You have a most strange story to tell, if what I see and hear be a reality. I render back to you your dukedom and pray that you pardon me the wrongs I had done you. But I wonder how Prospero should be living now, and be on this island !

*Pros.* First, noble friend, let me embrace you, a venerable old man whose honour is beyond all measure.

*Gon.* I shall not swear whether this is a reality or an illusion.

*Pros.* You seem to be still under the subtle enchantment of the island which prevents you from believing things that are real. Welcome to you my friends.

[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio.*

But you, two lords, if I had the mind, I could have drawn his Majesty's displeasure upon you, and proved you to be traitors. Now, however, I shall keep your secret.

*Seb.* [*Aside.*] The devil must be prompting him from within.

*Pros.* Now, as for you, the most depraved that you are, whom to call a brother, would even poison my mouth, I forgive your gravest offences. I demand my dukedom of you, which, I believe, you cannot but render back.

*Alon.* If you be Prospero, tell us in detail how you were preserved, how you have met us here, who were wrecked on this coast but three hours ago where I have lost—how painful it is to recall it—my dear son, Ferdinand.

*Pros.* I am sorry for it, sir.

*Alon.* The loss can never be made up, and patience has no remedy for it.

*Pros.* I rather think you have not sought the help of patience. For a similar loss I have the best aid of Patience out of its kind favour and I am quite reconciled to my loss.

*Alon.* You have a similar loss ?

*Pros.* As great a loss to me as to you, and it happened !

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you, for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.*

A daughter ?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
The King and Queen there ! That they were, I wish  
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter ?

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*Pros.* In this last tempest I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath : but, howsoever you have  
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero and that very duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck 'd, was landed.  
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;  
For 't is chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Besitting th is first meeting. Welcomes, sir ;  
This cell's my court ; here have I few attendants  
And subjects none abroad ; pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you have given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

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*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA  
playing at chess.*

*Mr.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

*Mr.* Yes for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, And I  
would call it fair play.

*Alon.*

If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.

*Seb.*

A most high miracle !

*Fer.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful ;  
I have curst them without cause.

*[Kneels to Alonso.]*

*Alon.*

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise and say how thou cam'st here.

180

*Mr.*

O, wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here !

lately. To enable myself to bear the grievous loss, I have much poorer comfort than yours, for I have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter? I wish to God that they were both living in Naples as king and queen! And I wish too I were myself buried in the mud at the bottom of the sea where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest, I see that these lords do so much wonder at this unexpected meeting that they have bidden farewell to their reason and scarcely think that their eyes see truly and that their words are their own; but howsoever you may have been dazed, know for certain that I am Prospero and that very duke who was expelled from Milan and that most strangely I was cast on this island where you were wrecked, that I might be the lord of it. No more of this at present, for it is a history that has to be told from day to day, and is not a short anecdote for the breakfast table, nor suitable to this our first meeting. You are welcome, sir, this cell is my court; here I have but few attendants and no subjects on the island. Dy please peep in. Since you have given me back my dukedom I shall reward you with a thing equally good—at least I shall produce a wonder to give you as much satisfaction as my dukedom gives me.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand, and Miranda,  
Playing at chess.*

*Mir.* My dear lord, you cheat me.

*Fer.* No, my darling, I would not cheat you for the world.

*Mir.* Not to speak of the whole world, even for a number of kingdoms if you should dispute, I would say that it was not cheating.

*Alon.* If this should prove an illusion of the island, 't would be losing my dear son twice over again.

*Seb.* A most remarkable wonder!

*Fer.* Though the seas seem to be menacing, they are after all merciful. I have blamed the seas for no reason.

*Alon.* May all the blessings of a happy father surround you! Get up, and say how you came here?

*Mir.* How wonderful! How many lovely creatures do I

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world  
That has such people in 't !

*Pros.*

'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours ;  
Is she the goddess that hath serve'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

*Fer.*

Sir, she is mortal ;

But by immortal Providence she's mine :  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Received a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.*

I am hers :

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Pros.*

There, sir, stop :

Let us not burthen our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gon.*

I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this—Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.*

I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gon.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become king of Naples ? O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle : and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own.

*Alon.* [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands ;

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gon.*

Be it so ! Amen !

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER BOATSWAIN,  
amazedly following.*

O look, sir ; look, sir ! Here is more of us :  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow, could not drown. Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast Thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

behold here ! How beautiful mankind is ! What a lovely world it must be when it has such people in it !

*Pros.* It is a revelation to you.

*Alon.* Who is this maiden with whom you were playing ? You could have been acquainted with her for more than three hours. Is she the goddess who has separated us, and then brought us together again ?

*Fer.* Sir, she is not a goddess. But by the mercy of God she is mine. I chose her as my bride when I could not ask my father for his advice, nor thought that I had a father. She is daughter of this famous duke of Milan. I have heard so often of him ; but never say him till now. To him I owe my second life, and this lady makes him a second father to me.

*Alon.* I am her second father. But how incongruous it will be that I should beg forgiveness of my child.

*Pros.* Say no more of it, sir. Let us not afflict our memory with a sadness that is gone.

*Gon.* I have wept inwardly, or should have spoken before long. May, you gods, bless the couple with a happy and prosperous reign, for it is you who marked out the way across the sea that brought us together here.

*Alon.* I repeat your prayer, Gonzalo.

*Gon.* Was the duke of Milan expelled from Milan that his grandchildren might be kings of Naples ? O, rejoice beyond the measure of a common joy, and inscribe it in letters of gold on durable pillars. In one voyage Claribel found her husband at Tunis, and Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife when he seemed to have been lost, and Prospero, his lost dukedom in this wretched island, and all of us who were dazed, got back our sanity.

*Alon.* [To *Fer.* and *Mir.*] Give me your hands. Let him who does not wish you joy be still cursed with grief !

*Gon.* May it be so !

*Re-enter Ariel with the Master and Boatswain  
amazedly following.*

Look, sir ! here are more of us. I predicted that if there were a gallows on land, the fellow could not drown. Now, evil-tongued fellow, don't you who swore away the very mercy of God from the ship, swear again on land very mercy of God from the ship, swear again on land ? Are you dumb on land ? What is the news ?



*Boats.* The best news is that we have safely found  
Our King and company ; the next, our ship—  
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split—  
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My tricky spirit !

*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep.  
And—how, we know not—all clappe'd under hatches ;  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling, chains,  
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty !  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master  
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Was't well done ?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ariel.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou  
shalt be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er man trod ;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of : some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge .

*Pros.* Sir, my liege.

Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness ; at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,  
Which to you shall seem probable, of every  
These happen'd accidents ; till when, be cheerful  
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to ARIEL.*] Come  
hither, spirit :

Set Caliban and his companions free ;  
Unite the spell [*Exit. ARIEL*]—How fares my gracious sir ?  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odds lads that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO,  
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Steph.* Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
take care for himself ; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-  
monster, coragio !

*Trim.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head,  
here's goodly sight.

*Boats.* The best news is that we have found our King and his train state ; the next news is that our ship which three hours ago we declared as wrecked is all sound and tidy and as nicely fitted as when we first sailed.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir I have done all this since I left you.

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ariel.*] My dainty spirit full of devices !

*Alon.* These are not events that occur in the ordinary course of nature. They are growing stranger at every step. Say, how did you come here ?

*Boats.* If I could think, sir, that I was fully awake, I might try to tell you. We were dead asleep, and—how, we know not—all confined within the held of the ship, where a little while ago by a strange diversity of sounds, all terrible—roaring, yelling, shouting, clattering of chains, we were waked up. At once we found ourselves free ; and we beheld our lordly and fine ship in the best condition—our master dancing in delight when he saw her. In a moment, if it may please you, as in a dream, we were separated from them and brought here amazed.

*Ari.* [*Aside to Pros.*] Do you approve of it ?

*Pros.* [*Aside to Ariel.*] You have done it nicely, my diligent spirits. You shall be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a labyrinth as men ever traversed. At the bottom of all that has happened there must be some force other than nature's. It needs the voice of the gods to enlighten us.

*Pros.* My lord do not worry pondering all these strange happenings. At a chosen leisure which I hope to get soon, I shall explain to you alone, and my explanation of all the strange events will satisfy you. Till then, be cheerful and think that everything is for the best. [*Aside to Ariel.*] Come here, spirit, set Caliban and his companions free ; release them from the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How is it with your lordship ? Some few unnoticed fellows are still missing of your company.

*Re-enter Ariel driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their stolen apparel.*

*Steph.* Let every man look after all the rest, and no man attend to himself. All is a matter of chance. Buck up, don't dither !

*Trin.* If my eyes see truly, then here is a splendid spectacle.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave-spirits indeed !  
How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha !  
What things are these, my lord Antonio ?  
Will money buy 'em ?

*Ant.* Very like ; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true—This mis-shapen knave—  
His mother was a witch, and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 270  
And deal in her common without her power.  
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil—  
For he's bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life : Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own : this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano my drunken butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunk now ; where had he wine ?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em ? 280  
How camest thou in this pickle ?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last  
that I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall not fear fly-  
blowing.

*Seb.* Why, how now, Stephano !

*Steph.* O, touch me not : I am not Stephano, but a  
cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah ?

*Steph.* I should have been a sore one then.

*Alon.* This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to CALIBAN.]

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;  
Take with you your companion ; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely. 290

*Cal.* Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to fake this drunkard for a god  
And worship this dull fool !

*Pros.* Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [Exeunt CAL., SEB., and TRIN.]

*Cal.* O Setebos, these must be fine spirits certainly ! How splendid is my master. I am afraid he will punish me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha ! What creatures are these, my lord Antonio ? Are they for sale ?

*Ant.* Very likely. One of them seems to be a fish, pure and simple, and no doubt, he will have a price.

*Pros.* Observe but the marks (rather the robes) they are wearing, and then say whether they are honest men. Look at this grotesque creature ; his mother was a witch and one so powerful that she had power over the moon, could cause the sea to ebb and flow and exercise the power of the moon, independently of her. These three have robbed me. And this half-devil—for he is an illegitimate issue—has conspired with them to murder me. Two of these fellows you will recognize, and they are yours. And this devilish creature I own to be mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinched till I die.

*Alon.* Is not this fellow Stephano, my drunken butler ?

*Seb.* He is drunk now. Where did he get wine ?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is so dead drunk that he cannot keep himself on his legs. Where should they have found this great elixir that had turned their faces into red ? How did you come to be so soiled and smudged ?

*Trin.* Since I saw you last, I have had such a drenching that it has given me rheumatism, and that it will ever make my bones ache. However (since I am *pickled*) I need not fear being infected by flies.

*Seb.* How are you, Stephano ?

*Steph.* O, do not touch me, I am not Stephano, but a mass of cramps.

*Pros.* You would be king of the island, fellow ?

*Steph.* I should have been a sorry king indeed !

*Alon.* This is as strange a creature as I ever have seen.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

*Pros.* His manners are as ugly as his appearance. Go to my cell, fellow—Take with you your companions. As you except to be forgiven by me, tidy up the cell nicely.

*Cal.* I shall do that gladly. I shall be sensible in future and try to make good. What a confounded fool I was to take this drunkard as a god and worship him too, a silly ass as he is.

*Pros.* Hurry ; do not loiter !

*Alon.* Away, and replace the apparel where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it rather.

[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Seb.*

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your highness and your train  
 To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
 For this one night ; which, part of it. I'll waste  
 With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
 Go quick away ; the story of my life,  
 And the particular accidents gone by  
 Since I came to this isle ; and in the morn  
 I'll bring to your ship, and so to Naples,  
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
 Of these our dear-beloved solemnized ;  
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

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*Alon.*

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
 Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.*

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales  
 Ann sail so expeditious that shall catch  
 You royal fleet far off [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My, Ariel, chick,  
 That is thy charge. Then to the elements  
 Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
 And what strength I have's mine own,  
 Which is most faint. Now, 'ts true,  
 I must be here confined by you.  
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
 Since I have my dukedom got,  
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
 In this bare island by your spell ;  
 But release me from my bands  
 With the help of your good hands :  
 Gentle breath of yours my sails  
 Must fill, or else my project fails,  
 Which was to please : Now I want  
 Spirits to enforce; art to enchant,  
 And my ending is despair,  
 Unless I be relieved by prayer,  
 Which pierces so that if assaults  
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
 As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
 Let your indulgence set me free.

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*Pros.* Sir, I invite your majesty and your company to my humble cell, where you will rest for this one night, part of which I shall spend on such a talk as, I do not doubt, will make the night pass quickly. In the morning I shall conduct you to the ship, and then we shall all proceed to Naples, where I expect to see the wedding of our dear ones celebrated; and then I shall retire to Milan where part of my thoughts will be devoted to life hereafter.

*Alon.* I wish to hear the story of your life, which, I believe, will fascinate me wonderfully.

*Pros.* I shall relate it fully. I promise you calm seas, favourable winds and fast voyage so that you will overtake the rest of your fleet. [*Aside to Ariel.*] My dainty Ariel, you must look to this matter, and then you shall be free and go back to the air.—Will you please draw nearer. [*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE

### Spoken by Prospero

Now I have discarded magic, and what power I possess is my own—and it is very little. Now indeed it all depends upon you whether I shall be confined here, or sent to Naples. Since I have got back my dukedom and pardoned the deceivers, let me not dwell in this lonely and barren island under your magic spell. By the noise of your clapping release me from enchantment. Your kind approval should be given me, or my object, which was to please you, fails. Now I have no more spirits in my service to carry out my commands, nor do I any more employ magic to enchant. I must end my days in despair unless you pray for my soul so that the All-Merciful may forgive my sins. As you would be forgiven your sins, let your kindness release me from my bonds.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES

*[The figures refer to the lines]*

### ACT I : SCENE I

**Analysis :** A ship (which bears Alonso, King of Naples, his brother Sebastian, his son Ferdinand and lords and counsellors) is in danger from a storm. The boatswain is busy and directs the operations of the sailors. But Alonso and his party rush on the deck and talk to the boatswain, thus making his work difficult. The boatswain orders them off to the cabin : Gonzalo (an honest old Counsellor) has much comfort from the appearance of the boatswain : Gonzalo believes that he is born to be hanged, and that his fate might be the saving of the ship.

The ship is rather near the shore, and the danger is that it may be driven on shore and wrecked. First the topsail is taken in. The wind increases in forces, and the topmast is let down to make the ship lighter at the top, and the mainsail is depended on to keep the ship close to the wind.

Again Sebastian, Antonio and Gonzalo appear on deck. The boatswain swears at them for howling louder than the elements, or the orders shouted to the sailors. He is impatient with them because they are getting in his way. They too abuse the boatswain. Gonzalo still builds his hope upon what he conceives to be the fate of the boatswain. The ship being driven near the shore, the mainsail and the foresail are both hoisted to push it off to sea again.

The sailors cry 'All lost !' From within comes a confused noise ; 'Mercy on us !' 'We split, we split !' 'Farewell wife and children !' Till the worst happens. Gonzalo repeats that the boatswain will be hanged. Antonio (the usurping duke of Milan) regrets that their lives were in the hands of drunkards (sailors). They hurry off to join the King (Alonso). Gonzalo wishes that he could die a dry death.

**Critical Note :** The opening scene of the play at once arouses the reader's interest and keeps him in suspense. The reader is told that the ship carries a king, but he knows nothing more.

It is a scene of bustle and excitement. To the Elizabethan audience, directly interested in naval matters, it must have immensely appealed. Apart from the graphic and realistic details which result in vividness of impression, Shakespeare shows remarkable accuracy of knowledge in technical matters, relating to the ship. All the orders that Shakespeare's boatswain gives, are such as a fully-informed sailor might have given to keep the ship of the coast.

One may well wonder how Shakespeare could have mastered all these technical details. Not being a sailor, Shakespeare must have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observations, and he must have also a remarkable power of applying the information thus gained.

Some of the characters of the play are introduced in the scene. There is no hint as yet about locality, about the relation of the characters to one another and about their future.

Coleridge makes the following fine remark on the scene: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the keynote to the whole harmony ..... It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted;—therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural (the distinction to which I have so often alluded) and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or turning for what is to follow."

1. **Boatswain**—a ship's officer who has charge of the sails, boats, rigging, cables etc., and who summons the seamen to their duty by means of a whistle.

2. **Master**—the captain of the ship is often "the master." **What cheer**—how goes it with you? Verity explains: "what do you want?" said in reply to the master's call.

4. **Run ourselves aground**—be wrecked on the rocks of the coast. **Bestir**—be quick about it.

5. **Heigh**—an exclamation calling attention. **My hearts**—my brave fellows. **Cheerly**—cheerly or heartily. A sailor cries to his mates to pull *cheerly*, that is, with a will. This is a word special to sailors.

6. **Yare**—quick; ready. **Take in**—lower. **Topsail**—the sail next above the lowest sail, called the course. In large ships the topsail is divided horizontally into two sections, called the upper and lower topsails. **Tend**—attend.

7. **Wind**—power of breathing in exertion without difficulty. **Blow.....wind**—let the wind blow its worst. **If room enough**—if there is sea-room enough for the ship to tackle about. **Blow..... enough**—if there were sea-room enough, there would be little danger in the tempest blowing very hard. Steevens reads (unnecessarily), "blow till thou burst thee, wind." Malone points out that winds are represented in ancient pictures with their cheeks puffed out.

8. **Good Boatswain**—Alonso speaks in pleading tone. **Have care**—act carefully.

9. **Play the men**—do not lose your head: behave like men.

10. **Keep below**—stay in your cabins. **I.....below**—note the tone of annoyance. As a matter of fact these people by rushing on deck are getting in the way of sailors.

11. **Do you not hear him**—the master is, of course, giving orders. The boatswain has good reason to be annoyed. **Mar**—



hinder. **You mar your labour**—you get in our way ; you interfere in our work.

13. **Keep**—stay in. **Assist the storm**—begetting in your way, you are helping the storm to wreck the ship.

14. **Be patient**—do not lose your temper.

15. **When.....is**—when the sea is patient. **Hence**—get away.

16. **Roarers**—the roaring waves. The *roarer* was used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. **To cabin**—the verb of motion is omitted.

18. **Whom.....aboard**—i.e., King Alonso.

19. **None.....myself**—this is the best reply to their exhortation that he should have greater care. His own life is more precious to the boatswain than anybody else's—and that is the best reason why we should do his utmost to save the ship, and not because the ship carries King Alonso. Note that the boatswain is rude and blunt.

20. **Counsellor**—Gonzalo is described as 'an honest old Counsellor. **If you.....silence**—if you can bid the storm and the waves cease.

21. **Work**—bring about. **Of the present**—at the present moment. **Hand**—hangle.

21-22. **We will.....more**—we will have nothing to do with seamanship anymore. **Use authority**—exert your power. **If.....cannot**—if you cannot hush the storm. **Give thanks**—be grateful.

23. **You.....so long**—the boatswain implies that the life of a counsellor is good for nothing.

24. **Mischance**—accident. **Of the hour**—that may happen presently.

25. **Out.....way**—don't be standing in our way. Let us work without being hindered by you.

26. **I have.....fellow**—I build great hopes upon this fellow (the boatswain). **Methinks**—it seems to me. A. S. *me thinketh*.

27. **Drowning mark**—sign that he will die by drowning. **He.....him**—Gonzalo's comfort consists in this that the boatswain does not look like getting drowned—that he is destined to be hanged. **Complexion**—natural colour and appearance of the skin, especially of the face.

27-28. **His Complexion.....gallows**—he looks like being hanged, and not drowned. An allusion to the proverb : 'He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned'. **Stand fast.....hanging**—do not fail, O fate, in the matter of his hanging.

29. **Make.....cable**—the idea is this : the boatswain is destined to be hanged ; so the halter with which destiny means that he should be hanged, may be the cable to hold our ship and prevent it drifting around : in other words, the boatswain who is destined to be hanged, is our only chance of safety—since he is with us, we are not going to

drown. **Cable**—the cable of the anchor by which a ship is held secure.

29-30. **Doth.....advantage**—is not good.

30-31. **If he.....miserable**—our only hope is that the boatswain is destined to be hanged. His fate alone can save us from a watery grave. But if he is not born to be hanged, then we are in a miserable plight—we run the risk of drowning.

32. **Down.....topmast**—take in the topmast. The topmast from its weight and from catching the wind, causes the ship to drift shoreward : hence the order to take it down. 'Topmast' is a mast attached to the upper end of a ship's lower mast. It is the second of the sections forming the mast of a ship. **Lower**—not a comparative adverb as Schmidt put it ; is likely to be a verb.

33. **Bring.....main course**—try by means of main-sail to keep the ship close to the wind, so that she may not drift shoreward. To "try with main-course" was a technical term. **Main course**—main-sail.

33-34. **A plage.....howling**—confound this shouting.

34-35. **They.....office**—they make more noise than the storm or the crew engaged in their work. The sailors shout a lot when they handle the ropes, etc. **Our office**—i.e., we engaged in our duties.

36. **Yet again**—you appear again on deck ! **What here**—what do you want here ? **Give o'er**—abandon all efforts to save the ship.

38. **A plague.....throat**—confound your shouting ! **Bawling**—shouting. **Blasphemous**—irreverent. To *blaspheme* is to speak or write profanely of sacred things. The boatswain is called 'blasphemous' because he has little respect for King.

39. **Incharitable**—uncharitable ; heartless. The boatswain is called 'incharitable' because he has no regard for the anxieties of the passengers.

40. **Work you then**—you better manage the ship then, if you won't let us do it.

41. **Insolent**—cheeky ; saucy. **Noisemaker**—Antonio implies that the boatswain is only shouting and doing nothing to save the ship.

42. **Warrant him**—make sure of him.

43. **No.....nutshell**—as frail as a nutshell.

44. **Lay her a-hold**—another technical term. To lay a ship a-hold is defined in Admiral Smyth's *Sailors Wordbook* as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it." **Set.....courses**—set or hoist two courses i.e., the main-sail and the fore-sail. In spite of having set the main-sail, the ship had drifted shoreward ; now the main-sail as well as the fore-sail are set.

45. **Lay her off**—put off to sea ; clear the land.

46. **All lost**—all our efforts proved in vain. **To prayers**—let us give ourselves up to prayers.

47. **Cold**—i.e., cold in death. **Must.....cold**—must we die? “possibly a contemptuous reference by the seamen to the chilling effect of prayer at such a crisis.” —Boas.

48. **Let's.....them**—let us join them in their prayers.

49. **For.....theirs**—for we stand in the same position as they; for we are no better off than they are.

50. **I m.....patience**—Sebastian makes the sailors responsible for the loss of the ship.

51. **Merely**—absolutely. **Cheated.....lives**—betrayed and thus robbed of our lives. The implication is that the sailors did not do their duty properly, as they were drunk.

52. **Wide-chapp'd**—broad-checked. **This.....rascal**—Antonio means the boatswain. Antonio breaks off in the midst of his speech, and turns to swear at the boatswain himself. **Would—I wish.**

53. **The washing of ten tides**—during the ebb and flow of ten tides. *N. B.*—In Shakespeare's time, pirates were hanged on the shore at low water-mark and left till three tides had over-washed them. Three tide-washings are not enough for the boatswain: let him have ten. Antonio's exaggeration.

54. **He'll.....yet**—Gonzalo still clings to his belief that boatswain will be hanged.

55. **Sweat.....it**—threaten to snatch at him and drag him into a watery grave.

56. **Gape**—open its mouth. **Glut**—swallow.

57. **We split**—the ship is going to pieces.

60. **Furlongs**—a furlong is the eighth part of a mile, properly the length of a furrow.

61. **Acre**—an acre contains 4,840 square yards. **Ling**—heather. **Health**—same as ling, common health. **Erccm**—a genus of pod-bearing shrubs, with yellow flowers. **Furze**—an evergreen shrub of the genus *Ulex*, with bright yellow flowers.

62. **The wills above**—God's will. **Be done**—be fulfilled. **The will.....done**—note Gonzalo's submission to what is inevitable. **Fain**—gladly.

63. **Dry death**—death on dry ground as opposed to death by drowning.

#### *Note on the Shipwreck in Scene I.*

“The first scene is a striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time, as no books had then been published on the subject,

The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described ; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety : and it is neither to the want of skill of the seaman or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well-manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship ; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstance in which it was indisputable, namely, the striking of the topmast. This was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he has very properly introduced here.

#### ACT I : SCENE II

**Analysis :** Miranda's gentle heart is deeply moved by the sight of the shipwreck, and she begs her father (Prospero) to hold the storm, if it has been raised by his magic art. Her father prepares her for some important revelations. Prospero bids her to recollect things of the past. She can but vaguely recall them—at least she remembers that she had several women to wait upon her.

Prospero informs her that he was Duke of Milan ; that his brother, Antonio, to whom he entrusted the management of the state, being himself devoted to study, conspired with the King of Naples, and put him (Prospero) and her daughter (Miranda), then no more than a baby, into an unseaworthy boat, and turned them adrift ; and that they at length arrived at the island in which they at present dwell. Then he proceeds to explain the cause of the late storm that he has raised, but Miranda falls asleep, under the influence of Prospero's magic.

Ariel now appears to Prospero. It is Ariel, who, at the bidding of Prospero raised the storm, and then appeared as a flame on deck, moving about here and there, and thus put all the passengers into a state of pitiable fear. Prospero's instruction to him was to see that none of them were harmed, but that they all were confused with terror. He has carried out his instruction—he has put away the ship in safety, and the crew asleep under hatches, and he has dispersed the company round about on the island, but he has separated the King's son (Ferdinand) from the rest, and left him by himself.

Ariel reminds Prospero of his promise to release him. Prospero now recalls to him the years when he (Ariel) remained imprisoned in the cleft to a pine, where the witch Sycorax had put him, and now when Prospero came to the island, he has set Ariel free. In this connection Prospero alludes to Caliban the son left by Sycorax. Ari

departs, promising to do all his biddings. Prospero promises to set him free in two days.

Prospero next wakes up Miranda. They go to see Caliban. It is under fear of physical pain that Caliban works for them. Prospero sought to teach him and took care of him, but the result was that Caliban tried to violate the honour of Miranda. So Caliban has been confined to a rock but he has to do all the same menial service for them. Caliban is already conscious that at first he was free—his own king, so to speak, and that now he is no more than a slave of Prospero. Only the fear of physical pain makes him work for him. Prospero now sends him to fetch in fuel.

Ariel appears invisible, playing and singing Ferdinand, following his song which seems to come from nowhere, approaches where Prospero and Miranda stand. Prospero points out Ferdinand to Miranda. Miranda falls into instantaneous admiration of him. Ferdinand comes up to Miranda, but on claiming to be King of Naples, believing that his father is drowned, Prospero challenges him, and calls him a spy, and sternly bids him follow him. Ferdinand draws his sword, but Prospero's magic makes his arms and legs motionless. Miranda begs her father to have pity on the stranger. Prospero thus tests both Ferdinand and Miranda. He is satisfied that nothing will shake Miranda's love and that Ferdinand also yearns for her.

**Critical Note**—It is the scene of 'Exposition'. It is pretty long as it must necessarily be, when Shakespeare puts the reader in possession of all preceding incidents that lead up to the shipwreck, which occurs in the first scene. First about the shipwreck; it has been done by Prospero's magic art. Then how do Prospero and Miranda come to live on a lonely island? The shipwreck which Miranda witnesses with deep pity in her heart provides the occasion to Prospero to tell her the story of her past and his past too. Prospero makes Ariel (a spirit) execute his orders. Ariel seems to fret at the restraint, for Prospero holds him under his power by his magic art. We are told incidentally the past history of Ariel. There is another creature on the island. It is Caliban—half man and half brute. He is made to do all menial work. We learn that he is the offspring of the witch Sycorax who was banished to the island, and died there leaving behind Caliban. So when Prospero comes to the Island, Caliban has been practically in possession of the island, for Ariel, the spirit that serves Prospero, has been left shut in a cloven pine, from which Prospero releases; and Caliban, the half-brute, ever feels sore that he has been dispossessed of the island by Prospero, and has been made a slave. All these facts, so necessary for the proper understanding of the plot, are conveyed to the reader by a very ingenious means and at a considerable saving of time and space. Note also that the complication of the plot is to begin with the prawning love between Ferdinand and Miranda. They are brought together in the second scene, and that through the agency of Ariel. Prospero is pleased to see that they fall in love with each other. Much hangs upon that. The most noteworthy fact about *The Tempest* is that not

circumstances and character, but Prospero seems to control the density of persons—and events, and things are shaping as he wills.

1. **By your art**—by your magic art. Note that Miranda addresses her father by *you*, he replies by *thou*. Shakespeare makes this the invariable practice between parents and children.

2. **Wild**—wild as the effect of the exercise of magic. A proleptic use. **Put.....roar**—lashed the sea into fury. **Allay**—calm (as Prospero can do that by magic). A. S. *alecgan*, to cause to lie down'.

3. **Stinking**—evil smelling. **Pour.....pitch**—alludes to the practice of mediaeval warfare when boiling pitch was poured by the besieged on the besiegers. We may imagine, therefore, the sea besieging the sky, and the sky pouring down boiling pitch.

4. **Mounting to**—rising as high as. Refers to the unheaving waves. **Welkins**—sky. A. S. *wolcen* or *welcen*, 'cloud air, sky'. **Welkin's cheek**—cloudy face of the sky.

5. **Dashes.....out**—the pitch is flaming or almost liquid flame but it is extinguished by the waves of the sea.

3-5. **The sky.....out**—the image suggests warfare between the sky and sea. The waves of the sea rise high, and seem to crowd round the sky. The waves may, therefore, be said to besiege the sky. 'Now the sky in its defence (as the besieged will do) pours down the flaming pitch. The waves however extinguish the flaming pitch. Deighton explains "Stinking pitch" as a deluge of rain as black foul as pitch. It is better to explain it as Percival does, as rain and the flasher of lightning. **O, I have suffered**—this cry that comes so spontaneously from Miranda's heart, reveals her character to the reader. Her heart is one, uncorrupted by the artificial usages of the world, and pity springs of itself in that heart.

6. **With**—in sympathy with. **Brave**—gallant.

7. **Who**—for 'which'. **Creature**—Collective for 'creatures'.

8. **Dash'd.....pieces**—the vessel split on rock. **Cry**—the cry of the shipwrecked people. **Did knock**—beat.

9. **Against.....heart**—against the door of my heart.

8-9. **Did.....heart**—Miranda means that she was very much perturbed by the sight of the shipwreck.

10. **Any god of power**—a powerful god.

11. **Sunk.....earth**—made the sea disappear beneath the earth.

13. **Fraughting souls**—creatures who made up the freight of the vessel.

14. **Collected**—composed. **Be Collected**—calm yourself. **Amazement**—utter bewilderment, verging on terror. A much stronger word in Shakespeare's time than now. **No.....amazement**—pull yourself together. **Piteous**—full of pity. The word more commonly applies to the object which excites pity.

15. **Woe the day**—alas for the day.

16. **In care of thee**—for your good.

19-20. **More.....Prospero**—anything better than what I appear to be. 'More better' is an instance of double comparative for the sake of emphasis. **Master**—owner. **Full**—very.

21. **Thy.....father**—your father, whose greatness consists in nothing more than in being owner of a poor cell in a solitary island.

22. **Meddle.....thoughts**—occur to me.

23. **'Tis time**—note how well-timed is the story of the past that is now told. It interests not only Miranda, but the reader also. The reader is as anxious to know the cause of shipwreck. **I should.....farther**—I should let you know more than you ever knew—all that concerns you. **Lend.....hand**—assist me in taking off my mantle.

24. **Pluck.....me**—relieve me of my magic gown. **So**—that's right.

25. **Lie.....art**—by putting away the magician's mantle. Prospero ceases to be a magician. Steevens quotes the following: "Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasure etc., when he put off his gown at night, used so say, 'Lie there, lord treasurer.'" "Is Shakespeare hinting at his own resignation of his 'art'?—**Verity, Wipe.....eyes**—Miranda is still weeping. **Have comfort**—be of good cheer.

26. **Direful**—dreadful. *L. Dirus*, terrible. **Spectacle**—sight.

26-27. **Virtue**—essence; "the most efficacious part the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, the virtue of the plant is its extract." (*Johnson*). **Touch'd.....thee**—moved your heart to tenderest pity.

28. **Provision**—used in the literal sense of *foresight*. *L. pro*, before, and *visions*, from *videre*, to see. It corresponds to modern *prevision*.

29. **Safely**—with consideration of safety for the persons concerned. **Ordered**—managed things. **No soul**—not a creature. Prospero does not complete the sentence.

30. **Perdition**—entire loss. *L. perditio*, from *perdere* to destroy. **An hair**—i.e., as the loss of a hair.

31. **Which.....cry**—'which' refers to 'creature' in the previous line. **Which.....sink**—'which' refers to 'vessel' in the previous line.

35. **Bootless**—profitless. *A. S. bot*, 'compensation,' 'profit'. **Inquisition**—inquiry. **Left.....inquisition**—i.e., left my question unanswered.

36. **Stay.....yet**—wait a little more; it is not yet time.

37. **The very.....ear**—Prospero speaks rather in an impassioned top. The revelations that he is going to make, deeply affect Miranda's fortunes. **Ope**—open.

39. **Came.....cell**—came to dwell in this cave in this island.

43. **Off.....me**—tell the image of anything.

44. **'Tis.....off**—it seems to be so far back in the distance of time.

45. **Like a dream**—as vague and shadowy as a dream. **Assurance**—certainty.

46. **Warrants**—make sure of.

44-46. **'Tis.....warrants**—Prospero asks Miranda whether she can remember anything of the past. Miranda replies that it is all so vague and hazy. It seems to her like a dream; and her memory cannot make sure of what she but faintly remembers.

47. **Tended me**—looked after me.

49. **That.....mind**—that you can remember this.

50. **Dark backward**—dim, far-receding, past. **Abysm**—bottomless gulf. Shakespeare always uses 'abysm' for modern *abyss*.

52. **How.....myst**—you may recall too how you came to this island.

53. **Twelve year since**—twelve years ago. Speaking of periods of time Shakespeare uses the form *year* more frequently than *years*. In old English many neuter nouns, such as *year*, *night*, *winter* had no distinct form for the plural. **Twelve year since**—repetition is due to his stress of emotion.

55. **A prince of power**—a powerful prince.

56. **Sir.....father?**—this is a natural question for Miranda to put. So long she has known Prospero to be the owner of the humble cell in the island. Now Prospero says that her father was Duke of Milan. She infers that Prospero might not be her father. **Thy mother.....virtue**—your mother was a model of virtue or chastity. **Piece**—masterpiece.

57. **She.....daughter**—Prospero indirectly answers that he is her father.

58. **His.....heir**—i.e., Miranda.

59. **No.....issued**—as nobody born. **O the heaven**—now the truth draws upon Miranda.

60. **Foul play**—treachery. **Thence**—from Milan.

61. **Or.....did**—or was it good that we came from Milan to this island? **Both**—by treachery we were removed from Milan, and it is also good that we came to this island.

62. **Heaved**—transported.

63. **Blessedly**—for our good. **Holp**—helped. 'Help' was originally a strong verb and 'holp' is a strong preterite, from A. S. *healp*. **Holp hither**—Prospero implies that somebody (i.e., Gonzalo) helped them, and that so they managed to come to this island. **O bleeds**—my heart aches with sympathy.

64. **Teen**—sorrow. **Teen.....to**—the trouble that I have given you.

65. **Which.....remembrance**—which I have quite forgotten. **Please you**—may it please you to go on.

67. **Mark me**—attend to me.



68. **Perfidious**—faithless.

69. **To him put**—note that the syntax is changed under stress of emotion.

70. **Manage**—management. Compare : "the husbandary and manage of my house."—*Merchant of Venice*, III. iv. 25.

71. **Signories**—states or principalities ruled over (as in N. Italy during the middle Ages) by signors or signiors.

72. **Prime**—first in rank *L. primus* first. **Being.....reputed**—being esteemed by others as the first duke.

73. **In dignity**—in rank and position. **Liberal arts**—intellectual pursuits.

74. **Without.....parallel**—having none to equal me. **Study**—object of attention.

75. **Cast upon**—delegated to.

76. **State**—the state of Milan, or the affairs of state. **To.....stranger**—I lost touch with the state of Milan. **Transported**—absorbed and carried away.

77. **Rapt**—conveys the same sense of being carried away. *L. rapere*, to snatch. **Secret studies**—(i) magic ; (ii) studies that kept him in seclusion. **False**—treacherous.

78. **Heedfully**—attentively.

79. **Being.....perfected**—having once mastered the art. **Suits**—petitions.

81. **Trash**—'trash' is chiefly used in hunting, and means to restrain. **Now created**—newly created ; totally transformed.

82. **Creatures**—rather slavish creatures. **That.....mine**—who were absolutely obedient to my will.

83. **Or else.....form'd 'em**—i.e., made them ready as tools. **Key**—the key means here, as Sir John Hawkins points out, the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginals. The idea is this ; Antonio could regulate all office and their holders as a musician regulates his instrument ; the whole state was made to be of his way of thinking.

84. **Set.....state**—directed all officers of state. Metaphor of tuning.

85. **What tune.....ear**—just as a musician adjusts and regulates his instrument, so Antonio made all officers of state fall in with whatever purpose he had in mind. **That**—so that.

86. **Ivy**—a creeping plant. **Princely trunk**—for example, the trunk of an oak tree. Prospero compares himself to an oak, and his brother to ivy.

87. **Verdure**—life or rather the nourishing sap. **On't**—of it. **Suck'd.....on**—*N.B.*—The ivy kills the tree to which it clings by preventing the accession of light to its leaves, and by preventing the flow of sap, but does not suck verdure out of it.

83-87. **Having both the key.....on't**—Prospero tells how his brother, Antonio, supplants him. First, he compares Antonio to a musician who strings and tunes his instrument. Similarly, Antonio, having the power of patronage (i.e., the power of distributing offices and controlling the officers), made use of the officers of state as his tools. Then he compares Antonio to the *ivy* that chokes up, for example, an oak. He himself is the oak, and Antonio, who is the ivy, choked and crushed him. The idea is that of totally eliminating him.

89. **Worldly ends**—objects that a man of the world pursues. Prospero relinquished power which a man of the world highly prizes. **Dedicated**—devoted.

90. **Closeness**—retirement. Compare 'secret studies above. **Bettering**—improvement.

91. **With that**—i.e., with culture. **But.....retired**—except that is compelled me to withdraw from public duties.

92. **O'er-prized**—out-valued. **Popular rate**—all this is commonly held in esteem. **O'er prized.....rate**—Compare :

"Either you unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle." —*Cymbeline*, I. v. 87-88.

93. **Awaked.....nature**—i.e., stirred unscrupulous ambition in him.

94. **Like a good parent**—"a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it." —*Johnson*.

**Beget**—produce.

95. **Falsehood**—faithless. **In its contrary**—in its opposite nature. Note *its* here, which had not come into use in Shakespeare's time. Shakespeare usually uses *his* for *its*.

93-96. **And my trust.....was**—Prospero placed absolute trust in Antonio. Now trust, instead of begetting trust in Antonio, produced faithlessness in him. And his faithlessness was as monstrous as Prospero's rust in him was great. **Which.....limit**—which had no reservation about it.

97. **Sans**—without. Compare :

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." —*As You Like It*, II. vii. 166.

**Lorded**—made lord of.

98. **What.....yielded**—the income of my state.

99. **My power**—the authority that I as Duke of Milan exercised. **Exact**—enforce.

99-102. **Like one.....lie**—like one who, so to speak, seduced his memory to sin against truth so that it began to credit the very lie that has been again and again repeated.

103. **Out.....substitution**—by reason of being my deputy.

104. **Executing**—carrying out. **The outward.....royalty**—the visible power of a ruler. **Executing.....royalty**—performing all the functions of a ruler.

105. **Prerogative**—privilege attaching to the duke's office. Hence—from being allowed to exercise the power of a duke.

106. **Dost thou hear**—such pauses in the narrative make it more vivid and real. **Your tale.....deafness**—the tale you are telling is so interesting that it will make a deaf man hear.—*Hyperbole*.

107. **Screen**—barrier. **This.....play'd**—i.e., the duke's.

107-108. **To have.....for**—to let nothing stand in the way of his actually becoming the duke. So long he had acted in the place of the duke : now he wanted to become the actual duke—and he was determined to stick at nothing. This was the result of his growing ambition. **Needs**—necessarily.

109. **Absolute Milan**—the real duke of Milan, and not a mere substitute.

110. **Was.....enough**—ought to satisfy me for the loss of my dukedom. Prospero of course refers to what Antonio evidently thought. **Temporal**—belonging to the world. **Temporal royalties**—the power and authority of a duke are earthly matters, and as such they cannot concern me.

111. **He thinks.....incapable**—expression of benevolent contempt which the world feels for a scholar. **Confederates**—conspires.

112. **Dry**—thirsty. **Sway**—power and sovereignty.

113. **To give**—promising to give. **To give.....tribute**—i.e., to acknowledge the King of Naples as liege-lord. **Homage**—allegiance (as a vassal king does to his feudal overlord).

114. **Coronet**—a small crown worn by a noble. **Subject**—the idea of the relation of vassal to his feudal overlord. Antonio wanted to barter away the independence of the dukedom that he might become the duke himself. **Bend**—subordinate.

115. **Unbow'd**—unsubjugated.

116. **Ignoble**—dishonourable. **Stooping**—dignity. **O the heavens**—what a pity !

117. **Condition**—the agreement he made with the King of Naples. **Event**—result.

118. **If this.....brother**—if a brother would act like this. **I.....sin**—it would be wrong of me.

119. **But nobly**—otherwise than nobly.

120. **Goods wombs.....sons**—Miranda means that the iniquity of children cannot always be traced to their parents' blood.

122. **Inverterate**—Confirmed, and, therefore relentless. **Hearkens**—listen to. **Suit**—petition.

123. **In lieu.....premises**—in return for the fulfilment of the conditions.

124. **Tribute**—contributions.

125. **Presently**—immediately. **Extirpate**—root out ; expel. **Mine**—My hear (i.e., Miranda).

126. **Confer**—bestow. **Milan**—the dukedom of Milan.
128. **A treacherous army**—(i) an army collected for a treacherous purpose : (ii) an army that was a party to conspiracy. **Levied**—raised.
129. **Fated.....purpose**—"decreed by destiny, and, so made suitable."—Deighton.
130. **I' the.....darkness**—in the death-like stillness midnight.
131. **The ministers.....purpose**—the agents employed to carry out the treacherous purpose. **Thence**—from Milan.
- 133-134. **Cry again**—weep again as if in memory of the event (since she does not remember that she wept they were deported from Milan). **Hint**—subject : occasion.
- 134-135. **It is hint to't**—it is a subject that draws tears from my eyes.
136. **Bring.....business**—get you round to the matter in hand.
137. **Which.....upon's**—which engages our attention at the moment. **To which**—"the which" is generally used where the antecedent, or some word like the antecedent, is repeated, or else where such a repetition could be made if desired. It is also used naturally after a previous 'which' as in this case.
138. **Impertinent**—irrelevant. Literal sense of the word.
139. **Demanded**—asked. **Wench**—girl. Originally a term of affectionate familiarity, used by a superior, now a vulgar word.
140. **Provokes**—calls forth.
- 141-142. **Set.....business**—i.e., seal their treachery in blood (shed blood to carry out their purpose).
143. **Colours**—pretexts. **Four ends**—wicked designs. **With.....ends**—gave a rather inoffensive appearance to their treacherous act.
144. **Hurried.....bank**—removed us hastily from Milan and put us into a frail boat.
145. **Bore**—conveyed.
146. **Carcass**—literally a dead body. **Butt**—cask, here used contemptuously for a boat. **A rotten.....butt**—a mere skeleton of a boat (with no rigging, etc.) absolutely unseaworthy. **Rigg'd**—fitted with masts, spars, sails cordage, etc.
147. **Nor.....nor**—neither.....nor. **Tackle**—the ropes of a vessel.
- 147-148. **The very rats.....it**—reference to the common belief that the rats leave a sinking ship. **Instinctively**—anticipating that ship will sink. The instinct of a rat warns it against an unseaworthy ship. **Quit**—quitted ; abandoned. **Hoist**—left.
149. **To cry.....us**—picture the absolute helplessness of their position—they were consigned to the mercy of the elements.
150. **Sighing back again**—the winds are represented as sighing back in sympathy.

151. **Did.....wrong**—did us but harm with their sympathy (in sighting back) by raising the waves higher. 'Loving' is *Oxymoron*.
152. **Cherubin**—an angel.
- 152-153. **A cherubin.....preserve me**—you were just an angel who kept up my spirits. **Thou didst smile**—the smile of Miranda, who was too young to realize the peril, heartened Prospero.
154. **Infused**—filled. **Fortitude**—endurance.
155. **I have**—I should have. **Deck'd**—covered. Dutch *dekkan*, to cover. **Full salt**—fully salt. **Drops.....salt**—i.e., bitter tears.
156. **Burthen**—i.e., burden of grief. **Which**—the fact of your smiling. **Undergoing stomach**—an enduring or sustaining courage.  
 "Some enterprise,  
 That hate a stomach in't."
- 157-158. **Bear up against**—put a bold front to. **Enssue**—follow.
159. **By Providence divine**—by the mercy of God.
161. **Neapolital**—a native of Naples.
162. **Charity**—love.
163. **Master.....design**—(i) one entrusted with the carrying out of the plot ; (ii) one knowing the details of the plot.
165. **Have.....must**—have been of great help. **Of his gentleness**—i.e., out his kindness.
166. **Furnished**—provided.
169. **Now I arise**—(i) Prospero, for some unknown reason, accompanies the act of arising with the statement to his daughter ; (ii) "I rise in my narration ;" "now my story heightens in its consequence ;" (iii) Prospero declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to arise—"his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun." It is also true that Prospero literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he bids Miranda sit still.
170. **Sea-sorrow**—the trouble that we endured at sea.
172. **More profit**—i.e., profit more.
174. **Vainer hours**—more frivolous pursuits. Deighton explains 'hours' as occupations. But we can explain 'vainer hours' as hours less profitably spent, or spent on idle vanities. **So careful**—so careful as myself.
175. **Heavens**—actors were forbidden by Act of Parliament (3) James I, (c. 21) to use the name of God in their plays : hence probably this substitution of the word 'heavens'.
176. **Beating.....mind**—intriguing me ; exercising my thoughts.
177. **Know.....forth**—let me tell you this much.
178. **Bountiful**—gracious.
179. **Now.....lady**—at this moment Dame fortune has me in her favour.

201. **Meet and join**—unite and burn as a big column of fire. **Jove**—also called Jupiter, the chief of the gods in classical mythology. **Jove's lightnings**—Jove is the wielder of thunder-bolt. **Precursors**—forerunners.

202. **O'**—of. **Thunder claps**—a sudden outburst of thunder is called a thunder-clap. **Momentary**—lasting but a moment.

203. **Sight outrunning**—too quick to be followed by the eye. **Cracks**—loud reports.

204. **Sulphurous roaring**—the crash of lightning. **Neptune**—the sea-god in classical mythology.

205. **Seems to besiege**—because everywhere and on every side the lightning burst and cracked, the sea seemed to have been besieged. **Moke.....tremble**—i.e., by sending a shiver through the sea.

206. **Dread**—i.e., dreaded. **Trident**—the three-pronged sceptre or spear of Neptune.

200-206. **Woud I flame.....shake**—the phenomena are illustrated by a passage from *Hokluyt's Voyages* published in 1598:

"I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Guerposanto and saide it was St. Elmo, whom they take to bee the advocate of Sailers .....This light continued aboard our ship about three hours flying from maste to maste, and from toppe to toppe: and sometime it would be in two or three places at once."

In Purchas, *His Pilgrimes* (ed. 1625), is a narrative of a storm which happened to John Davis in a voyage to the East Indies. "In the extremities of our storm appeared to us in the night, upon our maine top-mast head, a flame about the bigness of a great candle; which the *Portugais* call *Corpo Sancto*, holding it a most divine token, that when it appeareth the worst is past. As, thanked be God, we had better weather after it. Some thinke it to be a spirit: others write that it is an exhalation of moyst vapours, that are ingendred by foule and tempestuous weather." (*Wright.*)

St. Elmo's Fires are caused by an electric discharge between the tops of masts and the clouds, due to the air being overcharged with electricity. From the deck of the vessel they appear as brushes or points of light at the ends of masts, spars, etc. **Brave**—fine.

207. **Constant**—strong of nerve. Compare:

"Else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man."

—*Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 250-252

**Coil**—turmoil; confusion; stir.

208. **Infect.....reason**—drive him mad.

209. **But felt**—who did not feel. **Fever.....and**—such frenzy as a madman feels.

- 209-210. **Play'd.....desperation**—indulged in some violent deeds. **But**—except.
211. **Foaming brine**—the sea with the high waves. **Quit**—quitted.
212. **All.....me**—wrapped in a blaze, which I caused by appearing as a flame.
213. **Up-staring**—standing on end. **They.....reeds**—the hair then resembled the reed.
214. **Leap'd**—leaped overboard. **Hell is empty**—all the evil spirits of hell are let loose upon us.
215. **That's.....spirit**—you have acted commendably ; you have acted as I expected of you.
216. **Nigh**—near.
217. **But.....safe**—Prospero is anxious to know whether they are all safe... His instructions to Ariel were that none of them was to be hurt. It should be noted that Prospero's revenge upon his enemy is directed to a beneficent purpose : that he has no intention of doing any harm to his enemy : that he so orders things as to secure the happiness of his daughter.
218. **Not.....perish'd**—Prospero's instruction is that not a hair should be injured (see line 8). **Sustaining garments**—(i) clothes that hold the wearers up i.e., kept them from drowning ; (ii) clothes that well stood the saltwater. **Blemish**—stain.
220. **In troops**—in groups. **Dispersed**—scattered.
221. **Landed by himself**—put him ashore, separated from the rest. This was also Prospero's instruction. First, Ferdinand would believe that he alone had survived the wreck. Secondly, he would have the chance of meeting Miranda and falling in love with her.
222. **Cooling of the air**—i.e., cooling the air. 'Of' is redundant. **With sighs**—the idea is as he sighed in his grief, he blew with his breath and thus cooled the air around him.
223. **Odd angle**—an out-of-the way corner.
224. **In this sad knot**—the force of 'this' is that Ariel suits action to word—shows how it was done.
225. **The mariners.....disposed**—say how you have disposed of the mariners.
226. **All.....fleet**—(disposed of) all the rest of the fleet.
227. **Nook**—day.
228. **Fetch dew**—Prospero needed dew for his magic operations.
229. **Still-vex'd**—always stormy. **Bermoothes**—Bermudas—a group of islands in the Atlantic, lying midway between the West Indies and Nova Scotia. Discovered by the Spaniard, Juan Bermudes, early in the sixteenth century, the Bermudas were settled by Sir George Somers, who was wrecked here in 1609, and were long called the Somers Islands.

*N.B.*—"The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted, as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been wellknown, otherwise, Shakespeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew,' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much."

Henley remarks : "The epithet here applied to Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous."

230. **All.....stow'd**—confined within the ship's hold with the gratings fastened down above them.

231. **Charm**—action of magic. **Suffered labour**—exhaustion. **With.....labour**—owing to the action of magic and also to the effect of exhaustion.

233. **Dispersed**—separated.

234. **Flote**—sea.

235. **Bound.....Naples**—on the way back to Naples in sorrow.

237. **His great person**—the King himself. **The charge**—the task assigned to you.

241. **Preciously**—(i) to get the maximum of work out of the time at our disposal : (ii) "as a valuable thing" (*Onions*).

242. **Pains**—tasks.

243. **Remember**—often used by Shakespeare for "remind."

244. **Moody**—sulky. "The spirits of familiars attending on magician were always impatient of confinement."—*Douce*.

245. **What.....demand**—what are you expecting ?

246. **Before.....out**—before you have serve out your term. **Prithee**—contraction of "pray thee."

247. **I have.....service**—I have served you loyally.

248. **Mistaking**—i.e., mistakes. Shakespeare never uses the word, mistakes".

249. **Grudge**—murmur. **Gumblings**—grousings.

250. **Bate**—abate ! reduce. **Dost thou forget**—Ariel's rebellious mood is introduced to give the occasion for recalling the past history of Ariel, which the reader would otherwise have no chance of knowing.

251. **From.....thee**—from what an agony of pain I released you.

252. **Thinks't.....much**—think it a great hardship. **Tread the ooze**—walk on the soft mud at the bottom of the sea.

254. **Sharp**—biting. **The north**—"an allusion, perhaps, to



the mediæval belief that the northern quarter of the world was the abode of demons and spirits."—*Verity*.

255. **In.....earth**—in the bowels of the earth.

256. **Baked**—crusted.

257. **Malignant**—originally used for the evil influence of a star ; here, spiteful.

258. **Foul**—wicked. **Sycorax**—supposed to be a compound of a Greek word meaning a swine and another Greek word meaning, a raven, Sycorax may, therefore, represent the grossness of the swine and malignity of the raven. The name has also been explained as "deceiver," heart-breaker". **Envy**—malice.

259. **Grown into a hoop**—bent double.

261. **Where.....born**—where Sycorax was born does not seem to be strictly necessary for the story. But how she came to the island is a matter of more importance. Shakespeare manages to get that in here.

262. **Argier**—A giers. **O.....so**—a question subtly charged with sarcasm. Prospero implies that Ariel needs often to be reminded of the nature of Sycorax.

263. **Recount**—repeat. **What.....been**—the conditions.

264. **Damn'd**—cursed.

265. **Mischief manifold**—various acts of wickedness. **Sorceries**—witchcraft. **Terrible**—too terrible.

266. **To.....hearing**—to be repeated to the human ear.

267. **For one thing she did**—Boswell supposed it to refer to some incident in the novel upon which the play was founded, which has been purposely omitted by Shakespeare and this is the more probable solution.

270. **Blue-eyed**—(i) "pale-blue, fish-like malignant eye which is often seen in hag-like women."—(*Grant White*) ; (ii) with dark circle about the eye, a sign of pregnancy.

272. **As.....thyself**—as I have heard from you.

273. **Delicate**—fine.

274. **Act**—execute. **Earthy**—gross ; material. **Abhor'd**—hated.

273-274. **For thou.....commands**—*N.B.* Among the spirits there were different grades. Ariel is a gentler and less offensive spirit. Hence, Sycorax did not find him accommodating—"Too delicate" to carry out her wishes and finally put him into a cloven pine. But he proves sometimes intractable to Prospero. As Johnson says, "The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness ; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty ; and Caliban observes that the spirits serve Prospero with no goodwill, but hate him rootedly

275. **Grand**—used sarcastically, **Hests**—commands.

276. **By help of**—with the help of. **Potent**—powerful. **Ministers**—agents: spirits employed by her. They were more powerful than Ariel, and so Ariel was readily reduced to submission.

277. **Unmitigable**—unrelenting; not to be mitigated i.e., lessened. **Rage**—anger.

278. **Into**—i.e., confine into a pregnant construction; she forced you into the pine and then confined you in it. **Cloven**—split open. **Rift**—opening.

279. **Painfully**—in pain or torment.

280. **Space**—time.

281. **Vent**—let forth. **Groans**—expression of agony.

282. **As fast.....strike**—a homely simile.

283. **Save**—except. **Son**—Caliban. **Litter**—bear. Used of animal.

284. **Freckled**—spotted. **Whelp**—a word used of the young of animals. **Hag-born**—born of a witch.

284-285. **Not.....shape**—not resembling man in shape. **Caliban.....son**—all that is said above about Sycorax has been needed to be said to introduce Caliban. The detailed history of Sycorax partly accounts for the nature and action of Caliban.

Dr. Farmer derives *Caliban* from *Canibal* by metathesis. *Canibal* (now *Cannibal*) is a form of *Coribal*—a native of the Caribbee Islands.

286. **Dull thing**—a stupid creature. **I say so—I say that.** Prospero emphasizes his statement.

287. **Whom.....service**—whom I now employ to do menial work.

288. **Torment**—agony of pain.

289. **Did.....howl**—made the wolves howl in sympathy. **Hyperbole.** **Penetrated**—entered into and touched.

291. **To lay.....damn'd**—that should be laid upon those in hell.

292. **Undo**—annul. **It.....art**—Prospero asserts the superiority of his enchantments to Sycorax's.

293-294. **Made.....pine**—made the pine gape or open out. **Let thee out**—released you.

295. **Rend**—rive open.

296. **Peg**—fasten. **Knotty**—gnarled. **Entrails**—interior.

297. **Howl'd**—groaned. **Twelve winters**—i.e., twelve years.

298. **Correspondent**—obedient.

299. **Do my spiriting**—do my work as a spirit. **Gently**—without resisting.

300. **Discharge**—release. **That's.....master**—you are speaking as my noble master should be.

301. **What.....do**—what is your command for me? **Say what**—Ariel is now impatient to do all that Prospero commands.

302. **Go make**—go and make. **Make.....nymph**—transform yourself into a nymph. Ariel is to be invisible to every eye but that of his master, but of course in the play he must remain visible to the audience, and probably he takes on the form of a sea, nymph so as to appear in a character in harmony with the scene.

302-303. **Be.....sight**—be invisible to every eye.

305. **Hence.....diligence**—away quickly !

306. **Dear heart**—a term of endearment. Prospero wakes up Miranda.

307. **Strangeness**—marvellous character.

308. **Heaviness**—sleepiness. **Shake it off**—get awake.

310. **Yields.....answer**—returns no polite answer ; is always rude and insolent.

312. **Miss him**—do without him.

313. **Wood**—fire-wood. **Offices**—tasks.

315. **Earth**—earthy creature (as contrasted with Ariel, who is a spirit of air). **Within**—i.e., in the cell. **There's.....within**—Caliban, imagines that he will have to fetch in wood. He is certainly employed as a slave, but he is not a contented slave. He is beginning to yearn for freedom.

316. **There's.....thee**—you are wanted not to fetch in wood, but to do something else.

317. **Tortoise**—Caliban is called a tortoise for his laziness. Some take the word to refer to his shape. One supposes Caliban “a fish, legged like a man, and his fins like arms,” therefore he called a tortoise. It is also suggested that when he appears on the stage, “the paddles expanding in arms and hands, legs and feet,” he partly resembles a tortoise. But this is giving the imagination a wild run.

318. **Fine apparition**—Ariel appears in the form of a water-nymph, and Prospero admires him. **Quaint**—elegant *L. cognitus*, know. Some explain it as ‘clever’.

319. **Hark.....ear**—let me whisper in your ear. **Done**—executed.

320. **Poisonous slave**—Prospero addresses Caliban. **Poisonous**—exhaling Poison or evil. **Got**—begotten.

321. **Dam**—mother, used of the mother of an animal.

322. **Wicked**—baneful ; poisonous. **Brushed**—i.e., collected.

323. **Raven**—a bird of ill-omen. Raven’s feathers were supposed to carry contagion. **Unwholesome**—unhealthy. **Fen**—bog.

324. **Drop.....both**—assail you both. **South-west**—a south-west wind. The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came. Compare :

“All the contagion of the south light on you !”

—*Coriolanus*, I. iv. 3

325. **Blister.....o'er**—cover you all over with blisters, i.e., swellings caused by a burn.

326. **For this**—for cursing us. **Cramps**—spasmodic contraction of some limb or muscle, attend with pain and numbness.

327. **Side-stitches**—sudden twinges of pain attacking the sides. **Pen.....up**—make you gasp or breathe with difficulty. **Urchines**—hedgehogs. Hedgehogs were the familiars of witches (as in *Macbeth*, IV. i. 2.)

The Clarendon Press editor quotes Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 1603, p. 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins: "And further, that these illmannered *urchins*, did so swarme about the priests. In such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heat of the fume, that came from the devils' noses."

328. **Vast**—i.e., waste, applied to the darkness of midnight in which the prospect is not bounded by distinct objects."—(*Schmidt*). **That vast.....work**—during that period of darkness when they are permitted to work. *N.B.*—It was believed that evil spirits came out of the graves at midnight and wandered about till cock-crow. There was limited period when the spirits could walk the earth. Compare:

"Ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Troop home to churchyards; damned spirits all,  
That in cross ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
For fear lest day should look their shames upon;  
They wilfully themselves exiled from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night."

—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 381-87.

329. **Exercise**—practise on; play their tricks on.

330. **Honey comb**—cells of the honeycomb. **Stinging**—painful.

331. **I.....dinner**—the relation between Prospero and Caliban suggests the problem of the subject, or enslaved race, dispossessed of what was its own, but now claiming the elementary human rights. The reader's sympathy will partly be with Caliban, when he claims such rights. The voice of wronged humanity seems to speak through Caliban, when he says, "I must eat my dinner".

332. **By Sycorax**—by the right of Sycorax.

333. **Which.....me**—of which you have dispossessed me.

334. **Strokedst me.....me**—i.e., you petted me.

335. **Water with berries**—this is supposed to refer to coffee, then known only by report.

336. **The bigger light**—the sun. **The less**—i.e., the moon.

338. **Qualities**—resources.

339. **Fresh springs**—fountains of fresh water. **Brinepits**—salt-pits. **Barren**—unfruitful.

340. **Cursed**.....so—let me be cursed for having done so. **Charms**—magic-spell.

341. **Toads**.....**bats**—All these creatures were supposed to be of evil omen. Toads and bats are mentioned as ingredients in the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*, IV. i. **Light**—descend.

342. **For**.....**have**—more sarcastic than "I am the only subject that you have."

343. **Mine**.....**king**—i.e., lord of myself.

342-343. **For I am**.....**king**—not that Caliban, with his partly developed intelligence resents his servitude. **Sty**—confine me in sty (i. e., enclosure for swine).

344. **Whiles**—the genitive case is used as a conjunction.

344-345. **Keep**.....**island**—give me no access to the rest of the island.

346. **Whom**.....**kindness**—Prospero means that Caliban is such a creature that kindness is wholly wasted on him, that he *responds* only to physical pain. **Used**—treated.

347. **Filth**.....**art**—a contemptible and vicious creature as you are. **Human**—humane ; kind.

348. **Violate**—outrage.

350. **O ho**, etc.—Caliban laughs maliciously. Steevens points out that this savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities to the Devil ; and has in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban." But Steevens is not supported by proof. **Would**—I wish. **Prevent**—forestall. **Peopled**—filled.

352. **Calibans**—the issue of Caliban—half-brute and half-man. **Abhorred**—hated.

353. **Which**—equivalent to "who". **Print**—impression. **Which**.....**take**—who is impervious to anything good ; who is vicious by nature.

354. **Being**.....**ill**—i.e., being capable of absorbing all that is evil. **Capable**—receptive of ; susceptible to.

357. **Know**.....**meaning**—know that you mean to say. **Gabble**—gibber ; utter inarticulate sound rapidly.

358. **Most brutish**—farthest removed from man.

358-359. **Endow'd**.....**known**—taught you to put your meaning into intelligible and coherent words. **Purposes**—meanings. **Words**.....**known**—words that laid bare what you meant to say. **Thy**.....**race**—your despicable origin ; your hereditary nature which makes you so mean and spiteful. Verity explains 'race' as nature.

360-361. **Had**.....**with**—had an evil propensity which made it impossible for good men to dwell with you. **Abide**—endure.

363. **Who**.....**prison**—who should have been punished severely than with mere imprisonment. The force of 'deserve' the previous line is rather weakened here.

364. **My profit on't**—the profit that I derive from the use of language which you have taught me.

365. **Red plague**—(i) erysipeals (*Steevens*), (ii) leprosy (*Rolfe*); (iii) bubonic plague, marked by a red swelling (*Verity*). **Rid**—remove.

366. **Learning**—teaching. **Hag-seed**—the offspring of a witch. **Hence**—get off.

367. **Thou'rt best**—It would be best for you.

368. **To answer other business**—to perform other duties. **Shrug'st thou**—Caliban shrugs his shoulders (an attitude of indifference).

370. **Rack**—afflict. **Old cramps**—(i) such as old people suffer from, (ii) 'old' is frequently used in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers as an intensive epithet.

371. **Aches**—pains.

372. **That**—so that. **Din**—the howl that you rise. **No, pray thee**—Caliban is already cowed by Prospero's threats.

373. **His.....powers**—his magic art is so powerful.

374. **It would etc.**—that it would, etc. **Setebos**—the chief god of the Patagonians. Shakespeare might have found the name in Eden's *History of Travels*, 1577 from which Farmer quotes: "the giants, when they found themselves fettered, roared like bulls, and cried upon *Set bos* to help them." The same narrative is given in Purcha's *His Pilgrimes*, 1636, Part I, Book ii, ch. 2.

375. **Make.....him**—reduce him to servitude. **Vassal**—in feudalism one who held land of a superior.

**S. D. Re-enter Ariel, etc.**—At this point Ferdinand, who has been kept apart from the rest, and who thinks that his father is drowned, is introduced. He is lured on by the song of Ariel, who remains invisible. And then he sees Miranda. Each falls in love with the other. This is the beginning of the complication in the story. It should be noted that their falling in love is not due to accident, but is brought by Prospero.

376-377. **Come.....hands**—the song is an invitation to dance on the sands of the sea-shore. **Sands**—sandy sea-shore. **Take hands**—join hands preparatory to dancing.

378. **Courtised**—bowed.

379. **The wild waves whist**—an absolute construction. Some explain the passage: when you have courtised and kissed the wild waves into silence.

Allen's explanation is interesting: "The nymphs are formed on the sands for a dance: the waves are converted by the poet's imagination into a crowd of spectators, restless and noisy until the spectacle shall begin: when the nymphs indicate, by taking hands, courtseying to and kissing, partners, that they are beginning, the waves are hushed by the signal into silent attention: thus the nymphs

do, *in effect*, 'kiss the wild waves whist,' although they actually kiss, not the *waves*, but each other."

380. **Foot it**—trip : dance. **Featly**—nimble ; gracefully.

381. **Sprites**—spirits. **Burthen**—burden of the song ; refrain. **The burthen bear**—take up the refrain.

382. **Dispersedly**—(*stage direction*) from different parts of the stage. **Bow-wow**—the barking of dogs.

385. **Strain**—song. **Strutting**—walking with an affected air. **Chanticleer**—cock.

387. **Where.....earth**—Ferdinand wonders whence the music comes. He cannot locate it.

388. **It.....more**—it has stopped. **Waits upon**—attends.

389. **Some.....island**—not that Ferdinand has a romantic disposition.

390. **My.....wreck**—my father's death by shipwreck.

391. **Crept.....me**—gently fall upon my ear, and then floated by. **Upon.....water**—i.e., the music floated by upon the water.

392. **Allying**—appeasing. **Their fury**—the violence of the sea. **Passion**—grief.

393. **Air**—tune.

394. **It.....rather**—It has rather lured me on.

396. **Full**—i.e., fully. **Fathom**—a measure of six feet.

397. **Coral**—a hard, limy substance, formed by creatures called Polyps, living in the warm portions of the ocean. From early times coral has been supposed to possess magic properties. **Of his bones.....made**—the *logical* subject is *bones*. His bones are made into coral. The plural 'bones' preceding this ungrammatical form is more *euphonious*.

398. **These.....eyes**—his eyes have been converted into pearls.

399-400. **Nothing.....sea-change**—anything about him that is liable to change, turns into something of the sea. **Fade**—decay. **Sea-change**—a transformation that can be wrought by the sea only.

401. **Sometime.....strange**—such as coral and pearl, as mentioned above. In the first place, it is a change into a better substance and secondly the change is wrought mysteriously.

402. **Knell**—death-bell.

405. **Ditty**—song. **Remember**—recall ; mention. Compare the modern "remember me to so and so."

406. **This.....business**—a human-being could have nothing to do with it. Ferdinand attributes it to no human agency.

406-407. **Owes**—i.e., owns. **Nor.....owes**—nor is the song an earthly song. **I hear it**—I hear the song.

408. **Fringed.....eye**—i.e., your heavy eye-lashes ; here the

eyes, hung down with heavy lashes. **Advance**—life. **The fringed**  
**.....advance**—compare :

“Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.”

—*Pericles*, III. 99-101.

409. **Say.....yond**—Prospero points out Ferdinand to Miranda. It is his wish that they should fall in love with each other. Ariel had instructions that he should separate Ferdinand from his companions and bring him to meet Miranda. When Prospero sees that they are in love with each other, he proceeds to test the strength of their love.

410. **What.....spirit**—except her own father, Miranda has never yet seen a man—particularly a man of handsome appearance. Naturally when she sees Ferdinand, she thinks that he must be a spirit. **How.....about**—how the spirit searches everything with his eyes.

411. **Brave**—fine : handsome. **But 'tis a part**—but it cannot be a man—it must be a spirit.

412. **Wench**—girl, “A general familiar expression in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt.” (*Schmidt*).

412-413. **It eats.....such**—it (i.e., Miranda's spirit) hardly differs from us—in the matter of eating and drinking and having the sensation of pain and pleasure. **Such**—it is redundant. **Gallant**—handsome fellow.

414. **Was in the wreck**—was involved in the shipwreck. **Something**—somewhat. **Stain'd**—disfigured.

415. **Grief.....canker**—grief which preys upon beauty. ‘Canker’ is a ‘worm’ that destroys buds and leaves. Shakespeare uses the word both literally and figuratively. Compare :

“And writers say as the most forward bud  
 Is eaten by the *canker* ere it blew.”

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 45-46.

“But now will *canker* sorrow eat my bud,  
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek.”

—*King John*, II. iv. 82.

414-416. **But.....person**—except that he has somewhat been disfigured by grief, which preys upon beauty, you might call him a handsome man. **Fellows**—companion. By Prospero's command Ariel has separated him from his companions.

417. **Strays**—wanders. **To find 'em**—to find them.

418. **A thing divine**—a divine creature and not a man. **Natural**—(i) human : (ii) belonging to nature.

419 **I ever.....noble**—Miranda is impressed by Ferdinand's grace and beauty. **It goes on**—things turn out as Prospero expected. The plan that Prospero has in view is to reconciling interests by a marriage between Ferdinand and Miranda.



420. **As.....it**—as my heart most earnestly wishes. **Spirit etc.**  
—Prospero compliments Ariel.

421. **Most sure, the goddess**—Ferdinand now catches sight of Miranda, and wonders that she must be the goddess of the island.

422. **Airs**—tunes. **Vouchsafe**—be pleased to grant.

423. **Remain**—dwell.

424. **That.....give**—that you will kindly instruct me.

425. **Bear me**—conduct myself. **Prime**—first.

426. **Wonder**—object of wonder.

427. **If you.....no**—if you are unmarried or not. The *Folio* reads *made* for 'maid', which Warbuton defends supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda, if she were *mortal*.

427-428. **No wonder.....maid**—I am no 'wonder' which you apply to me, but I am certainly a maiden (an unmarried girl). Note that Miranda, though brought up in solitude, is as good at repartee as any society girl.

429. **My language**—Ferdinand is surprised that she is speaking the same language as his. **Heavens**—good gracious! **I.....speak**—Ferdinand means that none is superior to him, speaking his language, i.e., that he is the King of Naples, as he imagines that his father is drowned.

430. **Were.....spoken**—if I were in Naples. **But**—only. **How.....best**—Prospero challenges Ferdinand for what seems to be his boasting that he is the best of all that speak the language of Miranda.

431. **What.....thou**—what would you be?

432. **Single**—(i) solitary. (ii) poor, weak. A wild, disparaging epithet. Ferdinand plays upon the word. He believes that he himself and the King of Naples are one and the same person; he therefore uses the epithet with a reference to its further sense of 'solitary', and so 'feeble and helpless.'—*Wright*. **As I am now**—Ferdinand imagines that he is the only survivor, and pities himself.

433. **He does hear me**—Ferdinand means that the King of Naples (he being King of Naples on his father's death) hears him.

434. **That.....weep**—Ferdinand regrets that he ~~has~~ ~~lost~~ ~~the~~ ~~King~~ ~~of~~ ~~Naples~~ (by the accident of his father's death). ~~Naples~~ ~~of~~ ~~Naples~~.

435. **Never.....ebb**—shedding tears since he ~~was~~ ~~drowned~~.

436. **Alack**—alas. **For mercy!**—what a ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~sympathy~~ Miranda's sympathy goes at once to him.

437. **Faith**—indeed. **All his lords**—I ~~saw~~ ~~all~~ ~~his~~ ~~lords~~ with him.

437-438. **The duke.....son**—This is the ~~son~~.

son of Antonio is mentioned. It may have been an incident in the old play or novel on which the drama is founded. It must be an oversight, which brings him in here. **The Duke of Milan**—Prospero of course means himself.

439. **More braver**—double comparatives are usual in Shakespeare. **Control**—contradict. Compare :

“As for the times while he was in the *Tower*, and the manner of his Brother’s death, and his owne escape ; she knew they were things a verie few *Could Controll*.”

—*Bacon : History of Henry VII.* p. 116. (ed. 1622).

440. **If now.....do’t**—if it would be now a proper occasion to do it.

441. **Changed eyes**—exchanged glances. They are in love. Prospero’s wish is that they should fall in love and he has planned it too. **Delicate**—fine. **Delicate Ariel**—Prospero feels almost grateful to Ariel. Ariel must have cleverly managed it all.

443. **Some wrong**—some injustice (in applying to yourself the title of King of Naples). **I fear.....wrong**—I am afraid you have made a mistake or have misrepresented yourself.

444. **Ungently**—rudely. **Why.....ungently**—Miranda is already very much interested in Ferdinand. Her father does not certainly speak rudely to him. Yet Miranda wishes that he had spoken more gently to him.

445. **Third man**—Prospero is the first and Caliban (supposing that he is human) is the second. **Sigh’d for**—longed or yearned for ; loved. **Pity.....father**—may my father have pity.

446. **To be.....way**—to feel towards him as I do.

447. **If a virgin**—if you are unmarried. Miranda has already answered that question.

448. **Not gone forth**—not pledged or engaged.

448-449. **I’ll.....Naples**—note that Prospero’s plan works out more successfully than he expected. Prospero has to take no trouble to get round Ferdinand ; Ferdinand himself comes forward with the proposal of marriage. Now the question arises whether their love will be durable. **Soft, sir**—don’t be in such haste please. Prospero’s politeness is more shattering than his harshness would have been.

450. **They.....powers**—each is under the spell of the other, and they cannot break away. Prospero implies that they have hopelessly and desperately fallen in love with each other. **This swiftbusiness**—their falling in love at first sight and on top of that Ferdinand’s proposal of marriage.

451. **Uneasy**—difficult (of fulfilment). **Light**—easy. **Winning**—i.e., winning of the bride here.

452. **Prize**—that which is won ; here the bride. **Light**—of small value. **One.....more**—I have to ask you one more question. **Charge**—bid.

453. **Attend me**—give me full attention. **Usurp**—wrongly possess yourself of.

454. **The name**—the title of King of Naples. **Owest**—i.e., possess.

454-455. **Hast.....spy**—Prospero charges Ferdinand with being a spy. Prospero knows what he is about. He wants to test the strength of Ferdinand's love.

456. **The lord on't**—i.e., the lord of it. **No.....man**—Ferdinand protests against this accusation.

457. **Nothing ill**—nothing ill that. **Temple**—the body which is the temple or dwelling place of the soul. **Compare**:

“murder hath broke open

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.” —*Macbeth*, II. iii. 72-74.

**There's nothing.....temple**—Miranda expresses her firm conviction that no base soul can ever dwell in such a fair body. Miranda implies that Ferdinand is a good and honest man, judging him by his exterior. It is the Platonic doctrine that a good soul makes a beautiful body, to which Shakespeare unconsciously alludes.

458. **I'll spirit**—a base, dishonourable soul. **Fair**—beautiful. **House**—i.e., the body which is the dwelling place of the soul.

459. **Good.....with 't**—good things (i.e., good impulses and desires) will contend for possession of the fair house.

457-459. **There's nothing.....with 't**—Miranda cannot let her father charge Ferdinand with being a spy. She protests against such accusation. She judges him by his exterior. She argues that no base and dishonourable soul can ever dwell in a body so fair. She connects a beautiful body with a good soul. She imagines that even if it (i.e., Ferdinand's body) were in possession of an evil spirit, the evil spirit would be cast out by things good. Miranda expresses her firm conviction in Ferdinand's goodness and honesty.

460. **Follow me**—Prospero pays no attention to Miranda's protest, but sternly bids Miranda follow him. **He's a traitor**—just a variation of the previous accusation that he is a spy. **Come**—Prospero addresses Ferdinand.

461. **Manacle**—fetters. **Manacle.....together**—in this case the neck and arms are tied to a pole while the person thus punished keeps either standing or sitting. “Specimens of this form of torture are preserved in the Tower of London.”—*Israel Gollanczy*.

463. **Fresh-brook muscles**—fresh water mussel is meant. The mussel is a common shell-fish found both in the sea and in brooks of fresh water. In some parts of England it was regarded as poisonous.

464. **Wherain.....cradled**—which one contained the acorn or seed. **No**—note that Ferdinand, in spite of all the confusion, grief and novelty of his experience, keeps his nerve and has courage to say ‘no’ to Prospero's stern command. “*Follow*”.

465. **Entertainment**—treatment. Compare :

"I have deserv'd no better entertainment,

In being *Coriolanus*."

—*Coriolanus*, IV. v. 10-11.

**I will.....entertainment**—I will not submit to your command.

466. **Mine enemy.....power**—my enemy subdues me.

**Is charmed from moving**—By his magic Prospero renders Ferdinand motionless.

467. **Rosh**—severe. **Make.....him**—(i) do not test him too severely ; (ii) do not provoke him too much.

468. **He's.....fearful**—(i) he is of gentle birth, and not dangerous (active sense of 'fearful') ; (ii) he is mild, but not full of fear (passive sense of 'fearful') i.e., not a coward, (therefore he is not to be provoked) ; (iii) he is of gentle birth, but not a coward.

469. **What**—an exclamation of annoyance. **My foot my tutor**—my inferior dictating to me ? Has the pupil who sat at my feet (Miranda) became my tutor ? **Put up**—sheathe.

470. **Who.....show**—Prospero wants to lower Ferdinand in the eyes of Miranda. Miranda does not certainly suspect that Prospero has deprived Ferdinand of motion by his magic. Now as Ferdinand stands still. Prospero wants Miranda to understand that Ferdinand has drawn his sword to put up a brave show, but has not the courage to strike.

470-471. **The conscience.....guilt**—your conscience is so oppressed by your guiltiness (that you dare not strike). Prospero wants Miranda to understand that Ferdinand has a guilty mind which accounts for his hesitation. Prospero wants to test both Ferdinand and Miranda. **Comb.....ward**—abandon your position of defence.

472. **Disarm**—deprive (one) of arms.

472-473. **I can here.....drop**—Prospero does not certainly intend to convey to Miranda that he can do this by magic. He wants to make Ferdinand out to be a coward. The worst shock that a girl in love can receive is to learn that her lover is a coward. Prospero puts Miranda through this icy test. **Beseech**—pray.

474. **Hence**—get away. Prospero's harshness to Miranda is a *feint*. **Hang.....garment**—Miranda has been clinging to the knees to Prospero in an imploring attitude.

475. **I'll.....surety**—I will be a guarantee for his honesty. **One word more**—if you say one word more.

476. **Shall make**—it shall make. **Chide**—administer a severe censure to.

477. **An advocate.....impostor**—you plead for one who makes a false claim (for Ferdinand claims to be the King of Naples). *N. B.* First Prospero wants to prove Ferdinand a coward and then a liar chest. **Impostor**—one who falsely assumes a character.

478. **There is no more such shapes**—many editors read 'are' for 'is'. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Abbot (*Shakespearian Grammar*) says: "When the subject is yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection. **No more.....he**—no more handsome persons than he.

478-479. **Thou think'st.....Caliban**—*N.B.* Prospero now disparages Ferdinand's good looks to see whether Miranda has been only attracted by his good looks. First Miranda asserted her belief in the innocence and honesty of Ferdinand. Prospero sought to shatter this belief by showing that Ferdinand's guilty mind made him pause when he stood with his sword drawn.

480. **To.....men**—compared to most of men. **This.....Caliban**—he would appear as ugly as Caliban.

481. **To him**—compared to him. **And they.....angels**—by the side of Caliban he looks an angel; by the side of most men he will look a Caliban.

481-482. **My affections humble**—I am content with loving him and none other; I do want to love a more handsome man.

*N.B.* Miranda stands the test well. Prospero is rather pleased that his daughter should oppose his wish. It is a point to remember that Miranda's personality has not been crushed, rather has been developed by Prospero's education of her. Prospero might well boast that he had given his daughter a much better education than many princesses who are entrusted to tutors receive. To the best which Prospero subjects his daughter, her womanhood, fully-blossomed reacts—and she says, "My affections are then most humble."

483. **Goodlier**—more handsome.

484. **Nerves**—sinews. **Are.....again**—are as weak as when you were a child.

485. **Have.....them**—possess no strength. **So they are**—Ferdinand realizes the truth of Prospero's words. But he does not suspect Prospero's magic spell. He rather attributes his condition to his grief, his weariness, his confusion, etc.

486. **My spirit**—my will and thinking power. **As in a dream**—rather as in a nightmare. **Bound up**—paralysed; held in bondage; not free to act.

487. **My.....loss**—grief for my father's loss. **The weakness.....feel**—the weakness due to exhaustion.

488. **Wreck**—shipwreck. **Nor**—equivalent to *and* or *or*.

488-489. **This man's threats, to whom**—i.e., the threats of this man to whom. **To, whom.....subdued**—who overcomes me. **Are.....me**—would not matter at all to me.

490. **Might I**—if I might.

491. **This maid**—Ferdinand points to Miranda. **All corners else**—i.e., all other corners.

492. **Liberty**—free men. Abstract for concrete. Fig. *Synecdoche*. **Let.....of**—I will gladly let those who are free, range freely over the rest of the earth. **Space**—room.

492-493. **Space.....prison**—My prison, however cramped and narrow, will be roomy enough for me; I will not crave for more space than my prison affords. **It works**—his plan is prospering.

494. **Thou.....Ariel**—he whispers this to Ariel. One point to note is that Prospero does not claim for himself all the credit for the success of his plan. He seems to owe much to Ariel. This rather complicates the question of the supernatural agency in the play.

495. **Hark.....me**—he gives Ariel further commands. A spirit should be kept always engaged, or it will get out of hand.

495. **Be.....comfort**—Miranda shows her natural grace and simplicity in coming forward to comfort Ferdinand—she shows here a truly womanly instinct.

496-497. **My father's.....speech**—my father is gentler than his speech shows him to be. **This**—this outburst of temper. **Unwonted**—unusual.

499. **But then**—but if you want to win your freedom back.

500. **Points**—details. **To the syllable**—to the minutest detail.

## ACT II : SCENE I

**Analysis :** It is another part of the island, and the survivors of the ship-wreck are met, Ferdinand is not among them. Alonso, King of Naples, believes that Ferdinand is drowned. Gonzalo seeks to comfort him by uttering common-places. Alonso begs him to stop. Antonio and Sebastian keep ragging at Gonzalo. Yet Gonzalo goes on talking, undeterred by the ridicule of Antonio and Sebastian.

Gonzalo starts describing the climate of the island on which they are stranded, and both Antonio and Sebastian cut in with their sarcastic comments. Gonzalo remarks that their clothes are still fresh and bright in spite of the drenching. Antonio replies that Gonzalo's pockets (being filled) would contradict him. The King's daughter (Claribel) has been married to the King of Tunis. It is on the return voyage from Tunis that the shipwreck occurs. Gonzalo happens to allude to the marriage, and calls forth a heartless remark from Sebastian. In this connection he maintains that Tunis was Carthage. Both Antonio and Sebastian snap at it and ridicule him by saying that Gonzalo's word must be more powerful than the magic harp of Amphion or of Apollo (the music of which raised the walls of a city), for by mere word of mouth he rears the whole city of Carthage where there was none.

They argue again about the clothes, and Gonzalo appeals to Alonso. Alonso again protests against his discourse, and laments his son (Ferdinand). Sebastian reminds him that his daughter (Claribel) was married against her will to the King of Tunis, and

that his loss of his son results indirectly from this marriage (for the shipwreck occurs in the return voyage).

Gonzalo starts off again. He says that if he were King of the island, he would establish an ideal state, or rather a commonwealth. Antonio and Sebastian again interrupt him with their comments. Gonzalo, paying no heed to them, addresses the King. But the King is impatient of his unending stream of talk and protests again.

Now Ariel enters invisible, playing solemn music. As the effect of the music they all fall asleep except Sebastian and Antonio. Antonio now suggests to Sebastian that he has the greatest chance of his life, that he can become the King of Naples by removing Alonso who is asleep. At first Sebastian pretends not to understand him, and is careful not to commit himself. Antonio argues and points out that Ferdinand being drowned, Claribel (who is the next heir) being married off Tunis, it is for Sebastian to seize the opportunity. He argues that since they have been saved from shipwreck, destiny intends them to accomplish the event. He cites his own example in supplanting Prospero. As for his conscience, he bothers little about it. So the plan is to murder Alonso and also Gonzalo who alone will raise his voice against the murder. To carry it into effect, they draw their swords.

Ariel enters again invisible, and sings in Gonzalo's ear. Soon Alonso and Gonzalo wake up. Alonso is surprised to see Antonio and Sebastian, standing with their swords drawn. They explain that they heard a most terrific din. They leave the place. Ariel also departs.

**Critical Note :** We meet again those who were in the ship and who have been saved by Prospero's magic. Ferdinand is, however, kept apart from them. He has already met Prospero and Miranda. The story thus divides itself into two parts—(i) the romance of Ferdinand and Miranda ; (ii) the fortunes of the other survivors ; and Prospero is the *deus ex machina* in both. Character and free will seem to have little scope in a story where everything happens through the supernatural agency. Ariel appears twice in this scene. First he puts all to sleep except Antonio and Sebastian. Secondly, he prevents execution of the conspiracy by Antonio and Sebastian by waking up Alonso and Gonzalo in time. The superimposing of Prospero's will upon all the characters of the play somewhat takes away the full human interests of the story. Magic or no magic, Ferdinand and Miranda would have fallen in love with each other. Therefore, above everything else, this romance engages most the reader's attention.

The characters of Antonio and Sebastian are sufficiently revealed in this scene. Antonio is the tempter. But Sebastian, even though he may not have originally any notion of the plot, readily falls in with Antonio's suggestions. Sebastian lets himself be corrupted easily. Of course, Sebastian does not seem to have been a good man, as shows his ill nature too clearly by his heartless jests and indifference.

Alonso's grief. The crime is suggested to him by Antonio—and the opportunity is too inviting for Sebastian. In any case, Antonio is the villain of the piece. He plays his old game, here in the island. He has supplanted Prospero, and he suggests to Sebastian that he too should supplant his brother, and he is prepared to help him in the matter. Prospero's will (through Ariel) prevents his accomplishing his villainy.

Part of *exposition* is carried on into this scene. We learn now that the shipwreck occurs on return voyage from Tunis, to the king of which Alonso's daughter, Claribel, has been married. We learn that Alonso's courtiers begged him not to marry Claribel to the King of Tunis and that Claribel herself was averse to the marriage. Returning from this marriage, they are shipwrecked. Now the reader gets the hang of the story, but all the same it is a world of magic and enchantment which he enters, and where the characters are mere puppets.

1. **Beseech**—pray. **Sir**—Gonzalo addresses Alonso, King of Naples. **Cause**—reason. **Beseech.....cause**—Alonso thinks that his son is drowned, and is full of grief. Gonzalo tries to comfort him. Note that Gonzalo is rather tactless. How can he expect Alonso to be merry when he has lost his son? Gonzalo can hardly measure the father's grief for the loss of his son. That they have escaped shipwreck is a matter for rejoicing, which makes him overlook the loss of Ferdinand. (Ferdinand of course has been saved, but he has been landed by Ariel in a different part of the island, kept separate from other survivors.)

2. **So.....all**—so we have all cause (of joy). Gonzalo forgets that Alonso, who has lost his son, cannot have the same cause of joy. **Of joy**—construe with 'cause' in the previous line. **Our escape**—surviving the shipwreck.

3. **Is.....loss**—far outweighs what we have lost. The idea is that few have perished in the shipwreck and that many have been saved. The reasoning may certainly appeal to the survivors, but is absolutely pointless to Alonso who has lost his son. **Hint**—subject ; cause. See, I. ii. 473.

5. **Some merchant**—some merchant vessel. **Merchant**—the merchant to whom the cargo is consigned. **The masters.....merchant**—"the joint owners of a merchantman who grieve for the cargo."—(*Wright*).

6. **Our.....woe**—the same cause of distress as ourselves.

5-6. **The masters.....woe**—Gonzalo expresses the most banal sentiment, and as comforter he will make one's nerve jump. **Miracle**—their own escape is a matter of wonder.

8. **Can.....us**—can have a story like ours to tell. **Wisely**—how Gonzalo asks him 'wisely' to forget the loss of his son?

8-9. **Weigh.....comfort**—measure our sorrow for our loss against the cause of our happiness. *N.B.* Gonzalo never appreciates





27. **For.....Wager**—I am ready to lay a bet on the matter.

28. **Crow**—speak out.

29. **The old Cock**—i.e., Gonzalo.

30. **Cockerel**—the young cock, i.e., Adrian.

31. **Done**—agreed. The bet is agreed upon. **The wager**—what is the wager?

32. **A laughter**—i.e., laughter to be the stake to be paid by the loser. "laughter may be the cant name for some small coin (a doit or a denier) commonly laid in betting."—*Ingleby*.

33. **A match**—agreed. The bet is accepted.

34. **Though.....desert**—not that Adrian speaks first; Sebastian said that Gonzalo would speak first; so Sebastian loses the bet and pays it by laughter.

36. **So.....paid**—Theobald gives it to Sebastian. But the folios give it to Antonio, as in the text.

(i) "There does not seem sufficient reason for departing from the old arrangement, 'paid' being used in the sense of 'rewarded', of course ironically, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. v. 108: "I am paid for't now."—(*Wright*).

(ii) "The point of the quibble is no doubt the old proverb, 'let them laugh that win'."—*Israel Gollanoz*.

37. **Inaccessible**—beyond reach.

38. **Yet**—Sebastian supplies the word that Adrian is going to use.

40. **He.....miss't**—(i) he was bound to say "yet" after "though"; (ii) he could not do well without the island.

41. **Subtle**—fine. **Delicate**—rather delicious.

42. **Temperance**—for temperature (implying mildness of the climate).

43. **Temperance.....wench**—"Temperance" is a proper name here. The Puritans gave to their women such name as Grace, Charity, Patience, etc. Compare:

"Though bad they be, they will not let an ace,  
To be called Prudence, Temperance, Faith or Grace.

44. **Subtle**—sly. **Learnedly**—wisely. **Delivered**—observed.

46. **As if.....once**—note that Sebastian and Antonio twist everything that either Gonzalo or Adrian says. Ironically he means here that the air is foul. **Rotten lungs**—consumptive lungs.

47. **Or.....fen**—or as if it smelt of a fen, as the air of a fen (a marsh) is laden with miasma.

48. **Advantageous**—favourable.

49. **True**—ironical. **Save**—except. **Means to live**—means of living.

50. **Of that.....little**—there is no or little means of living in the island.

51. **Lush**—rank ; luxuriant. **Lush**—vigorous.

52. **Tawny**—yellowish brown.

53. **Eye**—tinge or shade. **With.....in't**—*N. B.* Sebastian may be glancing at Gonzalo, who sees what is not there. The expression—‘Do you see any *green* in my eye?’ means ‘Am I a fool?’ Shakespeare often uses *green* in the sense of “inexperienced”, e.g., *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, I. ii. 94. “She has a green wit.”

54. **He misses much**—he is not far wrong. Ironical.

55. **Mistake.....truth**—misses all that is true. A quibble on ‘misses,’ and ‘mistake.’ The point is that the grass is here (“tawny”), with a touch of green, here and there. Gonzalo sees only what little is green, but nothing of that vast “tawny.”

56. **Rarity**—the rare feature.

57. **Beyond credit**—incredible : unbelievable.

58. **Vouched**—warranted. **Vouched rarities**—an allusion to traveller’s tales.

52. **Drenched**—soaked.

60. **Glosses**—glossiness or brightness.

61. **Being new dyed**—as if they had been rather lately dyed. **Stained**—discoloured.

62. **Speak**—give evidence. **If but.....Speak**—the idea is that the pocket is filled with mud, and that, therefore, the pocket would prove Gonzalo’s assertion to be untrue.

64. **Ay**—indeed. **Falsely**—dishonestly. **Pocked up**—hide ; suppress. **His report**—Gonzalo’s statement about the freshness of garments.

66. **Afric**—i.e., Africa.

67. **Tunis**—Modern Tunis is the city and capital of Tunisia. The ancient Arab city, which contains many fine mosques, is about three miles distant from the ruins of Carthage.

68. **Sweet marriage**—said ironically (since on their return voyage they were shipwrecked).

68-69. **We.....return**—i.e., (and the shipwreck occurs when we are returning from the marriage).

70. **Graced**—favoured. **Paragon**—model of excellence.

71. **To their queen**—i.e., for their queen.

72. **Widow Dido**—‘widow’ for the sake of pun. Dido was the legendary founder of Carthage. She was the daughter of Mutgo, or Belus, king of Tyre, and the wife of Sichæus. According to Virgil, who tells the story in *Aeneid*, Dido fell in love with Æneas and committed suicide after he had deserted her.

73. **A plague o’ that**—a curse on that.

73-74. **How came.....in**—implying that it is an ill omen to mention widows when they are talking of Claribel’s marriage.

75. **What.....too**—would it have altered matters if he had said 'widower Æneas'? Æneas—a Trojan prince and son of Anchises and the goddess Venus. After the fall of Troy he wandered about for many years. He landed at Carthage and met Dido; thence he went to Italy where he founded a colony, which became the Roman nation.

75-76. **Good Lord**—O, heavens? **How.....it**—how you take it ill!

76-78. **You make.....that**—you make me think about that. **Carthage**—ancient city that stood on a peninsula on the N.W. coast of Africa, near the modern Tunis. According to tradition it was founded by Phœnician settlers from Tyre under Dido. It was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C.

76. **This Tunis.....Carthage**—Gonzalo identifies Tunis with Carthage.

82. **His word.....miraculous harp**—the reference is either to the harp of Amphion, the music of which raised the wall of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy. Gonzalo's word is more powerful than the harp of Amphion, or of Apollo, for he has called into being the whole city of Carthage, when it was no more (as he identifies it with Tunis).

83. **He.....to**—the miraculous harp raised only the walls of a city (Thebes or Troy); but Gonzalo has evolved a whole city where (at Tunis) it does not exist.

84. **What.....next**—he will do any impossible feat now. Nothing henceforth will be impossible to him. **Matter**—task.

85. **Carry.....pocket**—Sebastian instances one of the impossible tasks that Gonzalo will accomplish.

86. **For an apple**—like the golden apple from the garden of the Hesperides.

87. **Kernels**—seeds. **Bring forth**—produce.

90. **Why.....time**—yes, of course, you will perform all these wonderful feats, when the time is ripe for them.

91. **Sir**—Gonzalo addressed the King. Evidently he wants to draw the King's attention to what he is saying. The King is abstracted—withdrawn into himself in his grief.

94. **The rarest.....there**—Antonio ironically means that Claribel is the rarest queen that Tunis will ever have. He mockingly alludes to Adrian's remark: 'Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.'

95. **Bate**—except. **Bate.....Dido**—Sebastian mockingly alludes to Gonzalo's remark above.

96. **O, widow, Dido etc.**—Antonio seems to remember the remark now, and agrees with Sebastian.

97. **Doublet**—close-fitting body-garment with or without sleeves, worn by men from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

99. **That sort**—that qualification of your statement. **Well fished for**—luckily put in : well thought of. Antonio implies that Gonzalo had long searched for the qualifying phrase before he was out with it, that he had fished long before he caught the phrase.

"The words 'fresh' and 'sort' in Gonzalo's speech conveyed the idea to Shakespeare of making Antonio say 'well fished for.' When the net is drawn, the fish are always what the fishermen term 'sorted' ; some are thrown back again into the water, and others are carried sorted to market."—*Dirrill*.

101. **Cram**—push in.

102. **Stomach**—inclination. **Sense**—(i) reason and natural affection.

100-101. **You.....sense**—you force these words into my ears when I have no wish to hear them. just as food is crammed into the mouth of one who does not want to eat. **Would**—I wish.

104. **Rate**—estimation. **She too**—she too is lost.

106-107. **O.....heir**—he addresses Ferdinand whom he imagines to be drowned.

105-108. **What.....thee**—you must have been devoured by some strange fish. **He may live**—he may be alive.

109. **Beat.....him**—beat back the waves from him (in his efforts to get ashore).

110. **Ride.....backs**—ride on the crest of the waves. **Trod the water**—beat down the water by his feet.

111. **Whose enmity.....aside**—the idea is this ; he beat back the waves with his arms, and thus resisted the enmity of the sea.

111-112. **Breasted.....him**—battled with the highest waves by swimming bravely. **Swam**—unheaving.

113. **Contentious**—fighting. The idea is that a battle was going on between Ferdinand and the waves. **Oar'd**—propelled himself as with oars.

115. **Shore**—used in the sense of 'other'. Compare :

"That white faced shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide.

—*King John*, III. ii. 23-24.

**Wave-worn**—cut into by waves. **Base**—foundation. **Bow'd**—stooped.

116. **As**—as if. **Relieve him**—put an end to his struggle in the water.

115-116. **That.....him**—the shore is represented as sloping down to the sea as if to meet Ferdinand and put an end to his struggle. **I not doubt**—either a transposition of the negative particle, or the omission of the auxiliary "do".

118. **You.....lost**—you are to blame for parting with your daughter to an African. **This.....loss**—some editors read "of

having lost his daughter too, who has been married to the prince of Tunis, so far away from Italy.

119. **That.....daughter**—which would not let her be married to a prince of Europe.

120. **But rather.....African**—but rather marry her to an African.

122 **Who.....on't**—‘who’ may refer either to ‘eye’ or to ‘she’; (i) which has reason to moisten with tears the grief felt on that account; (ii) “who, lost to sight by banishment, though not by death, has yet cause to fill your eyes with tears.”—(*Wright*). **On't**—on account of that.

123. **Prithee, peace**—leave me alone please. **Kneel'd to**—requested by us on our knees. **Importuned**—pressed or urged. **Otherwis**—not to marry your daughter to an African.

121. **The fair soul herself**—i.e., Claribel.

125. **Weigh'd**—balanced. **Loathness**—unwillingness to marry the African. **Obedience**—desire to obey you.

125. **Weigh'd**—balanced **Loathness**—unwillingness to marry the African. **Obedience**—desire to obey you.

125-126. **At which.....bow**—(i) at which end of the beam (*she*) should bow; (ii) at which end of the beam (*i'*), i.e., suspended judgment should bow. Malone reads *should* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *should*. One commentator explains ‘at’ in the sense of ‘as to’ making the line much simpler. **Beam**—from which the scales are hung. **Bow**—bend.

124-125. **And the fair.....bow**—Sebastian speaks here of Claribel. Alonso was requested by all his courtiers not to marry Claribel to the king of Tunis. Claribel herself long hesitated between her averseness to the marriage and her duty of obedience to her father. Sebastian speaks of her weighing her decision in the scale—and implies that at last she decided to obey her father and marry against her will.

128. **Of.....making**—resulting from this marriage.

130. **The fault's.....own**—you shall have to thank yourself for this pretty mess of things. **So.....loss**—for my own fault suffer the heaviest of my loss—the loss of my son. **Dear'st**—*dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touch one very closely.

Compare :

“He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,  
Which is his *dearest* need will fly from him.”

—*Richard III*, V. ii. 20-21.

131. **The truth.....gentleness**—though you are speaking the truth, you speak it rather bluntly—without any consideration for the feelings of hearer.

132. **And time.....in**—there is time for it; it is not the proper time to remind the king of his folly. **You.....sore**—you make it

bitterer for him to bear it. By rubbing the sore, you make it more irritating.

133. **When.....plaster**—when it is your duty to comfort him. Metaphor from surgery.

134. **Chirurgeonly**—like a surgeon. Said contemptuously: "Surgeons being held much inferior to physicians in Shakespeare's time."—*Verity*.

135. **It.....all**—we are in the blues; we are most depressed. **Good sir**—Alonso is addressed.

136. **When.....cloudy**—when you are gloomy. **Foul weather**—Sebastian is doubtful how it is foul weather. He takes Gonzalo's statement literally, and questions it.

137. **Very foul**—Antonio evidently looks up at the sky and discovers flocks of sea-fowl. He plays upon the word 'fowl'.

138. **Plantation**—colonization. Antonio and Sebastian take the word in the literal sense.

139. **Sow't**—sow it. **Nettle-seed**—seed that will bring forth stinging plants. **Docks or mallows**—common weeds.

140. **Were**—If I were. **On't**—of it. **What.....do**—he pauses to think what he was going to do, if he had the colonizing of the island.

141. **'Scape.....wine**—he would not get drunk because there was no wine.

142. **Commonwealth**—a state without a king, and in which people are governed by their representatives. **By contraries**—in ways just the reverse of the custom that is followed.

143. **Execute**—perform. **Traffic**—trade.

144. **No.....magistrate**—there will be no magistrate.

146. **Use of service**—the custom of one man being the servant of another. **Contract**—legal agreement. Shakespeare might be thinking of the term of apprenticeship. **Succession**—the right of inheritance.

147. **Bourn**—boundary. **Bound**—boundary. **Tilth**—tillage.

148. **No use.....oil**—Gonzalo would abolish all the usages of civilization.

149. **No occupation.....all**—he would abolish the drudgery of labour.

150. **Women too**—women too all idle.

142-150. **I' the commonwealth.....pure**—For this picture of the commonwealth, Shakespeare is indebted to Montaigne *Liver I*, ch. xxx, 'Des Cannibales'.

"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike, superioritie; no use of service, of riches, or of povertie: no contracts, no succession, no partitions,

197. **As by thunder stroke**—as if they had been struck by thunder. **What might**—what might happen. *N.B.* The plot which Antonio now hints at must have been germinating in his mind. He throws out a *feeler*, but he already knows that Sebastian will be a party to it, for the plot is to Sebastian's own interest. He first proceeds by indirect suggestions until he can *directly* involve Sebastian in it.

198. **Worthy Sebastian**—there is a peculiar force in 'worthy'; if Sebastian would but realize his own worth (of which Antonio had no doubt), what might not happen! **No more**—Antonio stops short in his cogitations, just to inveigle Sebastian into it.

199. **See it.....face**—see your inmost thought in your face. 'It' is purposely indefinite; 'it' might mean both: (i) the image of kingship, and (ii) the reflection of your inmost thought (you wish that you were king instead of Alonso).

200. **What.....be**—he almost suggests you should rather be the king than Alonso. **The occasion.....thee**—(i) the occasion speaks to you (summons you to act); (ii) the occasion proclaims your greatness.

201-202. **My strong.....head**—Antonio begins to speak now more directly—still in hints and suggestion. He sees with his imagination a crown descending upon his head. He implies that now is his opportunity to possess himself of the crown of Naples. **What.....waking**—Sebastian pretends not to understand Antonio. He puts it thus, "Are you talking in your sleep?"

204-205. **Sleepy language**—things that one might say in his sleep. **Surely.....sleep**—the point is this: When Antonio speaks of a crown dropping on Sebastian, Sebastian says, just to save himself the shock of hearing such treason, that Antonio must be talking in his sleep. It is just humbugging. **What.....say**—Sebastian wants Antonio to be more definite.

206. **This.....repose**—Sebastian will still pretend that Antonio cannot be awake. It must be strange sleep when Antonio is asleep with his eyes wide open. To save his conscience, Sebastian must say that Antonio must be asleep, for he is speaking the language of sleep.

207. **Standing.....moving**—Antonio is standing, speaking and moving about. Yet Sebastian must say that he is asleep to excuse his language.

208. **Yet.....asleep**—i.e., Antonio must be presumed to be asleep and to be talking in his sleep—just to excuse what he says.

209. **Thou.....sleep**—this is no doubt a direct challenge to Sebastian's loyalty. **Thou.....rather**—you let the opportunity of your life slip by you—you will rather let it be totally lost. **Wink'st**—i.e., close your eyes.

209-10. **Wink'st.....waking**—i.e., you deliberately close your eyes to the opportunity, when you see that it has presented itself to



you. **Thou.....distinctly**—Sebastian still keeps up the show : Antonio is snoring in his sleep, but his snores seem to frame themselves into intelligent words. Sebastian pretends that he is vaguely aware of his meaning.

211. **There's meaning.....snores**—equivalent to saying, "so you are driving at something."

212. **I am.....custom**—I mean what I say now, though at other times I may be jesting.

213. **So**—i.e., serious. **If heed me**—if you care to listen to me. **Which.....do**—listening to me.

214. **Trebles.....o'er**—makes you thrice as important as you are now. **I.....water**—I am neither flowing, nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. *N. B.* Sebastian speaks rather in an ambiguous way. He may mean that he prefers to be what he is—he has no intention either of ebbing, or of flowing. He may also mean that he is prepared to be guided by Antonio's advice—he is prepared to be moved in either direction. **I'll.....flow**—I will instruct you how to flow with the tide of opportunity. **To ebb**—i.e., to neglect the tide of opportunity.

216. **Hereditary sloth**—inherited indolence. **Instructs**—suggested by Antonio 'teach' above.

217. **Purpose**—i.e., the purpose of supplanting Alonso. **If you.....cherish**—you are not aware how fondly you cling to the purpose (of displacing Alonso) in your inmost heart.

218. **Whiles**—while. **Mock it**—turn it into a jest. **Stripping**—i.e., divesting the words of their common meaning.

219. **Invest**—(i) cloth it with greater significance. (ii) "hug it closer to you, like a garment (*vestis*)."—*Verity*.

217-219. **O, if you but.....invest it**—"O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at ; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adopt them to your own situation !" If *Verity's* explanation of "invest" be accepted, then, "while you disown the purpose, you cherish it the deeper in your heart." **Ebbing men**—men who let the opportunities of life slip.

220. **Most.....run**—get often stuck fast (like a ship running around by the ebbing of the tide).

221. **By.....sloth**—on account of their own timidity or indolence. **Say on**—go on : I am listening to you.

222. **The setting**—the fixed look.

223. **Matter**—something of importance. **Birth**—i.e., giving birth to the meaning in words.

224. **Throes**—pains or tortures. Compare :

With news the time's with labour and throes forth  
Each minute some. —*Antony and Cleopatra*, III. vii. 81.

**Wield**—bring forth. The difficulty or embarrassment in speaking out is compared to the pain of child birth.

225. **This lord.....remembrance**—i.e., Gonzalo whose memory is failing in his old age.

226-227. **Who.....earth'd**—who, when he is buried, shall be remembered as little as he is able to remember things now. **Earth'd**—buried.

228. **For he's.....persuasion**—he is good for nothing, he is good for persuasion—he is all persuasion.

229. **Professes to persuade**—makes it his business to persuade. A fling at Gonzalo's position as *counsellor*. **The king.....alive**—(persuaded) the king that his son is alive.

230-231. **'Tis.....swims**—Antonio declares his firm conviction that Ferdinand is drowned. It is on the basis of Ferdinand's death that Antonio's plot is built. Ferdinand is no more; Claribel is married to the king of Tunis—so there could have been no more favourable opportunity for Sebastian.

231-232. **I have.....undrown'd**—I have no hope that Ferdinand is alive.

232-233. **O, out of that.....have**—no hope in the direction of Ferdinand being alive must encourage you to hope for yourself. The fact of Ferdinand being drowned opens a great chance for you. **No.....way**—no hope so far as Ferdinand being alive is concerned.

234. **Another way**—so far as your case is concerned. **So.....hope**—such immense possibilities.

235-236. **Ambition.....there**—"there is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no further, but where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful."—*Johnson*.

237-238. **Wink**—the smallest space : originally of time. **Will.....drown'd**—note that Antonio pursues the matter with ruthless logic.

240. **Ten leagues**—at a vast distance. **Beyond.....life**—i.e., it will take more than a man's life-time (to reach Tunis from Italy). 'Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other.—*Stevens*. It may be pointed out that the words need not be taken too literally. To enforce his argument, Antonio exaggerates.

241. **Note**—news. **Post**—a carrier.

242. **The man.....moon**—some say it is a man leaning on a fork on which he is carrying a bundle of sticks picked up on a Sunday. The origin of this fable is from *Numbers*, xv. 32-36. Some add a dog also ; thus the prologue in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* says, "This man with lantern dog and bush of thorns, presented moonshine ;"

another tradition says that the man is Cain with his dog and thorn-bush ; some poets make out the "man to be Endymion, taken to the moon by Diana." **New-born chins**—chins of infants lately born.

243. **Rough**—rough with hair. **Razorable**—fit for shaving. **She that**—some would omit 'that'. It is quite likely that Antonio began the sentence with 'she that', and then turned to a new train of thought.

244. **Sea-swallow'd**—drowned. **Cast**—i.e., cast ashore ; the theatrical sense (giving a part in a play to an actor) is also intended as suggested by 'act' and 'prologue' which follow.

245. **By that destiny**—i.e., by the destiny that saved us from being drowned. **To perform**—i.e., appointed to perform.

245-246. **An act.....prologue**—an act (to be performed yet) to which the events that have taken place are but introductory. **Prologue**—introductory verses recited before the curtain rose on the play proper. So verses at the end of a play are known as the *Epilogue*. **What to come**—i.e., the act to be performed.

247. **In.....discharge**—waiting to be carried through by you and myself.

243-47. **She that.....discharge**—Antonio argues that Claribel (Alonso's daughter) lives in Tunis, and, therefore, too far away to substantiate her claim to the throne of Naples. Then he points out that in returning from Tunis, the shipwreck occurred, and that though some have perished, some have been saved by destiny. He reasons then that those who have been saved, are intended by destiny to perform an act to which all that has taken place is preliminary, but which is to be carried through by himself and Sebastian. On the one hand it is a hint of, and on the other an incitement to the conspiracy. Compare :

"Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme." —*Macbeth*. I. iii. 128-130.

**What.....this**—what nonsense are you talking ? **How.....you**—What do you mean ?

249. **So**—as being his daughter and only child now. **'Twixt.....regions**—between Tunis and Naples.

250. **There.....space**—There is some distance. Sebastian discounts Antonio's exaggeration. **Cubit**—an English cubit is 1 1/2 inches.

253. **Let.....wake**—Let Sebastian realize his own advantage and turn it to account. **Were**—would be.

252-54. **This.....them**—it is sleep that possesses them, but their sleep can be converted into death. **Were.....worse**—would no worse.

255. **Then.....are**—Let us pretend that their and one can be converted into the other. **Th**

**That.....Naples**—Sebastian is meant. **That** (who) can rule, etc. **Prate**—talk idly.

256. **He.....sleeps**—Gonzalo.

257. **Amplly**—volubly. **Unnecessarily**—irrelevantly.

258-259. **I myself.....chat**—(i) I could make as good a talker as Gonzalo, repeating stale things over and over again ; (ii) I could teach a chough (a bird of the crow family) to talk like that. **Chough**—applied to the small chattering species of the crow family, especially the jackdaw. Figuratively, a *chatterer*. **Deep chat**—profound talk. (Ironical).

259-60. **O, that.....do**—I wish you thought my may.

260-61. **What.....advancement**—how you could turn this sleep to your advantage and rise high.

262. **Methinks.....do**—note that Sebastian is still cautious and does not commit himself. **Content**—desire.

263. **Tender**—regard.

262-63. **How; does.....fortune**—How do your inclinations regard your good fortune? **Good fortune**—i.e., in finding Alonso asleep now.

264. **You.....Prospero**—Sebastian implies that Antonio has played the game before. **Supplant**—displace.

265. **How well.....me**—how well the ducal robes fit me! How well I fill the office of the duke.

266. **Feater**—more gracefully. **Than before**—than when I was a mere deputy of the duke. **My brother's servants**—the officers who served my brother (Prospero).

268. **But.....conscience**—but does not your conscience trouble you?

269. **Where.....that**—Conscience seems to be non-existent in me. **Kibe**—a chilblain on the heel.

270. **'t would.....slipper**—it would make me put on my slipper instead of my shoe. Antonio means to say that his conscience does not give him even as much trouble as a chilblain.

271. **This deity**—i.e., god of conscience. **Bosom**—the seat of conscience. Compare :

“Leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her.” —*Hamlet*. V. i. 163-155.

271-73. **Twenty.....Milan**—i.e., if twenty consciences stand between me and the dukedom of Milan, they, though may be candied. **Candied**—(i) sugared over, and so rendered insensible : congealed ; “perhaps a better interpretation is ‘made sweet as sugar,’ as in the phrase ‘the candied tongue’.”

**Candied.....they**—though they be candied. **Molest**—give me trouble. **Twenty consciences.....molest**—“Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed,

would melt before they could molest me; or prevent the execution of my purpose.”—*Johnson*. Similarly, though they be turned into sugar, they would melt before.

274. **No better.....upon**—as insensate as the earth upon which he lies. A suggestion of murder.

275. **If he were.....like**—Sleep is the twin-brother of death; so Alonso asleep is as good as Alonso dead. Antonio makes repeated suggestions of murder.

276. **Obedient steel**—the sword obeying my will, or I can make use of for my own purpose.

277. **Can ever**—can put to endless sleep. **Doing thus**—Antonio suits action to words. Previously in words, and now in gestures of murder.

278. **Perpetual wink**—everlasting sleep.

279. **This ancient mortal**—this human derelict (i.e., Gonzalo). **This.....Prudence**—this doting fool who is so fond of giving advice, and who believes that his advice is the soundest.

280. **Upraid.....course**—censure us for our action. Antonio wants to get rid of Gonzalo so that there will be no one left to censure them for their action, for he can easily manage others.

281. **Suggestion**—temptation. **Laps**—licks up.

282. **Tell.....clock**—count the strokes of the clock. They will say it is any hour of the day we please if we consider it suitable to our purpose.

282-83. **They'll.....hour**—they will say ditto to anything that we do or propose; they will be at our beck and call. **Thy case**—your case of supplanting Prospero.

284. **Precedent**—example that has been set before and may be followed or referred to in future. **Milan**—the dukedom of Milan.

285. **Come by**—obtain or secure. **Naples**—the throne of Naples. **Draw etc.**—Note that Sebastian prefers instant action of dilatory speech.

287. **I the king**—I being king of Naples in place of Alonso. **Draw together**—let us draw our swords together.

288. **Rear**—lift. **My hand**—my hand to strike. **Do.....like**—follow suit.

289. **O, out one word**—I have got something to tell you.

290. **Art**—magic. **Foresees**—anticipates.

291. **You**—i.e., Gonzalo.

292. **Else**—otherwise. **His project**—i.e., the plan of reconciling the two houses of Milan and Naples by marrying Miranda to Ferdinand. **Dies**—falls through. **To keep.....living**—to keep Alonso and Gonzalo alive.

294. **Open-eyed**—alert and watching. **Conspiracy**—personified.

295. **His time.....take**—seizes the suitable opportunity.

296. **Keeps a care**—have a care.

297. **Beware**—be on your guard.

299. **Sudden**—swift. **Then.....sudden**—let us waste no more time. Antonio apprehends that the sleepers may wake up.

299-300. **Now.....King**—Gonzalo has evidently been dreaming about some harm that has befallen the King, and cries in his sleep "Good angels, preserve the King!" This is the effect of Ariel's song.

301. **Ho, awake**—the King rouses them from sleep. **Why.....drawn**—why have you your swords drawn? **Are**—rather than *have* as denoting state not an action.

302. **Wherefore.....looking**—why do you look so dazed with terror? Guilty conscience makes Antonio and Sebastian look so terror-stricken.

302. **What's the matter**—now Gonzalo fully wakes up.

303. **Whiles we stood, etc.**—note that Sebastian is ready with a plausible excuse. After all he is not so bad at the game as we imagined from the way Antonio tutored him. **Securing your repose**—guarding you while you were asleep.

304. **A hollow.....bellowing**—a most terrific roar.

305. **Like.....lions**—like that of bulls, or rather of lions. **Did't.....you**—did it not wake you? Sebastian is very clever at inventing.

306. **It.....terribly**—is deafened my ear.

307. **O, 'twas.....ear**—it was such a terrible sound that it might have frightened even a monster, not to speak of men. **Din**—continuous noise.

308. **To.....earthquake**—to let one suppose that an earthquake was happening.

310. **Upon.....honour**—I swear by my honour. **Humming**—refers to Ariel's song.

311. **A strange one**—strange, unearthly music.

312. **Shaked**—shook.

313. **Weapons**—swords.

314. **That's verity**—that is truth. **Stand.....guard**—be prepared for defence.

315. **Quit**—abandon.

316. **Lead.....ground**—the King is rather prepared to leave the place, and bids Gonzalo lead the party to some other place.

## ACT II : SCENE II

**Analysis :** The scene reveals another part of the island and Caliban carrying a burden of wood. As Caliban proceeds, he curses Prospero. He is afraid that Prospero's spirits may overhear him, but he knows that they will not torment him until Prospero sets them on.

Caliban sees Trinculo coming, and supposes him to be a spirit, sent by Prospero. He lies flat on the ground that he may remain unobserved.

Trinculo looks around him, seeking for shelter against the storm coming on. He discovers Caliban and supposes him to be an islander, struck by lightning. Trinculo creeps under his gaberdine.

Next appears Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand. He too sees Caliban and four legs sticking out, and imagines that it must be some monster of the island. Caliban imagines that the spirit is tormenting him, and cries out now and then. Stephano is surprised to hear him speak his own language, and out of compassion for his ague, puts the bottle to his lips. Trinculo recognizes Stephano from his voice. Stephano drags him out from under Caliban's gaberdine.

The taste of the wine enchants Caliban, and Caliban swears loyalty to Stephano. He imagines that this stranger will be able to protect him from Prospero's tyranny. Trinculo dislikes Caliban, and is amused by his simplicity and stupid devotion to Stephano. Caliban promises to do all the good offices to Stephano that he has once done for Prospero. Stephano lords it, hands the bottle to Trinculo and bids Caliban lead on. Caliban in his joy sings of his freedom.

**Critical Note :** It is a comic scene. The whole thing becomes vastly amusing, when Trinculo cræps under the gaberdine of Caliban who is lying flat on the ground, and who begins to tremble in fear. Stephano comes on the scene. He is drunk and sings a typical sailor's chanty.

Stephano with his weakness for the bottle, is an exquisite study of an Elizabethan sailor's devil-may-care spirit, cool courage, and adaptability in the colonies across the sea. The scene is full of the echoes of the marvels of discovery and colonization. What a lot of significant observations are made on Caliban by Trinculo and Stephano ! Trinculo says : "Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." As a matter of fact savages were brought over to England and exhibited in London.

Caliban is a curious link with the maritime enterprise of Elizabethan England. He suggests problems and issues which were then rising in importance in connection with the Colonies. The comic effect which is intended, can hardly obscure them. In fact, Caliban is more than mere "monster of the isle with four legs". Similar tales and even more extraordinary still, had been brought over to England by returning sailors. Shakespeare obviously seems to make a joke of such tales in this scene, but at the same time he gives a deeper complexion to the matter by representing Caliban's rebellion against Prospero.

So far as the action of the play is concerned, it may be noted that three distinct groups of characters are kept apart from one

another. First Ferdinand is separated from the rest of the survivors. He meets Prospero and Miranda. They form the first group. Then Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio etc. form the second group. Through Ariel, Prospero controls their destiny. The third group is formed by Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano. Prospero does not yet seem to have anything to do with their destiny. The first two groups are within Prospero's direct purview. The third group is allowed to act rather independently till now. The three groups have not yet met.

2. **Bogs**—marshes. **Fens**—same as bogs. **Flats**—shoals.

3. **By inch-meal**—i.e., inch by inch. The adverb termination *meal*, is from A. S. *mealum*, the Latin of *meal*, a part. **A disease**—one rotten to the core : a mass of disease. **His spirits**—the spirits employed by Prospero. **Hear**—i. e., overhear.

4. **Needs**—necessarily. **Yet I.....curse**—yet I cannot help but curse him. **They'll**—i.e., the spirits. **Nor**—neither. **Pinch**—Caliban mentions here the torments to which he is put.

5. **Fright**—frighten. **Urchin-shows**—shapes of hedgehogs assumed by the spirits. **Pitch**—throw. **Mire**—mud.

6. **Like a firebrand**—an allusion to the will-o' the wisp, the marshy gas which often misleads travellers. Caliban is also misled by the 'firebrand.'

7. **Unless.....bid 'em**—Caliban means that they will not trouble him unless they are set on him by Prospero.

8. **For every trifle**—for the least offence that I may be guilty of. **Are.....me**—the spirits are told off to torment me.

9. **Like apes**—in the shape of apes. **Mow**—make faces. Fr. *mowe*, a pouting, a dry face, hence the verb *mow*, to make faces. **Chatter**—make unintelligible sounds.

10. **After**—i. e., afterwards. **Like hedgehogs**—in the shape of hedgehogs.

11. **Tumbling**—rolling. **Barefoot way**—path that I walk barefooted ; (hypallage). **Mount**—rear.

12. **Pricks**—bristles. **At my football**—as soon as I put my step. **Sometime**—sometimes.

13. **Wound**—encircled. **Adders**—snakes. **Cloven**—forked.

14. **His.....madness**—keep hissing till I am almost mad. **Lo, now, lo**—when Caliban sees Trinculo approaching, he supposes him to be a spirit, sent by Prospero to torment him.

15. **And to torment me**—and he comes to me.

18. **Bear off**—guard against ; protection from.

19. **Any wheather**—rather bad weather. **Brewing**—preparing.

19-20. **Sing i' the wind**—refers to the whistling of the wind. **Yond**—yonder.

21. **Foul**—dirty ; striking. **Bombard**—a large vessel, generally of leather, for holding liquor. The word also meant a piece of



rtillery, which meaning survives in the verb. **Shed**—discharge. **His**—its. Elizabethan genitive for the masculine as well as neuter.

23. **Cannot choose.....pailfuls**—must descend in a heavy hower.

23-24. **What.....here**—Trinculo discovers Caliban lying flat in the ground.

25. **A very ancient.....smell**—just as a fish, salted long ago, will smell.

26. **Not.....newest**—so he says above ‘ancient.’ **Poor-John**—ake, a salt-water fish, dried and salted. Compare :

“Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John.”  
—*Romeo Juliet*, I. i. 37.

27. **As once I was**—as I once visited the country. **Painted**—e., painted as an advertisement outside the booth or show at a fair to tempt people to go inside.

“To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author.”

28. **Holiday fool**—a rustic out on a holiday. **Not.....silver**—very rustic out on a holiday would gladly pay the entrance fee for the show.

29. **Make a man**—i.e., make the fortune of a man. Compare :

“There’s enough to *make us* all.”—*Henry IV*, II. ii. 60.

“It *makes us* or mars us.” —*Othello*, V. i. 4.

**Any strange beast**—any strange beast which is exhibited there.

*N. B.* In *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xii. 38-42, there is an illusion to such exhibitions being made :

“Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot.

Of all the *sex most monster-like*, be shown

For poor’st diminutives, for *doits*.”

30. **Doit**—a former Dutch coin, equivalent to half a farthing, used as the type of a small sum.

31. **Lay out**—spend. **Ten**—i.e., ten *doits*. **A dead Indian**—i.e., an Indian of North America or the West Indies. **Dead** is proleptic, i.e., the Indian dies of the cold of England.

32. **Legged**—having legs. **His fins**—Trinculo originally thinks him to be a strange fish. Therefore, though he sees Caliban’s arms, he must think that they are fins, shaped like arms.

32-33. **Warm**—a fish cannot be warm. **O my troth**—on my truth (i.e., truth)—on my honour. **Let loose**—give expression. **I do.....opinion**—as if he had arrived at a definite opinion. **Hold**—withhold.

34. **This.....fish**—now Trinculo revises his first impressi-

Hath lately suffered—(i) rather has been touched by lightning and rendered senseless; (ii) has suffered death.—(*Wright*).

36. **Gaberdine**—a coarse frock or loose outer garment.

37. **Hereabout**—in the neighbourhood. **Acquaints.....with**—makes a man acquainted with.

38. **Bed-fellows**—Trinculo refers to Caliban whom he now concludes to be a native of the island. Though shrinking from him as a man of inferior status, he takes shelter under his gaberdine under unfortunate circumstances. **Shroud**—take shelter. **Dregs of the storm**—the finale of the storm.

41. **No more to sea**—no more go to sea.

42. **Scurvy**—wretched. **At a man's funeral**—evidently he is thinking of Trinculo, whom he supposed to be drowned.

43. **Here's my comfort**—the bottle is his comfort, and he drinks. Here we have a typical picture of the sailor.

44. **Swabber**—one who washes the deck of a vessel with a swab or mop.

47. **Kate**—Kate is also the heroine of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

48. **Tang**—a sharp and shrill note.

49. **Go hang**—to hell with you!

50. **Savour**—smell. **Savour of tar**—the smell of tar is associated with the sailor.

51. **Let.....hang**—be care not for her.

52. **Do.....me**—when Trinculo gets under the gaberdine of Caliban, Caliban thinks that a spirit has come to torment him. **Oh**—Caliban already winces with imaginary pain.

54. **What's.....matter**—what do I see here? **Have.....here**—Stephano sees four legs thrust out from the prostrate body.

55. **Put upon's**—deceive us. **Ind**—i.e., India.

56. **To be afeard**—that I may be afraid.

55-56. **I have.....legs**—Stephano's courage is due to drink. He has escaped drowning—a heroic feat in his opinion; now he is not going to be afraid of any tricks played upon him by the devils.

57. **Proper**—handsome. **As proper.....legs**—the expression is ironical. A man who goes on four legs is a man who goes on crutches.

58. **Make him**—make Stephano. **Give ground**—yield.

59. **Breathes at nostrils**—is alive.

60. **The spirit.....me**—not that Caliban imagines that a spirit torments him.

61. **This.....four legs**—*N.B.* "Shakespeare's contemporaries were familiar with descriptions of strange four-footed creatures; perhaps Topsell's famous, 'Historic' was in Stephano's mind."

—*Israel Gollancz.*

62. *As.....it*—I suppose. *Ague*—a fit of shivering. *Where the devil*—where in the name of goodness.

63. *Give.....relief*—the only relief that Stephano can give is to put the bottle of wine to Caliban's mouth.

64. *If it.....that*—because Caliban can speak my language. *Recover*—restore to health. The original meaning of the word is "to cover again" which was nearly equivalent "to make new again," when it comes to mean "to restore to health."

65. *Keep him tame*—adapt him to the habit of a domestic animal. *He's.....emperor*—he is fit to be a present as a rare specimen to any emperor.

66. *Neat's leather*—ox-hide. 'Neat' means cattle. *Trod on neat's leather*—wore shoes.

67. *Do not torment*—Caliban imagines that he is being tormented.

69. *He's.....now*—he is in the fit of shivering. *After the wisest*—in the wisest fashion. *Does.....wisest*—is raving.

71. *Afore*—before. *It.....fit*—it may very nearly cure him of his fit.

72. *I will.....him*—I will take as much as I can get for him. *Ironical*.

73. *That hath him*—who owns him. *That soundly*—that he shall soundly (i.e., thoroughly).

74. *Thou.....hurt*—you do not inflict much pain upon me now. *Anon*—presently. *Thou.....anon*—you will begin to torment me presently.

75. *By the trembling*—"This tremor is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil."—(*Sirens*). *Works.....thee*—puts his spell upon you.

76. *Come.....ways*—mind.

77. *Here.....cat*—an allusion to the proverb: "good liquor will make a cat speak". 'Cat' is a term of disparagement, often applied to a spiteful woman.

78. *Shake.....shaking*—cure your shivering fit.

79. *You.....friend*—he means that he is doing a friend's service to him. *Chaps*—jaws.

80. *I.....voice*—that voice seems to be familiar to me. It should be—it should be Stephano's voice.

80-81. *He.....drowned*—Trinculo believes Stephano to have been drowned. So he concludes that it must be an evil spirit, imitating Stephano's voice. *O defend me!*—"o" is evidently substituted for God.

82. *A most delicate monster*—a fine and rare monster.

83. *His forward voice*—the voice nearest Stephano; the voice he hears at a closer proximity. *To speak.....friend*—N.B. Stephano hears two voices—the voice of Caliban and the voice of

Trinculo. But he imagines that he sees a monster with four legs and voices. A monster (with two voices which Stephano distinguishes as 'forward' and 'backward'), Stephano further imagines, will praise his friend with the 'forward' voice and with the 'backward' voice, traduce his friend.

84. **Backward voice**—the voice coming from a little far off. **Utter.....speeches**—abuse. **Detract**—calumniate. **His backward voice.....detract**—his backward voice will traduce his friend. So we say "to talk behind a person's back," to backbite.

85. **Help**—cure.

86. **Amen**—that's right ; that's enough.

88. **Doth.....me**—when Stephano hears his name, called by the other mouth, he is naturally frightened. **Mercy, mercy**—may God have mercy on me.

88-89. **This.....monster**—it must be an evil spirit : a monster could not have known my name.

89-90. **I have.....spoon**—an allusion to the proverb : "He who eats with the devil must have a long spoon." Compare :

"Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."  
—*Comedy of Errors*, IV. iii. 64.

In the Morality plays the Devil and the Vice ate together with a long spoon between them.

91. **Touch me**—that will give Trinculo the most positive assurance that it is Stephano.

94. **Come forth**—remove yourself from the proximity of the monster.

95. **If any.....they**—Stephano picks out the more human of the legs.

99. **Over-blown**—blown over.

100. **Moon-calf**—a monstrous creature ; an aborigine.

101. **And.....Stephano**—Trinculo can hardly believe his eyes. **Living Stephano**—not the shade of Stephano, but Stephano in flesh and blood.

103. **Do.....about**—Trinculo must have caught hold of Stephano and must have been turning him round to make sure that he is Stephano.

103-104. **My stomach.....constant**—as Stephano has drunk too much, a little shaking may make him vomit.

105. **Thinks**—creatures. **Spites**—spirits.

106. **Brave**—beautiful. **Celestial**—heavenly. **That's.....liquor**—the savages often defied the Europeans landing in their country. Columbus and his men were hailed as gods by the savages of San Salvador.

109. **Swear by this bottle**—of course he will quaff the liquor in the bottle.

110. **Butt**—cask. **Sack**—a dry Spanish wine. **Heaved**—threw. **O'erboard**—into the sea.

111. **By.....bottle**—Stephano swears by the bottle.

112. **Since.....ashore**—after I had cast ashore.

113. **I'll.....bottle**—Caliban offers to swear by the bottle—that is to say, to have a taste of the liquor again.

114. **For.....earthly**—the taste of the liquor, and no other reason, induces Caliban to be the subject of Stephano.

115. **Here**—holding out the bottle to Trinculo.

118. **Kiss the book**—Stephano holds the bottle to the lips of Trinculo. A travesty of the custom of kissing the Bible in a law-court when taking an oath to give true evidence.

119. **Thou.....goose**—you have the stupidity of a goose. Trinculo still seems to be non-plussed.

121. **Cellar**—store-house for wine. **My cellar.....rock**—I have stowed away the cask of wine in a cave.

122. **How now moon-calf**—uptil now Stephano seems to have forgotten the existence of Caliban. Now he turns to Caliban and inquires about his ague.

123. **How.....ague**—is your ague gone ?

124. **Hast.....heaven**—Caliban is full of admiration for Stephano. The taste of the liquor has revealed a new world of pleasurable sensations to him, and in his simplicity he imagines that the liquor is heavenly and that the gift of the liquor has come down from the sky.

125. **Out o' the moon**—Stephano is evidently much amused by Caliban, and just innocently bluffs him.

125-126. **The man i' the moon**—See below l. 128. **When time was**—once upon a time..

127. **I have.....thee**—Caliban simply changes masters. He believes that he will have an easy time—particularly that he will be able to taste the divine liquor—by transferring his service from Prospero to this stranger. Not the least does he believe that it is the way of escape from his servitude to Prospero.

128. **My mistress**—i.e., Miranda. **The dog.....bush**—the spots in the moon are sought to be explained by such myths. The man in the moon has been identified with (i) the man who broke the Sabbath (*Numbers*, XV, 32-36) ; (ii) Gain (*Genesis* III, 18) ; (iii) Isaac, sacrificing on Mt. Moriah (*Genesis*) ; (iv) Endymion (of the classical mythology, with whom the moon-goddess was in love).

129. **Swear to that**—swear that you will be faithful to me. Of course, Stephano gives Caliban a further dose of wine. **Kiss the book**—i.e., drink. **Furnish**—fill.

130. **It**—the bottle. **With.....contents**—with fresh wine.

131. **By this good light**—a common oath. **Shall**—unintelligent.

132. **Weak**—weak in brain.

132-133. **The man.....moon**—a credulous fool who believes in such fable as the man in the moon!

134. **Well drawn**—you have quaffed the wine well.

135. **In.....sooth**—in absolute truth.

136. **I'll.....island**—Caliban is prepared to render the same services to Stephano as he has done before to Prospero.

137. **I will.....god**—at Cuba the native savages crowded round Columbus and his men, regarded them as more than human, touched them, and kissed their hands and feet in token of submission or adoration. Caliban seems to be a prototype of such savages.

138. **Perfidious**—treacherous (because Caliban has robbed Trinculo of his share of wine).

139. **When's god's asleep**—when his god (i.e., Stephano) is asleep. **He'll.....bottle**—Trinculo sees plainly that Caliban has become a slave to drink and that his devotion of Stephano proceeds from this weakness.

140. **I'll.....subject**—there is another motive too for Caliban's devotion to Stephano: his new master will give him protection from the tyranny of his old master (Prospero). **Down**—down on your knees. **Swear**—take the oath of allegiance.

141. **Laugh.....death**—be amused beyond measure. **Puppy-headed**—(i) stupid: (ii) fawning like a puppy.

142. **Scurry**—wretched: rotten.

142-143. **Could.....heart**—would have felt inclined.

145. **But that**—were it not that. **Abominable**—detestable.

146. **Spring**—fountains. **Pluck thee**—'thee' is ethic dative.

148. **The tyrant.....serve**—i.e., Prospero. Note that Caliban is prepared to do the same services for Stephano as he has done for Prospero, so that he may have Stephano to protect him against his old master.

149. **Bear him**—carry for him. **Sticks**—for fuel.

150. **Thou wonderful man**—Caliban evidently believes that this stranger will be more powerful than Prospero.

151-152. **To make.....drunkard**—to idolize a wretched drunkard (i.e., Stephano).

153. **Crabs**—i.e., crab-apples.

154. **Pig-nuts**—ground-nuts, so called because they are rooted up and eaten by pigs.

155. **Jay**—a chattering bird.

156. **Share**—ensnare. **Marmoset**—a small monkey.

157. **Clustering**—growing in bunches. **Filberts**—fruit of the hazel tree.

158. **Scamels**—"the word is in all probability an error for

'scamells' or 'seamews' referred to in Strachey and Jourdan's account of the Bermudas; 'A kind of webfooted fowl of the bigness of a sea-mew'.

162. **Inherit**—take possession. **Bear.....bottle**—Stephano lords over Trinculo and Caliban.

163. **Fill him**—i.e., fill the bottle.

165. **A howling.....monster**—from the beginning Trinculo dislikes Caliban.

166. **Dams**—banks raised to keep back water. **No more dams.....fish**—an allusion to the condition in the colony: "When Raleigh's first governor of Virginia, Ralph Lane, detected in 1586, of hostility among the natives about his camp, his thoughts at once turned to the dams or weirs. Unless the aborigines kept them in good order starvation was a certain fate of the colonists, for no Englishman knew how to construct and work these fish-dams on which the settlement relied for its chief sustenance."—(*Sidney Lee*).

169. **Scrap**—rub in order to clean. **Trencher**—a platter on which to carve.

170. **'Ban**—short for Caliban.

171. **New master**—i.e., Stephano. **Get.....man**—get a new servant. (Addressed to Prospero).

172. **Freedom**—Caliban's cry of "freedom" seems to be absolutely meaningless. He has but changed one master for another. **Hey-day**—an exclamation of joy.

174. **Brave monster**—ironical.

### ACT III : SCENE I.

**Analysis :** Ferdinand is engaged in carrying logs of wood. He hates the task; yet he is doing it for a nobler end in view, viz., the companionship of Miranda. Miranda is ten times more gentle than her father is harsh. Her company enlivens what would otherwise be a tedious and toilsome task. She weeps when she sees Ferdinand work. As a matter of fact the very thought of her keeps up his spirits. He is most busy when he thinks of her and least busy when he does his task. All these thoughts pass through Ferdinand as he plies up the logs of wood.

Miranda joins him now, and begs him to stop working, and to rest. She herself offers to carry the logs for him. But Ferdinand refuses to let her be so humiliated. Prospero watches the scene unseen from a distance. Ferdinand openly confesses his admiration of Miranda,—and admiration is little short of love. Miranda too responds to this and expresses her preference of Ferdinand. In fact a clear understanding is established between them. Ferdinand calls heaven and earth to witness his declaration of love. Miranda weeps in his joy, and declares emphatically that she will remain unmarried, but ever devoted to him, if he does not marry her.

kneeling gives his promise. Then they part. Prospero watches unseen rejoiced at the result.

**Critical Note :** Now we begin to see why Ferdinand landed by himself, and why Ariel lured him on by his music where he met Prospero and Miranda. It is a part of Prospero's plan, which is affected by the aid of magic ; or it is rather the main part of his plan. The three distinct groups of characters (which we have noted above) do not meet, but each group advances towards a climax by a separate path, and so each group is concerned with some action or other. Love and reconciliation (to which love finally leads) are the keynote to the action of the Prospero-Ferdinand-Miranda group.

The love between Ferdinand and Miranda is prearranged and foreseen. Miranda's character blooms into the perfection of natural simplicity and tenderness in this idyllic scene. No false modesty deters Miranda from openly and frankly confessing her love for Ferdinand. Love follows its natural course—love unsophisticated but free from any smudge, and fat removed from naked passion, thanks to Shakespeare's exquisite artistic sense. Conventions are made superfluous. To Ferdinand who has been brought up to the usages of artificial society. Miranda's simplicity and freedom are refreshing, and with his love—for he is in a position from his experience to judge between woman and woman—are united admiration and respect.

"I would suggest to the reader's consideration the curious felicity of the scene where Ferdinand and Miranda acknowledge their affection to each other. I mean in the harmonious contrast between a young prince, bred in a court, himself the centre of a sphere of the most artificial civilization, and a girl, not only without any knowledge of the world and society, but even without previous knowledge of the existence, of any created man but her father and Caliban."—*Mrs. F. A. Kemble.*

1. **There be**—there are. **Sports**—diversions. Ferdinand takes the task of carrying the logs of wood not as a serious occupation, but as some *sport*, which, he does not really enjoy. Supply 'that after 'sports'. **Painful**—tedious and toilsome. **Their labour**—the physical labour demanded by them.

2. **Delight in them**—delight in these toilsome tasks (not for their own sake, but for an ulterior motive—here the companionship of Miranda). **Sets off**—counterbalances. We make 'delight' subject but the trouble is that Shakespeare does not elsewhere use 'set off' in the use of 'counterbalance'.

1-2. **Their labour.....sets off**—(i) delight in them acts as a set-off to the labour they require ; (ii) "the interest we take in them shows them to their best advantage, makes them look their best."—(*Deighton*). **Baseness**—mean task ; drudgery.

3. **Nobly**—(i) with dignity ; (ii) for a higher but *ulterior* motive. **Undergone**—accepted and complied with. **Most poor**



**matters**—(i) most insignificant affairs (or tasks); (ii) most of insignificant affairs.

4. **Point.....ends**—have a noble end or purpose in view. 'Rich' is antithetical to "poor". Ferdinand speaks of taking delight in mean tasks. But this delight is taken, not for the sake of the tasks themselves, but from an ulterior motive. For example, Ferdinand is taking delight in the task of carrying logs for the sake of Miranda's companionship. **This.....task**—the task of carrying logs, in which I am engaged.

5. **Heavy**—tedious. **Odious**—hateful.

6. **Which**—whom. 'Which' in Shakespeare often refers to a personal antecedent. **Quickens**—gives life to. **What's dead**—what is dull and lifeless.

7. **Makes.....pleasures**—turns the tediousness of my task into a pleasure.

8. **Crabbed**—harsh.

9. **He's.....harshness**—his very nature is full of harshness. **I must remove**—I must have to remove.

10. **Upon.....injunction**—under a threat of severe punishment if the task be not fulfilled.

11. **Baseness**—mean task.

12. **Like**—similar. **Executor**—performer. **I forget**—I pause in my task in thinking of her.

13. **These sweet thoughts**—the thoughts about my mistress. **Refresh.....labours**—give me new strength in performing my task.

14. **Most busy.....it**—to explain the text as it stands: most busy (when thinking of her), least ('lest' used for 'least') busy when I do it (the task).

The explanation suggested by Furness is noteworthy: "I am forgetting my work—But when I do thus forget, my mind too teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am even refreshed for my work."

15. **Pray you**—I pray you.

16. **I would**—I wish.

17. **Enjoined**—set.

18. **Set it down**—leave the log alone.

19. **I will weep**—refers to the moisture that comes from burning wood. Miranda's fancy pictures such moisture from burning wood astears of sympathy. She ascribes to the wood her own sympathy for Ferdinand. **Wearied**—exhausted.

21. **Safe**—i.e., safe out of the way. Prospero watches them unseen, which they think that they are safe from his intrusion. An instance of irony.

22. **Discharge**—perform.

24. **I'll.....while**—Miranda offers to carry the logs for him.

Note that Miranda's love goes to the length of self-denial—a love compounded of tenderness and devotion. In true love there is some sort of voluntary slavery, Miranda's love illustrates this. **The while**—during the time you rest. **That**—that log.

26. **Crack**—break. **Sinew**—muscles.

27. **You.....under go**—you should so humiliate yourself.

28-29. **It would.....you**—if it is not bad enough for you, it cannot be worse for me.

30. **For.....it**—for my heart will be in the task.

31. **And yours.....against**—(i) your good will is against the work : (ii) the work is against your good will. **Worm**—used for 'creature.' A term of pity. **Infected**—infected with love (as if it were a disease).

32. **Visitation**—visit. "Prospero adopts language which was familiar when the plague was of common occurrence."—(Wright). **Wearily**—tried.

33-34. **'Tis night**—when you are with me, you make night into day. This is of course the lover's exaggeration.

35. **Set.....prayers**—i.e., pray for you when I pray.

36. **Hest**—command. **To say so**—by saying so, i.e., by telling my name.

38. **Admired Miranda**—*Miranda* is the feminine of the Latin gerundive, and means 'fit to be admired'. **The top of admiration**—the highest point to which admiration can go.

38-39. **Worth.....world**—nothing in the world can be more precious than you are.

40. **Eyed**—observed. **Best regard**—closest attention.

41. **Harmony of their tongues**—sweetness of their speech. **Bondage**—captivity.

42. **Diligent**—patiently listening. **Several**—separate.

43-44. **Never any.....some defect**—never liked any woman with such complete love as not to see that some defect.

45. **Did.....owed**—contradicted the noblest attribute she possessed. **Owed**—owned.

46. **Put.....foil**—defeated it. It should not be confounded with the 'foil', which means the setting of a jewel.

47. **Peerless**—matchless ; unequalled.

47-48. **Are.....best**—are made up all that is best in every creature.

50. **Save**—except. **Mine own**—i.e., the reflection of my face.

51. **That.....men**—this is the fitting language of one whose knowledge of men is so limited.

52. **Features**—bodily shape, and not merely the face. **Abroad**—outside the island.

53. **Skilless**—ignorant. **By my modesty**—I swear by my modesty.

54. **The jews in my dower**—the best treasure in my possession.

56. **Nor can.....shape**—nor can my imagination conceive a human figure.

57. **Besides yourself**—other than yourself. **To like of**—that I can like or admire. There are ten passages in Shakespeare where *like* is followed by *of*. *To like* in such a case may be construed as 'to have a liking'. **Prattle**—i.e., let my tongue run away with myself (the idea of talking without reserve and of never stopping.)

58. **Wildly**—irrelevantly. **Precepts**—instructions.

58-59. **My father's precepts.....forget**—Prospero must have been tutoring Miranda for this interview. But Miranda is so simple that she gives away the show whenever she remembers that she is going against her father's instructions. **Condition**—rank.

61. **I would.....to**—I wish it were not so. He wishes that his father were alive, and that he were not the king in his place.

62. **Wooden slavery**—slavery consisting in carrying logs. **Suffer**—allow.

63. **Blow**—infect. **Flesh fly**—infect meat. **Speak**—declare its love.

65. **Fly.....service**—It is love at first sight. **Service**—*N. B.* The word had a peculiar significance in the code of chivalry. It not only connected love and devotion, but the oath of the knight to serve his lady and win glory for her sake. **Resides**—stay (the idea of being vowed to the service of Miranda).

66. **To make.....it**—to make me absolutely subservient to the purpose of loving and exalting my lady. **For.....sake**—on behalf of my love for you.

67. **Log-man**—wood-bearer. **Am.....log-man**—I am ready to carry wood without complaining. **Do.....me**—the direct and straightforward question (there is no fencing about it as in modern parlance of love) speaks of the purity and innocence of Miranda's soul.

68. **O heaven.....sound**—Ferdinand is delighted to know that Miranda is not unresponsive to his love. He calls heaven and earth (i.e., all heavenly and earthly powers) to testify to his love which he has formally declared.

69. **Crown**—bless. **What.....profess**—love that I declare. **Kind event**—favourable result.

70. **If.....true**—if my declaration of love is sincere. **If hollowly**—i.e., If I speak hollowly. **Hollowly**—insincerely. **Invert**—reverse ; prevent.

71. **What.....me**—whatever good fortune may be in store for me. In modern English 'bode' is used in connection with something evil. **Mischief**—misfortune.

72. **Beyond.....world**—i.e., beyond all measure.

73-74. **I am.....of**—another supremely natural touch. Miranda is happy to know that Ferdinand loves her and sheds tears of joy.

75. **Encounter**—meeting. In Shakespeare 'encounter' has neutral meaning either hostile or friendly meeting. **Two.....affections**—i.e., two loving each other most innocently and tenderly. **Heavens.....grace**—may God pour blessings.

76. **That.....between 'em**—the love which is growing between them.

77. **At unworthyness**—love teaches humility. Miranda's love which is sincere and ardent, makes her think that she is not good enough for Ferdinand.

78. **What.....give**—i.e., my love.

79. **What.....want**—What I am dying to have, i.e., Ferdinand's love. **To want**—through wanting ; in the absence of. **But.....trifling**—but why should I worry about it.

80. **It**—i.e., love. **All the more itself**—It is very womanly instinct to conceal her feeling. It is but a trick of love which a woman picks up even without being in society.

81. **The bigger....shows**—the more it reveals itself. **Hence—away. Bashful cunning**—false and affected modesty.

82. **Prompt me**—help in speaking out my mind. **Plain.....innocence**—discarding false modesty. Resorts to her natural innocence and simplicity.

84. **If not**—if you will not marry me. **Maid**—(i) unmarried ; (ii) servant. Not the pun. **Fellow**—companion ; equal.

85. **Deny me**—refuse me (the right of being your companion).

86. **Whether.....no**—whether you wish it or not.

87. **Thus**—Ferdinand kneels. **Humble ever**—your servant for ever. Note 'service' in line 65.....**My.....then**—you are then prepared to marry me ?

89. **Bondage**—a prisoner. Abstract for concrete. **As.....freedom**—as a prisoner is willing to be free. **Here's my hand**—he puts forth his hand as a pledge of his love and loyalty. The custom of shaking hands in confirmation of an oath or bargain has been common to all nations and in all ages. But here evidently is an allusion to the feudal ceremony of the vassal putting his hand in the hands of his overlord on taking the oath of fidelity and homage. The same ceremony was repeated by a knight swearing love and service to his mistress.

90. **And mind**—Miranda also offers her hand to Ferdinand. **With.....in't**—it confirms the oath of my heart—the pledge of love.

91. **Till hence**—i.e., for the coming half an hour. **A thousand etc.**—i.e., a thousand farewells.

92. **So glad.....be**—Prospero brought them together, expecting this result, therefore, at their falling in love he could not have been so delighted as the two lovers—for Prospero there was no element of surprise in it.

93-94. **But my rejoicing.....more**—nothing pleases me more than their falling in love. **I'll.....book**—I will have recourse in my book of magic.

96. **Much business appertaining**—i.e., many particulars connected with my plan.

### ACT III : SCENE II

**Analysis :** The scene brings before us Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. All three are drinking, and are far from being steady. Trinculo seems to have a less fuddled brain, and observes, and comments (as a jester) on the conduct of Caliban. Stephano would not stop drinking until the cask was empty, and bids Caliban to drink. Caliban's eyes are now staring out of his sockets, and he seems to be struck dumb. However at the repeated request of Stephano he loosens his tongue. He quarrels with Trinculo, and appeals to Stephano. Stephano bids Trinculo to behave. Then Caliban proceeds to repeat his 'suit' to Stephano.

Ariel now enters invisible. He interrupts and contradicts Caliban again and again as he goes on with the story of Prospero. They suppose that Trinculo is interrupting the story, till at last Stephano beats Trinculo, while Trinculo who does not evidently hear Ariel interrupting, protests in vain. Caliban complains that Prospero has robbed him of the island, and begs Stephano to avenge his wrongs. He suggests that Stephano should knock out Prospero's brain while he is asleep in the afternoon as his habit is, but warns him that he must seize his books first, for without his books no spirit will obey him. Then he speaks of Prospero's daughter whom he (Caliban) has heard Prospero describe as a paragon of beauty. Stephano decides to make her his queen while he will be the king of the island. Trinculo approves of the plan.

At Caliban's request Stephano sings—to a false tune. The correct tune is played by Ariel on a tabor and pipe. Both Stephano and Trinculo hear this Aerial tune, and are frightened. Caliban assures them that the island is full of such music, and that it is harmless. Then they follow the direction of Ariel's music.

**Critical Note :** The scene is like a comic interlude in which Stephano gets Caliban to drink again and again, and in which there is something like a row between Caliban and Trinculo, when Ariel plays his tricks upon them. Trinculo plays the jester, but he seems to show a sort of superior aloofness from the other two. His shrewd comments on Caliban and Stephano are a noteworthy contribution to the appreciation of the comic interlude. But there is also the revelation of Caliban's evil nature in this scene. We have already

seen a plot being formed against Alonso—but it was foiled (by the supernatural agency). Now a plot is formed against Prospero by Caliban and Stephano. But it gives no thrill to the reader, knowing as he does the result of the more serious plot against Alonso. The element of *suspense* is almost at a discount in *The Tempest*, owing to its use of the supernatural machinery.

1. **Tell.....me**—don't talk rot. Trinculo has evidently been suggesting to Stephano a more sparing use of the wine lest there would be nothing left. **Butt**—cask of wine.

2. **Not.....before**—I will drink not a drop of water until the cask is empty. **Bear up**—put the helm up and keep the vessel off her course. A nautical phrase.

3. **Board**—attack. **Bear.....board'm**—i.e., make another attack upon the bottle. Stephano, like a sailor, speaks in nautical terms. **Drink.....me**—drink my health.

4. **Servant-monster**—Ben Jonson makes a satirical allusion to this: "If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales 'tempest' and such like drolleries."  
—*Introduction to Bartholomew Fair*.

**Thy folly.....island**—(i) "what a deal of folly there must be!"—*Verity*: (ii) proposed as a toast by Trinculo—Drink to the folly of this island: 'whether a toast or no, the phrase is sly reflection on sundry follies or fallacies connected with contemporary plantations whose state often tottered.'—*Morton Luce*.

5. **Five.....isle**—the three of them are here, but Trinculo has not yet seen the other two—Prospero and Miranda.

6. **Brained like us**—have-fuddled brains as we have. The three have been drinking. **The state**—a reference to Stephano's contemplated sovereignty of the island. **Totters**—collapses. The word is suggested by his own reeling state.

9. **Where.....set else**—Trinculo plays upon the word: Where should they be *set* else, i.e., placed.

10. **If they.....tail**—there may be a reference to the story told by Rowe of a whale thrown ashore near Ramsgate, "a monstrous fish, but not so monstrous as some reported—for *his eyes were in his head*, and not in his back."

11. **Man-monster**—servant-monster. 'Man' in the sense of *servant*. **Drown'd.....sack**—as the effect of drinking Caliban can hardly speak now.

12. **For.....part**—as for myself. **The sea**—(i) in the literal sense; (ii) the sea of sack. **Drown**—(i) in the literal sense; (ii) overpower (i.e., a sea of sack cannot overpower Stephano).

13. **Recover**—reach. **Off and on**—(i) more or less—(*Deighton*); (ii) continuously, with pauses now and then.

14-15. **By.....Light**—a mild oath. **Standard**—i.e., a standard-bearer. Similarly Shakespeare uses 'trumpet' for a *trumpeter*.

16. **If you list**—if you please. **He's no standard**—Trinculo puns on 'standard'. (i) He is no standard-bearer ; (ii) he is unable to stand (he is staggering in his drunkenness).

18. **Nor go neither**—nor shall we be able to walk. Trinculo is still joking upon drunkenness. **Lie**—(i) lie on the ground ; (ii) tell a lie.

19. **Say.....neither**—keep quiet. 'Neither' is for *either*.

20. **Moon-calf**—a monster.

20-21. **If thou.....Moon calf**—Stephano seems to coax Caliban.

22. **How.....honour**—how is your lordship ? **Let.....shoe**—Note Caliban's servility. His tipsy condition may have something to do with it.

23. **Him**—i.e., Trinculo. **Valiant**—courageous. **He.....valiant**—as if Caliban can admire valour.

24-25. **In case**—in a condition. **Justle**—jostle ; knock down. **Deboshed**—debauched ; drunken. **Fish**—Trinculo returns to his original conception of Caliban as a fish. Or is he referring to the proverbial expression—*to drink like fish*.

26-27. **We there.....today**—according to Trinculo the test of one's valour is the amount of liquor one can swallow. He says that he cannot be a coward because he has drunk a lot of sack. **Monstrous lie**—(i) a big lie ; (ii) a lie such as a monster may tell. Caliban tells a *monstrous* lie when he says that Trinculo is not brave.

28. **Being.....monster**—Caliban, according to Trinculo is partly a fish and partly a monster. Why should he then tell a monstrous lie ?

29. **Wilt.....him**—will you let him mock me.

31. **Lord.....he**—Trinculo sneers at Caliban for calling Stephano 'lord'.

32. **Natural**—idiot.

33. **Lo.....again**—look here again. **Bite.....death**—bite him till he dies.

34. **Keep.....head**—speak civilly ; behave.

35. **Mutineer**—a rebel. **The next tree**—I will hang you on the next tree. A summary procedure of justice like that was necessary in the early career of a colony.

38. **Hearken**—listen. **Suit**—petition.

39. **Marry**—by the Virgin Mary. **Stand**—a reference to his tipsy condition and to his inability to stand firmly on his legs.

42. **Sorcerer**—a magician. **Cunning**—skill in magic.

42-43. **Hath.....island**—Caliban is too conscious of his rights. He constantly harps upon this subject of his being deprived of the island by Prospero.

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45. **Thou.....monkey**—Trinculo does not evidently hear the



71. **Why.....I**—certainly Trinculo is innocent, and cannot understand the cause of Stephano's wrath. **Go.....off**—move away.

73. **Thou liest**—this interposition of Ariel is most amusing.

74. **Take.....that**—this is what you deserve.

75. **This**—treatment. **Give.....lie**—contradict me..

76-77. **Out.....too**—you seem to have lost your head and cannot hear too. **A plague.....bottle**—Trinculo blames the wine for this result (he puts down Stephano's perversity to his drunkenness).

78-79. **This can.....do**—this is what your sack and your drinking have done. **Murrain**—plague. **The devil.....fingers**—Trinculo curses Stephano's fingers for having beaten him. **Forward.....tale**—go on with your story. **Stand.....off**—move farther away. Addressed to Trinculo.

83-84. **After.....too**—ere long I shall assist you in beating him.

86. **There**—on that occasion. **Brain him**—knock out his brain. Perhaps Caliban feels that Prospero's brain gives him such superiority and power. His brain, therefore, is the most offensive part of him. Caliban thinks first of bashing in his brain.

87. **Having.....books**—his magic books must be secured, or he cannot be coped with.

88. **Batter**—break to pieces. **Paunch**—disembowel ; rip up the belly. **Stake**—pieces of wood with a sharp and pointed end.

89. **Wezand**—wind-pipe.

91. **Sot**—fool. The modern sense is 'drunkard'. "Caliban's speech is not that of a man so deep in drink that his eyes are almost set in his head ; and we may suppose that the word "sot" has its French meaning of "foot", without any reference to what ought to be Caliban's very drunken condition."  
—Morton Luce.

**Nor.....not**—double negative for the sake of emphasis.

92. **One.....command**—without his magic books he cannot get a single spirit to serve him. Caliban knows too that the spirits will not obey Prospero if he is without his magic books.

93. **As rootedly**—with as deep-rooted a hatred. **Burn.....books**—(i) only be sure to burn his books ; (ii) burn nothing but his books.

94. **Brave utensils**—a lot of fine stuff. Caliban is not definite about what he means. He seems to have learnt the word from Prospero. **He.....them**—Prospero calls them 'utensils'.

96. **That.....consider**—the point that should be seriously considered.

98. **Nonpareil**—a paragon of beauty ; one who has no equal.

101. **As great'st.....least**—there is as much difference between Sycorax and my master's daughter as there is between the

greatest and the least. **Brave**—beautiful. Still used in this sense in Scotland. **Lass**—girl.

102. **Become.....hed**—befit the position of the wife to you. **Warrant**—assure you.

103. **Bring.....forth**—bear you. **Brood**—offspring.

105. **Save.....graces**—i.e., God save our graces. 'God' is omitted for the sake of the Act forbidding profanity on the stage. **Our graces**—i.e., our gracious majesties.

108. **Give.....hand**—a pledge of good faith and friendship.

109. **While..... head**—behave for the rest of your life. Stephano plays the bully. Perhaps his ownership of the cask of wine gives him the right to play the bully.

112. **This..... master**—Ariel seems to have natural human affection. He feels for his master, and he is anxious to save his life.

113. **Thou merry**—you make me feel so light and gay.

114. **Jocund**—merry. **Troll**—run over (a song)—to move circularly or volubly and hence to sing or take up in succession. **Catch**—a song, the parts of which are "caught" up in succession by different singers.

115. **While-ere**—erewhile ; a little while ago.

116. **Do reason**—i.e., do anything reasonable.

117. **Flout**—mock at. **Scout**—ridicule.

120. **Thought is free**—"probably the burden of a song, quoted by Maria in *Twelfth Night* (I. iii. 73) in a way that points to its meaning of unfavourable or critical or hypercritical thought, and the freedom of such thought, we gather from the whole play, is assumed only by such irresponsible bondage as that of Caliban, or by such moral bondage as that of his associated." —Morton Luce.

121. **That's tune**—It is not the correct tune.

122. **What.....same**—what is this I hear—the same tune it seems ?

124. **Picture of nobody**—a common sign which consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms.

The figure which is copied in Knight's *Shakespeare* was a ludicrous figure with one head, arms and legs, but no body. Underneath was sometimes the scroll—

"Nobody is my name.

That beyreth everybody's blame."

There was the same engraving on the ballad of "*The Well-spoken Nobody*."

125. **Likeness**—visible form.

126. **Take't.....list**—(i) take any shape you please ; (ii) take my remark as you will please yourself.

127. **O' forgive.....sins**—Trinculo yields to superstitious

fears. He believes that he is persecuted by the devil for his sins, and prays God to forgive his sins.

128. **He.....debts**—he who dies can fear nothing more. Death is the last debt we pay. I defy thee—Stephano is fortified by wine against superstitious fears.

129. **Mercy.....us**—may God have mercy upon us! Though Stephano defies the invisible being, he at last seeks the mercy of God.

131. **No.....I**—Stephano puts on a brave face before Caliban—does not want to give away the show. Just a question of a colonial maintaining his “prestige” before the natives.

132. **Noises**—musical sounds.

133. **Airs**—tunes.

134. **Twangling**—an imitative word, describing the sound of stringed instruments.

135. **Hum.....ears**—sing in my ears.

137. **Will.....again**—have soporific power.

138. **Me thought**—it seemed to me.

139. **Ready.....me**—in the act of descending upon me.

140. **Cried.....again**—wished I could go on dreaming.

132-140. **The isle is.....dream again**—Caliban has been described as “the barbarian child of nature.....whose language is half-picture and half-music.” The truth of this remark is illustrated in this most poetical of passages, put into Caliban’s mouth.

The passage seems to have been suggested by descriptions of Bermuda. Somers and his men heard “mysterious noise which led them to imagine that spirits and devils had made the island their home.”

141. **This.....me**—it will be nice to rule here.

142. **Music for nothing**—music free of cost.

144. **By and by**—presently. **I.....story**—note the patronizing airs assumed by Stephano. Stephano plays the role of the typical colonist of the day in his relations with the “natives”.

145. **Sound**—i.e., Ariel’s music.

146. **Do.....work**—carry out our plan.

148. **Taborer**—player on the tabor. A tabor is a small side-drum, generally associated with the pipe.

149. **Wilt come**—addressed to Stephano. But if the comma is omitted after ‘follow’, then Caliban will be meant.

### ACT III : SCENE III

**Analysis :** Both Gonzalo and Alonso are tired, wandering about in a maze as it were, on the island. They propose to rest. Antonio and Sebastian whisper together and arrange to re-attempt their plot that night when they, being tired, cannot keep any strict watch. Then

strange music sounds in the air, and several strange shapes enter, bringing in a banquet. They beckon the King and his companions to eat, and depart. This a very strange happening, and they are now inclined to believe all the wonderful things that travellers tell. Sebastian is now prepared to believe that there are unicorns, and that there is, in Arabia, one tree which is the abode of the phoenix. Antonio thinks that travellers, though discredited at home, relate but facts. Gonzalo considers the islanders—for he takes the strange shapes that brought in the banquet to the people of the island—gentler and more courteous than most men.

Gonzalo urges the King to partake of the feast. He believes that the feast is but a part of the strange experience which happens to travellers and remarks in this connection that when he was a boy, he would not believe that there were mountaineers with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat like that of a bull, or men whose heads grew in their breast. When they prepare to sit down to the feast, Ariel enters in the shape of a harpy, preceded by thunder and lightning, and flaps his wings upon the table and the banquet vanishes.

Ariel who is invisible now denounces Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian for having replaced Prospero and put him out to sea, and bids them repent before it is too late. Prospero commends Ariel and his fellow-spirits for having played their parts nicely. He then withdraws. Gonzalo who has not heard the airy voice warning the three, is astonished to see the King distraught. The three seem to be in a fit of madness and wildly rush forward. Gonzalo bids the younger fellows follow, and keep an eye on them.

**Critical Note :** The supernatural machinery of the play is fully brought into action in this scene. Of course the proper and genuine interest that we might take in a drama—a drama of human motive and human action is considerably discounted by the supernatural intervention : yet the leading motive of the play is kept steadily in view, and is made to develop by the very supernatural machinery. To Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, their guilt is brought home by supernatural means. *Forgiveness and reconciliation* are the leading motives of the play. The airy voice that warns the three who have wronged Prospero, also promises the withholding of the doom for 'heart-sorrow and a clear life ensuing'. The scene, however, is the most effective of all in the play. The fit of desperation into which the three are thrown, however artificially produced, seems to be the natural reaction of guilt and impresses the reader most. So Moulton writes, "The whole past stands out before them as no more than the story of one foul deed and its avenging ; the very sea which they had made the innocent accomplice of their crime had bided his time to requite them, and the shores, yea, ever creature, are incensed against them.....All space and time seem to have resolved itself into a trap of fate for them ; and there is but one avenue of escape hinted at in 'heartsorrow and a clear life ensuing'."

1. **By'r lakin**—by our ladykin (i.e., 'little lady')—a term of endearment for the Virgin Mary. **I.....further**—I am too tired to go any farther.

2. **My old bones**—i.e., my limbs and joints which are those of an old man. **Ache**—are full of pain. **Maze**—a network of intricate passages. **Trod**—trodden ; traversed.

3. **Forth-right**—straight paths. **Meanders**—winding passages, so called from the winding river of Phrygia—the *Meander*. **By your patience**—with your leave.

4. **Needs**—necessarily. **I.....thee**—you are perfectly justified in what you say.

5. **Who**—goes with 'I' in the previous line. **Attached**—seized. The word is still used as a law term. **Weariness**—fatigue.

6. **To.....spirits**—with the result that I am very depressed in mind.

7. **Put off**—abandon. **My hope**—my hope to find my son (Ferdinand).

8. **For.....flatterer**—as my flatterer, i.e., as a false hope.

9. **Stray**—roam about. **Mocks**—(i) smiles ; (ii) baffles.

10. **Frustrate**—i.e., frustrated ; fruitless. Abbot notes : "Some verbs ending in *te*, *t*, and *d*, on account of their terminations, do not add *ed* in the participle." **Let.....go**—I must give him up for lost.

11. **He's.....hope**—he abandons all hope about his son.

12. **Repulse**—defeat. **Forgo**—renounce. **Purpose**—the purpose of supplanting Alonso.

13. **Effect**—carry out. **Advantage**—opportunity.

14. **Will.....thoroughly**—we will make the proper use of it without bungling. **Thoroughly**—i.e., thoroughly. **Let.....be**—let it be done.

15. **Oppress'd**—worn out. **Travel**—the exhaustion of wandering about.

18. **Harmony**—music. **Hark**—listen.

19. **Marvellous**—i.e., marvellously.

(*Stage-direction*) **Above**—in the balcony at the back of the stage.

20. **Kind keepers**—i.e., angels to watch over us. **What.....these**—what these shapes would likely to be !

21. **A living drollery**—a dumb-show, enacted by living beings.

"Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, took their name."

—*Stevens*.

In a *living drollery*, therefore, the figures will be living people instead of puppets.

22. **Unicorns**—the unicorn is a fabulous animal. It was supposed to be about the size of a horse with a white body, red head, and blue eyes, having a horn on the forehead a cubit long, part being white and black in the middle and red at the extremity.

23. **One tree**—a single tree which is the abode of the phoenix. **The phoenix throne**—the seat or habitation of the phoenix.

The *Phoenix* is mentioned in Lyly's *Euphues*: "For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth."

A detailed description is in Holland's *Pliny*, "The *Phoenix* of Arabia passes all other birds. By report he is big as an Aegle: for colour as yellow and bright as gold (namely all about the neck); the rest of the body a deep red purple: the taile azure blue, intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation colour; and the head bravely adorned with a crest and penach finely wrought, having a tuft and plume thereupon, right, faire and goodly to be seen. Manilius.....reported that never man was known to see him feeding .....that he liveth 660 years and when he groweth old and begins to decay, he builds himself with the twigs and branches of the Canell or Cinamon and Frankincense trees, and when he hath filled it with all sort of Aromatical spices yeeldeth up his life thereupon. He saith, moreover, that of his bones and marrow there breeds at first as if it were a little worme, which afterwarð proueth to be a prettiè bird, And the first thing this young new Phoenix doth is to perform the obsequies of the former Phoenix late deceased."

24. **Reigning**—dwelling in solitary splendour. **Both**—the story about unicorns and the story about phoenix.

25. **What.....credit**—whatever else seems to be incredible. **Come to me**—let it come to me: when I happen to hear it.

25. **I'll.....true**—the idea is that their own experiences are no less extraordinary than those related by travellers. Of course, all that is meant to be a playful satire on travellers' tales, which were broadcasted in Shakespeare's day, and which were discredited as pure fabrications. **Travellers.....lie**—judging by our own experience we must say that travellers did not invent those stories.

27. **Fools at home**—i.e., those who have not gone abroad, therefore, have limited knowledge and experience. **Condemn 'em**—accuse the travellers of telling lies.

28. **This**—our own experience on this island.

30. **Certes**—certainly. **These.....island**—Gonzalo refers to the strange shapes that brought in the banquet.

31. **Who, though they, etc.**—an instance of loose syntax which is often excusable in speech, as here.

32. **Gentle-kind**—(i) gentle and kind; (ii) gently kind.

32-34. **Their manners.....any**—their manners are more gentle and courteous than you would find those of many, I might almost say, of any of mankind.



35. **Thou.....well**—your remark is true. **There**—because they are standing a little farther away from Prospero (who remains invisible).

36. **Are.....devils**—are more malicious than the evil powers themselves. **Muse**—wonder at.

36-37. **I cannot.....sound**—I am filled all with wonder at such shapes, at the signs they make and at the music I hear. He means to say that the things that happen on the island are really such marvels as travellers can talk of. The king also is beginning to feel sympathy for the travellers who are so much discredited for their tales.

38. **They.....tongue**—they cannot speak.

39. **Dumb discourse**—talking by signs. **Praise in departing**—do not praise your host or his entertainment too soon; wait till the end before you praise. A proverbial expression. Compare:

“Stay your thanks awhile

And pay them when you part.

—*The Winter's Tale*, I. II. 9-10.

41. **Viands**—food. **We . . . stomachs**—we are hungry.

42. **Not I**—at first Alonso is not willing to partake the feast; but Gonzalo soon persuades him to believe that there can be no harm in the feast.

45. **Dewlapp'd**—with a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat. **At 'me**—at them.

46. **Wallets**—bags.

45-46. **Dewlapped . . . flesh**—evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *goitre* among the Alps and other mountainous districts.

46-47. **There were.....breasts**—Compare:

“The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouths and eyes both in their breasts.” —Holland's *Pliny*.

“On that branch which is called Caora are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in the middle of their breasts.”

—Hakluyt's *Voyage*.

Shakespeare refers to these also in *Othello*, I. iii. 144-145.

“The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

48. **Each putter out of five for one**—i.e., a traveller who invested money before going abroad—the condition being that “for one pound deposited, he would get five pounds on return.”

A more pointed allusion to this practice occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man of His Humour*:

“I do intend, this year jubilee coming on, to travel;  
and (because I will not altogether go upon expense) I am  
determined to put some five thousand pounds, to be paid

*five for one*, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog from the Turk's Court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone ; if we be successful, why there will be *twenty-five thousands pounds* to entertain time withal.

49. **Warrant**—testimony. **Stand to**—fall to work.

50. **Although.....last**—although it will be my last meal.

(*Stage direction*). **Enter Ariel, like a harpy**, etc.—A *harpy* (in classical mythology) is a winged monster with the head and breasts of a woman, very fierce, starved-looking, and loathsome, living in an atmosphere of filth and stench, and contaminating everything it comes in contact with.

A parallel to this Virgil's *Aeneid*, III where the Harpies snatch away the food of the Trojans in one of the islands of the Strophades :

"But sodenly from downe the hills with grisly fall to syght.  
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out  
their shright,

And at our meate they snatch."

**S.D. With a quaint device**—"Probably by means of machinery such as was used at the performance of Masques."—*Verity*.

53. **Three men of sin**—Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian.

54-55. **This.....in't**—i.e., all earthly powers. **Never surfeited**—never fed to satisfaction ; hence ever hungry.

56. **Caused**—the object is 'never-surfeited sea'. **Belch up**—cast ashore (so that the three sinners may be reserved for a more direful punishment). **You**—the object of 'belch' is repeated for the sake of clearness—the original object being 'whom' in line 53.

56-57. **On this.....inhabit**—i.e., you have been cast upon this island which is uninhabited (because you are unfit to live in human society). **'Mongst men**—i.e., in human society.

59. **Such-like valour**—i.e., such desperation into which I have driven you.

61. **Ministers**—agents. **Elements**—material.

62. **Whom**—equivalent to 'which'. 'Elements' are regarded as active agents ; hence 'whom'. **Temper'd**—of steel which is brought to a proper degree of hardness and elasticity by heating and chilling.

63. **Bemock'd at**—laughed to scorn.

64. **Still-closing**—always closing up. **Diminish**—lessen.

65. **Dowle**—fibre of down in a feather. **Fellow-ministers**—comrades who are the ministers of Fate.

66. **Like**—alike. **Invulnerable**—incapable of being wounded. **If.....hurt**—if you could use your swords for the purpose of striking.

67. **Massy**—massive ; heavy. **Strength**—plural because it is the strength of more than one individual.

68. **Uplifted**—raised.

69. **That's.....to you**—that is the communication I am to make to you.

70. **Supplant**—displace.

71. **Which.....it**—which has turned your foul deed upon you ; which has paid you off for the crime (by wrecking your ship).

72. **His.....child**—Miranda who was then a mere child.

73. **Powers**—i.e., the powers above. **Delaying**—postponing (the punishment). **Not forgetting**—as crime cannot go unpunished.

74. **Incensed**—stirred up. **Creature**—created things.

75. **Against peace**—to persecute you ; to give you no peace of mind.

76. **Bereft**—deprived.

77. **Lingering perdition**—a slow destruction.

77-78. **Than.....at once**—than any immediate death can be. **Attend**—‘perdition’ is subject.

78-79. **Shall...ways**—refers to the pangs of haunting remorse. **Whose wraths**—the ‘powers’ are like avenging Fates or *Erinyes* of Greek mythology. Their wrath will pursue the sinners until they repent and totally reform themselves.

81. **Is nothing**—there is no remedy. **Heart-sorrow**—sincere repentance.

82. **Clear**—blameless. **Life ensuing**—life in future (*Stage direction*). **Mows**—grimaces.

83-84. **Bravely.....perform'd**—nicely you have played the role of the harpy. **Grace**—neatness ; delicacy. **Devouring**—when consuming the banquet. It is explained by some as ‘fascinating,’ qualifying grace.

85. **Bated**—abated ; omitted.

86. **In.....say**—i.e.,<sup>2</sup> in the speech that you were instructed to make. **So**—similarly. **With.....life**—with most accurate fidelity ; in the most life-like manner.

87. **Observation strange**—particular attention to the details. **Meaner ministers**—lesser spirits who do my bidding.

88. **Several kinds**—respective duties.

83-84. **Bravely the figure done**—“You made a very good harpy, Ariel, and played your part to perfection. You are always a dainty spirit, and there was something graceful even in your raid upon the banquet ; and in your speeches you omitted none of my instructions. My inferior spirits, moreover, acted their respective parts of the life, and with a remarkably exact performance of every particular.”  
—Morton Luce.

**High charms**—potent magic.

89. **Knit up**—entangled.

90. **Distraction**—confusion and bewilderment. **They**.....  
**power**—they are absolutely under my control.

91. **These fits**—fits of desperation. Shakespeare uses the plural abstract noun when it refers to more than one person.

92. **Whom**.....**drown'd**—two constructions are involved :  
 (i) who, they suppose, is drown'd ; (ii) whom they suppose to be drowned.

93. **His**.....**darling**—i. e., Miranda.

94. **I' the name**.....**holy**—a mild and innocent oath.

95. **In**.....**stare**—with your eyes so wildly fixed on vacant space. **Monstrous**—most strange ; unnatural.

96. **Methought**—it seemed to me. **Told**.....**it**—told me of my offence against Prospero.

98. **Deep**.....**organ-pipe**—with a voice as deep and solemn as that of an organ. Compare :

“This pale faint swan,  
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.  
 And from the organ pipe of frailty sings  
 His soul and body of their lasting rest.”

—*King John*, V. vii. 21-24.

99. **Prospero**—Prospero. **Bass my trespass**—proclaim in a deep and loud voice my offence against Prospero.

100. **Therefore**—since this has happened, it is clear to me that. **Oze**—mud at the bottom of the sea. **Bedded**—embedded. **My**..... **bedded**—my son lies at the bottom of the sea (stuck in the mud).

101. **I'll seek**—I will have to seek. **Plummet**—sounding line. **Sounded**—measured the depth.

102. **Mudded**—buried in the mud. **But**.....**time**—let there be but one devil at a time.

103. **I'll**.....**o'er**—I will fight the whole lot of them. **Second**—assistant. *N. B.* Perhaps ‘second’ is suggested by the idea of duel. In fighting a duel the challenger and the challenged each choose a second (a supporter or backer) to make arrangements for and be present at the duel.

104. **Desperate**—in a violent mood.

105. **Like position**.....**after**—“The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.”

—*Steevens*.

106. **To bite the spirits**—the effect of remorse.

107. **Suppler**—nimble, quicker.

108. **Ecstasy**—Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit of madness. In Shakespeare as Nares observes, *ecstasy* “stands for every species of such mental affection, whether temporary

or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause."

## ACT IV : SCENE I

**Analysis :** Prospero has already promised Ferdinand Miranda's hand in marriage. He now warns Ferdinand to be cautious enough to preserve love from being defiled by lust, which would make a hell of their married life. Ferdinand replies by taking a solemn vow to respect the sanctity of love.

Prospero now summons Ariel. And Ariel calls up an illusion in which the inferior spirits take part. First comes Iris, the goddess of the rainbow. As the messenger of Juno the queen of heaven, summons Ceres (the goddess of agriculture). Iris tells Ceres how Venus and her son, Cupid, have failed to kindle in Ferdinand and Miranda lustful desires, and departed disappointed. First Juno and then, Ceres bless the couple.

Iris then summons the nymphs and reapers. They appear and dance. Prospero now suddenly recalls to his mind the plot of Caliban and his associates, and impatiently dismisses the spirits, apologises to Ferdinand for his temper, and commenting on the illusion that he had called up, remarks that the material world, and all that it holds—lofty towers, stately palaces, sacred temples, etc., will pass away like the vision and leave no trace behind. He dismisses also Ferdinand and Miranda to his cell.

Ariel appears again, reports to Prospero that he had, by his music, lured on the conspirators (Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo) and left them struggling in a dirty pool beyond Prospero's cell. Prospero now bids him hang out the "trumpery" in his cell as a decoy to these thieves.

Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo now draw near Prospero's cell. The latter two regret the loss of their wine-bottles in the pool. Stephano wishes that he would go back and recover them. But Caliban earnestly begs him to advance and do the murder that would give him (Stephano) the possession of the island. Stephano warms up to the task. Then they behold the trumpery, hung out for them. Caliban would not touch it, but Stephano begins to pull off the apparel, and hand it to Trinculo, and also bids Caliban help in removing the clothes.

Suddenly several spirits, in the shape of dogs, begin to hunt them. Prospero and Ariel set them on by their cries.

**Critical Note :** The masque in which Ariel's fellow-spirits take part, is a digression. But it fills up a necessary pause during which the plot of Caliban and his associates matures. The masque, however, is connected with the main action of the play in the sense that it is part of the scheme of uniting the two houses of Milan and Naples on which Miranda's happiness seems to hang.

The plot of Caliban and his associates awakens but a faint interest. The issue is foreseen. The interest of the play will not

revive until the groups of characters that are up till now kept separate, are brought together and the final motive of the action is fully demonstrated.

The masque has an interest of its own. It is full of the fragrance of the countryside. It shows that Shakespeare was familiar with, and delighted in, the scenes of the English country-side, which are painted with such tersely picturesque expressiveness here.

1. **Austerely.....you**—severely punished you, making you carry logs of wood.

2. **Your compensation**—the reward that you receive for your labour (i.e., the hand of Miranda). **Makes amends**—i.e., makes it up to you.

3. **Third**—(i) thread, a fibre in the very thread of my own existence ; (ii) a third part. 'Third' is 'third' by a metathesis (i.e., transposition of sound). The three parts of his life are his studies, his dukedom and Miranda.

4. **Or that.....live**—equivalent to "mine own life." One commentator suggests this explanation: "Miranda may well be considered 'literally as a third part of Prospero's life', when she is given to Ferdinand ; Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda, being the three thirds, which Prospero might well say so to make up, "mine own life, or that for which I live."

5. **Tender**—offer. **Thy vexations**—annoyance that you suffered, to which you were subjected.

6. **Trials**—tests. **Were.....love**—were intended to test the strength of your love for my daughter.

7. **Strangely**—in a remarkable degree. **Stood the test**—endured the trial. **Afore**—before. **Afore Heaven**—I call God to witness.

8. **Ratify**—conform. **This.....gift**—my daughter who is the richest gift that I can offer.

9. **Do not.....me**—do not think me ridiculous. **Boast her off**—(i) best of her ('off' being equivalent to 'of') ; (ii) 'boost' her or advertise her.

10. **Outstrip**—outdistance. Metaphor of a race between Miranda and praise. **Thou.....praise**—you shall find her superior to all praise (she is too high for all praise).

11. **Make.....her**—the idea is that praise, running to come up with Miranda will stop exhausted behind.

12. **Against an oracle**—though an oracle (i.e., the voice of the gods) were to declare the contrary. The oracle was the reply given by the gods to the questions of the mortals. Among the famous oracles of antiquity were those of Zeus at Donoma, and Apollo at Delphi.

13. **As my gift**—as the father has the right of giving his daughter in marriage. **Thine.....acquisition**—Ferdinand has also earned Miranda by his own sincere love and devotion.

14. **Worthily purchased**—i.e., won by your love. His love is the price he paid for Miranda.

15. **Virgin-knot**—an allusion to the zone or sacred girdle worn by maidens in classical times as the symbol and safeguard of chastity before marriage. This girdle was untied by the husband at the wedding. **If thou.....virgin-knot**—if you possess her.

16. **Sanctimonious**—sacred. **Ceremonies**—formal celebrations.

17. **Minister'd**—performed.

18. **Aspersion**—"in the threefold sense of starry influence, the balmy dew and the sprinkling of holy water."—(*Morton Luce*).

19. **Contract**—betrothal. **Grow**—lead to a happy marriage. **Barren hate**—hate caused by the barrenness of the wife.

20. **Sour-eyed-disdain**—contempt expressed in bitter, angry looks. **Discord**—strife. **Bestrew**—sow.

21. **The union of your bed**—your marriage. **Loathly**—loathsome ; hatred.

22. **That you.....both**—that you both shall hate it. **Take heed**—be cautious. **As**—(i) as sure as ; (ii) so that.

23. **Hymen**—god of marriage. **As Hymen's lamp.....you**—the holy dictates of marriage shall guide you, "as you hope to be happy in your married life."—(*Deighton*) *N. B.* Why 'Hymen's lamps ?' Hymen was generally represented as crowned with flowers, chiefly with marjoram or roses, and holding a burning torch in one hand, and in the other the vest of a purple colour.

24. **Fair issue**—(i) lovely children ; (ii) children born in wedlock.

25. **With.....now**—i.e., which such as I feel now. **Murkiest**—darkest.

26. **The most.....place**—the darkest cave is the most opportune (i.e., favourable) place. **Suggestion**—temptation.

27. **Worser**—instance of double comparative. **Genius**—an allusion to the belief that a man is attended by a good and a bad angel from the birth.

27-28. **Melt.....lust**—change my honourable sentiment towards her into a physical desire. **To take away**—so that it may take away. **Celebration**—consummation, rather than the celebration of the marriage.

30. **Or**—either. **Phoebus' steeds**—the horses of the Sun-god. **Founder'd**—broken down. Cotgrave explains the 'foundering' of the horse as "heating of his feet by over much travel."

31. **Chain'd Below**—chained in a cave.

30-31. **When I... below**—when he will be very anxious for the night for then he can have the bride to himself and will think that either the sun is slow in going down, or the night is slow in coming up. **Spoke**—spoken.

33. **What, Ariel**—ho, there ! Ariel.

34. **Potent**—powerful. **What.....master**—what does my powerful master desire of me ?

35. **The meaner follows**—inferior spirits who are your companions. **Last service**—driving the three men of sin into madness.

37. **Trick**—deception. **Rabble**—band of spirits. Not used in a disparaging sense in Shakespeare's day.

39. **Incite.....motion**—hurry them.

42. **Presently**—immediately.

43. **With a twink**—in the twinkling (of an eye).

46. **Tripping on his toe**—dancing lightly.

47. **Mop and mow**—i.e., making grimaces.

50. **Conceive**—understand.

51. **Look.....true**—take care that you keep your vow.

51-52. **Do not.....rein**—do not freely indulge in amorous sports, e.g., kissing, cuddling etc.

52-53. **The strongest oaths.....blood**—the strongest oaths are consumed in the heat of passion as easily as straw is burnt in fire. **Abstemious**—temperate ; self-denying.

54. **Good .....vow**—talk no more of your vow. **Warrant**—assure.

55. **The white.....heart**—Ferdinand compares his *honour* which restrains his passion to snow.

56. **Abates**—lessens. **The ardour.....liver**—the fiery passion of which the liver is the seat. The liver was the supposed seat of love and violent passion. Compare :

“If ever love had interest in his liver.”

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV. i. 233.

55-56. **The white.....liver**—Morton Luce explains : ‘her pure breast on mine must subdue my passion.’

57. **Corollary**—surplus (of spirits).

58. **Perty**—quickly.

58. **No tongue.....silent**—“those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, or the spell is marred.” —(*Johnson*). **No tongue.....eyes**—do not speak but only look.

**Iris**—the goddess of the rainbow and the messenger of the gods.

59. **Ceres**—Greek, *Demeter*, the goddess of agriculture and of all the fruits of the earth. **Bounteous**—generous. **Leas**—pasture land.

61. **Vetches**—plants of the bean family, including several wild and cultivated species for forage.

62. **The turf mountains**—the mountain sides which are used as pasture lands. **Nibbling**—grazing.



63. **Meads**—meadows. **Thatch'd**—covered. **Stover**—the coarser sort of hay kept for the winter food of cattle. **Them to keep**—i.e., to feed the sheep.

65. **Spongy**—showery. **Hest**—behest ; command. **Betrims**—bedecks.

66. **Cold**—chaste. **Chaste crowne**—i.e., crowns to be worn by chaste nymphs. **Broom-groves**—'Broom, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium* of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it ; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher ; a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn."—(Steevens).

68. **Lass-lorn**—forsaken by his lady-love. **Pole-clipt**—(i) the vineyard in which the poles are *embraced* by the vines ; (ii) the vineyard where the tendrils of the vines are *clipped* or *cut* on the poles ; (iii) the vineyard hedged in or surrounded by poles.

69. **Sea-marge**—the sea-coast. **Sterile**—barren. **Rocky hard**—refers to cliffs forming the coast.

70. **Air**—take the air. **Queen of the sky**—Juno.

71. **Watery**—rainbow.

72. **These**—your favourite haunts. **Her sovereign grace**—i.e., Juno.

74. **Her peacocks**—the peacock was sacred to Juno. She is represented as sitting in a chariot, drawn by peacocks. **Amain**—at full speed.

76. **Many colour'd messenger**—Iris.

78. **Saffron wings**—compare Phæac's translation of Virgil (Book IV) :

"Dame Rainbow down therefore with saffron wings of dropping shours.

Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours.

From heaven descending came."

79. **Honey-drops**—moisture as sweet as honey to the flowers.

80. **Crown**—arch.

81. **Bosky**—covered with bushes. **Acres**—fields. **Unshrubb'd**—barren. **Down**—upland.

82. **Rich scarf**—the rainbow is a rich scarf to the earth. **Proud earth**—"proud" because of the honour paid to her by the rainbow.

83. **Short-grass'd green**—i.e., a trim lawn.

84. **Contract**—betrothal.

85. **Donation**—gift (i.e., blessing). **Freely**—liberally. **Estate**—bestow.

87. **Venus**—the goddess of love. **Her son**—Cupid.

88. **Queen**—Juno.

89. **That.....got**—they got my daughter for dusky Dis. **Dusky Dis**—Dis is Pluto, the king of the underworld. 'Dusky' is a classical epithet of Pluto. **My daughter**—Prosperine. While gathering flowers in the plain of Enna in Sicily, she was carried off by Pluto.

90. **Blind boy**—Cupid. Love is said to be blind. Verity explains 'blind' as blind-folded; a symbol that Cupid acts blindly, inspiring love without respect of difference of rank; etc., between people." **Scandal'd**—scandalous.

91. **Forsworn**—renounced.

92. **Her deity**—i. e., Venus. As we say "her majesty", "her ladyship", etc.

93. **Cutting the clouds**—flying through the air. **Paphos**—a famous city of the island of Cyprus—a chief seat of the worship of Venus. The inhabitants were very effeminate and lascivious, and the young virgins were permitted by the laws of the place to get a dowry by prostitution.

94. **Dove-drawn**—the above was sacred to Venus. Compare :

"O ten times faster than Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal lovers' bonds new made."

—*Merchant of Venice*, II. iv. 5-6.

95. **Wanton charm**—spell or enchantment that would rouse lust in Ferdinand and Miranda.

96. **Bed-right**—i. e., bed-rite (physical union).

97. **Hymen's torch**—see above. **Till.....lighted**—till they are married. **But in vain**—i. e., Venus and Cupid were not successful.

98. **Mars's hot minion**—i. e., Venus. She was married to Vulcan, but she was the mistress of Mars, the war-god. **Hot**—lewd.

99. **Waspish-headed**—irritable. "A curious epithet, in the multiple accounts of Cupid there is nothing quite like this, though his arrows are often said to be fiery."—(*Morton Luce*). **Broke**—broken. **Arrows**—two kinds of arrows—one to inspire love, and another to repel love. **Broke.....arrows**—i. e., broken his arrows in a fit of Temper.

100. **Play with sparrows**—the sparrow was sacred to Venus.

101. **Right out**—(i) thoroughly; (ii) at once. **Of state**—i. e., of stately dignity.

102. **By her gait**—Juno is known for his majestice bearing.

103. **Bounteous sister**—'bounteous' because Ceres is, so to speak, the mother-earth who feeds her teeming millions. **How.....sister**—how are you doing, my bountiful sister? **Go**—come.

106. **Marriage-blessing**—Juno was the queen of the heavens; she protected cleanliness, and provided for marriage and child-birth, and particularly patronized the most faithful and virtuous of the sex, and severely punished incontinence and lewdness in matrons. From

her presiding over marriage, she was called *Juga* or *Jugalis*, and had a variety of other names such as *Pronuba*, *Lucina* etc.

107. **Long continuance**—i.e., duration. **Increasing**—i.e., increasing of these gifts.

110. **Earth's increase**—all that is produced by the earth—material goods. Compare :

“Then shall the earth yield her increase ; and  
God, even our own God, shall bless us.”

—*Psalm*, LXVII, 6.

**Foison**—abundance.

111. **Barns and garner**s—store-house for grain.

112. **Clustering bunches**—i.e., thick bunches of grapes.

113. **Goodly burthen**—i.e., heavy weight of fruit. **Bowing**—bent.

115. **In.....harvest**—i.e., as soon as autumn is gone (there being no winter).

116-117. **Scarcity.....you**—Ceres so blessing you that you shall never be troubled by want and dearth.

119. **Harmonious**—accompanied by song. **Charmingly**—by the potency of some magic charm. **May.....bold**—may I be so bold as.

121. **Confines**—the borders to which they are confined. Compare :

“The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine.” —*Hamlet*, I. i. 155.

122. **My present fancies**—the whims that possess my mind at the moment.

123. **So rare.....father**—(i) a father (i.e., father-in-law) able to perform such wonders ; (ii) a father so greatly to be admired.

124. **Sweet.....silence**—they are bidden to be silent lest the spell should be marred.

126. **There's.....do**—something else is going to happen.

128. **Naiads**—nymphs of fresh water. **Windring**—(i) wondering ; (ii) winding.

129. **Sedged crowns**—“made of sedge, the usual adornment of river-deities, being symbolical of their character and abode.”—*Verity*.

130. **Crisp**—(i) winding ; (ii) curled with the ripple of the water. **Greenland**—corn-fields.

131. **Answer.....summons**—appear in answer to the summons.

132. **Temperate**—chaste.

134. **Sicklemen**—reapers. **Of August weary**—i.e., weary of their labour in the fields in the month of August.

“August is an appropriate time for Ceres: it was

possible near the time of the poet's own harvesting during this year of 1610." —Morton Luce.

135. **Furrow**—i.e., furrowed field.

136. **Rye straw hats**—"It is a remarkable fact that *straw hats* are not mentioned by English writers before the time of Queen Elizabeth.

137. **Fresh nymphs**—(i) fresh-water nymphs ; (ii) nymphs lately summoned.

138. **Footing**—dance.

**Stage-direction. Habited**—dressed. **To**—in accompaniment to, **Heavily**—gloomily.

140. **Confederates**—associates.

141. **The minute.....plot**—the precise moment when they would execute their plot.

145. **Distemper'd**—out of moderation ; excessive ; violent.

146. **In ... sort**—as if you are worried or upset.

147. **Dismay'd**—frightened.

148. **Revels**—diversions.

150. **Melted.....air**—gone back to the air. The idea is this ; the spirits had no material existence, and they took shapes, but now they are no more—they have become air again.

151. **Baseless**—without a foundation ; immaterial. **Fabric**—structure. **Vision**—illusion.

152. **The cloud capp'd towers.....palaces**—i.e., such material objects as towers and palaces. **Cloud capp'd**—capped or crowned by cloud, i.e., very lofty.

153. **Solemn**—sacred. **The great globe**—the universe.

154. **Inherit**—possess. **Dissolve**—melt and vanish.

155. **Insubstantial**—immaterial. **Pageant**—show. **Like this .....pageant**—"an even more effective simile than now, because Shakespeare's hearers would be reminded of the splendid city 'Pageants' and 'shows'.—(Verity).

156. **Rack**—a mass of fleecy clouds or cloudlets.

156-157. **We.....on**—we, in spite of material existence, are as unreal and fleeting as dreams. The transitoriness of life is emphasized here.

158. **Rounded**—finished.

157-58. **Our little.....sleep**—brevity of life is emphasized here.

156-158. **We are such stuff. ....sleep**—N. B. This is the most poetical and imaginative expression of the philosophy of subjective idealism. Carlyle quotes the lines at the end of his chapter on "Natural Supernaturalism" in *Sartor Resartus*. From Tennyson's

*In Memoriam*, we may quote the following as an excellent comment on the whole passage :

"There rolls the deep where grow the tree.  
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !  
There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.  
The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
*They melt like mist the solid lands*  
*Like clouds they shape themselves and go."*

Of course it should be noted that Tennyson is stating a scientific fact, transfigured by his poetical imagination. With Shakespeare it is vision that shapes and expresses the conception—a conception that should have proceeded from philosophy and abstract thought, yet in the expression of the two different standpoints the language becomes almost identical.

151-158. **And, like the baseless fabric.....sleep**—*N. B.* Steevens thinks that the source of this passage is in *The Tragedy of Darius* (1603), by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling :

"Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,  
Not scepters, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken :  
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,  
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.  
Those golden palaces those gorgeous halls,  
With furniture superfluously fair,  
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,  
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

159. **Bear.....weakness**—have patience with me for my short temper. Prospero begs to be excused for his want of self-control.  
**My.....troubled**—old as I am, I am upset.

160. **Be.....infirmity**—do not mind my weakness.

162. **Repose**—have rest.

163. **To still.....mind**—to compose my distracted thought  
"Any we may here trace further the cause of Prospero's emotion ; they are threefold : first the strictly dramatic, as explained in V. 25, "with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick" ; second, and akin to the former, the problem of evil, as in "whom to call brother would even infect my mouth" (V. 130) or "that a brother should be so perfidious" (I. ii. 67-68) : and third, the burden of existence : "But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart" (*Hamlet*, V. ii. 219), is what Shakespeare says—or my other man—when the fit is on him, as it was on him when he wrote this speech."

—*Morton Luce.*

**We.....peace**—we wish that you may soon recover peace of mind.

164. **With a thought**—i.e., as quick as thought.

165. **Thy.....to**—Ariel means that he obeys and acts upon Prospero's thought before it is born in his mind—he can anticipate

Prospero's mere wish before it is expressed in words. **What's thy pleasure**—what do you want me to do?

166. **Meet with Caliban**—i.e., counteract or oppose Caliban.

167. **Presented**—represented.

168. **Thought**—intended.

170. **Varlets**—rogues. Originally *varlet* (from *vaslet*, *vassalet*) meant a young vassal, a youth; hence a servant—and now it is used as a term of reproach.

171. **Red-hot**—inflamed.

172. **Valour**—courage (here born of drink).

173. **For.... faces**—because it blew into their faces.

174. **For.... feet**—for being in contact with their feet.

174-175. **Yet.... project**—yet never for a moment losing sight of the plot they had in mind—i.e., the plot to murder Prospero.

176. **Unback'd**—unridden; not broke in. **Colt**—a young horse. **Prick'd**—reared.

177. **Advanced**—lifted.

178. **As**—as if. **So.... ears**—such was the effect of an enchanting them by my music.

179. **Calf like**—as a calf follows the lowing of its dam.

180. **Tooth'd**—i.e., prickly. **Goss**—i.e., gorse.

181. **Frail**—weak. **Shine**—i.e., legs. The *Shin* is the forepart of the leg between ankle and the knee.

182. **Filthy-mantled**—covered with filth, as with a mantle. Shakespeare uses 'mantle' with reference to *Scum* gathering on the surface of stagnant water. Compare:

"There are soft of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pool."

—*Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 89-90

**Beyond.... cell**—on the farther side of your cell.

183. **O'erstunk**—smell more foully than. One commentator explains: "stank over their feet," with the added idea of preventing the smell from their feet from rising. **Bird**—a term of endearment.

184. **Thy shape.... still**—keep yourself invisible for some time still.

185. **Trumpery**—gaudy apparel; something showy and deceptive.

187. **Stale**—in the art of fowling, this term signified a bait lure to decoy birds (properly a decoy fowl).

188. **A born devil**—one whose wickedness is inborn and incredible.

189. **Nurture**—education.

188-189. **On whose nature.... stick**—whose perversity is so fixed.

all efforts at educating him whose nature is incapable of being improved by education.

190. **Humanely**—from kindly considerations.

192. **Cankers**—grows worse (i.e., baser and more malicious), As Malone thinks, the poet may have in mind what Lord Essex said of Elizabeth—"That she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind has become as crooked as her carcase." **Plague**—torment.

193. **To roaring**—till they roar in pain and fear. **Hang them on this line**—the line may be either the lime-tree for later we read "the line-grove which weather-fends your cell."—(V. i. 10), or the plain clothesline. Morton Luce argues in favour of the lime-tree: "Certainly such trees do not easily lend themselves to the purpose, but the clothes might yet be suspended from some of the lower branches."

194-195. **The blind mole**—Caliban means Prospero. **The blind mole.....fall**—the popular notion is that the mole is blind, but it has very tiny eyes, and is known to have strong hearing.

"These Moles have no ears, and yet they heare in the earth more nimble and perfectly than men can above the same, for at every step or small noise, and almost breathing, they are terrified and run away."—Topsell's *History of Four-footed Beasts*, (1608).

196. **Your fairy**—referring to the airy music they had heard, and which was played by Ariel. **Played the Jack**—(i) played the knave (played dirty tricks upon us); (ii) played the Jack o' lantern (by which travellers are misled).

198-199. **If I should.....you**—if I should be offended with you. **Look you**—be you warned.

200. **Thou monster**—i.e., (in the event of Stephano's being displeased) you might very well give yourself up for lost.

201. **Good my lord**—my good lord. **Give.....atill**—do, please continue your favour to me.

203. **Hookwink**—blindfold: then cover, conceal. The metaphor is from hawking: "mischance is to be hookwinked like a hawk, and to render incapable of further harm doing, and even out of sight and remembrance." ~~Mischance—mischance~~ (hookwinked in the pool).

235. **Ay, but to lose.....you**—I think I do, but I am of opinion what Caliban ~~says~~ <sup>means</sup> of the wine bottles, that he lost the bottles".

206-207. **There is.....** ~~mischance~~ <sup>"mischance"</sup>. It ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> but the injury (the loss of the wine bottles) that cannot be repaired.

208. **That's.....** ~~than my drenching~~ <sup>than my drenching</sup>.

208-209. **Yet this.....monster**—yet you say that the fair (who played a tune and lured us on) was harmless.

210-211. **Though .....labour**—though I risk my life in trying to recover the bottles.

214. **Good mischief**—i.e., murder of Prospero, which would give Stephano the possession of the island.

216. **Foot licker**—i.e., a slave. Caliban can speak the language of most abject humiliation.

217. **Give . . . hand**—Stephano approves Caliban's plan, and so asks for his hand. **Bloody**—blood-thirsty.

219. **O King Stephano ! O peer**—the allusion is to the song quoted in *Othello*, II. iii. 80-83.

“King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His reaches cost him but a crown,  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor lown.”

220. **Wardrobe**—a suit of clothes.

221. **Let..... alone**—do not bother about it. **Trash**—worthless stuff. Prospero calls it “trumpery.”

222-223. **We.....frippery**—we need not learn from you what is trash. **Frippery**—old clothes shop.

224. **Put.....Trinculo**—Trinculo had pulled off a gown and put it on. Stephano bids him put it off. **By this hand**—I swear this hand. It also implies that he will snatch off the gown with his hand.

226. **Thy grace**—Trinculo evidently imitates Caliban's servile form of address.

227. **The dropsy.....fool**—my this fool be seized by dropsy and perish !

228. **To dote**—i.e., by doting. **To dote.....luggage**—to be enamoured of such trash. *Luggage* is something to be lugged (dragged on as a burden). **Let's alone**—let us go alone and leave Trinculo behind with the “luggage”. Some propose to read ‘along’ for ‘alone’. Some would read ‘let it alone’ (see line 221).

230. **From.....crown**—i.e., from head to foot. **Pinches**—marks of pinches.

231. **Make.....stuff**—turn us into queer creatures. **Stuff**—(i) spotted cloth ; (ii) swollen appearance from the pinching.

232. **Mistress line**—the ocean nymph Philyra was changed into linden tree, so “mistress line.”

233. **Jerkin**—a close-fitting jacket often made of leather, worn by men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. **Under the line**—the jerkin is taken down from the line. *The line* also means the equator.

234. **Like**—likely. **Lose.....jerkin**—see above.



235. **Do, do**—(i) ‘that will do’ ; i.e., an excellent jest. (*Morton Luce*) ; (ii) “that’s right ! good ! that’s just what I expected of you ; said with jeering applause.”—(*Deighton*). **By line and level**—according to rule ; systematically. *Line and level* is either a nautical metaphor, for ‘line’ is the plumb-line by which perpendiculars are ascertained and ‘level’ is an instrument to find a horizontal line ; or it is a metaphor from carpentry.

235-236. **An’t.....grace**—if it may please your majesty.

237. **Here’s.....for’t**—take this garment as a reward for your jest.

238-239. **Wit.....country**—a king of this island I shall ever patronize wit and learning.

240. **Pass of pate**—a witty sally. A metaphor from fencing. ‘Pass’ is a lunge or thrust in fencing. Compare :

“I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable ; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.”

—*Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 305-310.

241. **Lime**—i.e., bird-lime. The lime catches the feet of the bird.

“Poor bird ! thou’dst never fear the net or *lime*.”

—*Macbeth*, IV. ii. 34.

242. **Away.....rest**—draw away the rest of the clothes.

243. **I will.....on’t**—I do not want any of the clothes. **On’t**—of it. **Lose**—waste.

244. **Be turn’d**—shall be turned. **Barnacles**—barnacle geese. It was formerly thought that the barnacle shellfish, which is found on timber, exposed to the action of the sea, became, when broken off, a kind of goose. Sometimes it is related that the barnacles grew on trees and thence, dropping into the sea, became geese.

“There stand certain trees upon the shores of the Irish Sea, having fruit like unto a gourd, which do fall into the water, and become birds called *Bernacles*.”

—(*Hakluyt’s Voyages*).

“*Bernacles* is the common name of the shell—*Lepas*, *anatifera*. There are also ‘bernacle’ geese-birds that about two hundred years ago were believed to be generated out of wood, or rather a species of shell that often adheres to the bottom of ships, or fragments of them, and were called *Tree*.”

—(*Pennant*).

245. **Villanous low**—i.e., villainously or miserably low. “Low foreheads were anciently reckoned among deformities.”—*Steevens*.

246. **Lay to your fingers**—apply your fingers (give a helping hand.)

248. **Go to**—a common phrase in Shakespeare’s, expressive of impatience, or exhortation, as here.

251. **Mountain**—the name of dog (it is the spirit which has assumed the appearance of a dog).

252. **Silver**—name of another dog.

254. **Goblins**--spirits. **Grind**—fill with acute pain.

255. **Dry convulsions**—"Schmidt explains this as having reference to the flaccidity of age ; it seems to me to refer rather to the racking pains in the joints which would move with greater difficulty from being deprived of the natural lubricating oil"—(*Deighton*). **Shorten up**—contract. **Sinews**—muscles.

256. **Aged cramps**—cramps of old age. **Pinch-spotted**—marked with the blue spots, caused by pinching.

257. **Pard**—leopard. **Cato's mountain**—any small animal of the leopard or panther tribe.

258. **Soundly**—thoroughly.

259. **Lies**—a singular verb with a plural nominative (generally when subject follows the verb, and is yet uncertain).

261. **At Freedom**—to make a free use of. **Little**—i.e., little while.

#### ACT V : SCENE I

**Analysis :** Ariel describes to Prospero the condition in which he finds the King (Alonso) and his companions. Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio are raving mad, and the rest mourn over them. Ariel is particularly moved by the grief of one whom Prospero calls the good lord, Gonzalo. Ariel expects that Prospero's heart will be moved to pity if he sees them in this pitiable condition.

Prospero admits that he feels pity for them as it is natural that he should. He now forgives them the wrong they have done him. He is satisfied that they are truly repentant. He bids Ariel go and release them from the spell. Ariel departs to fetch them.

Prospero now addresses the fairies of hills, streams, motionless lakes and groves, whose aid he has so long employed by means of magic. He is proceeding to abjure this magic. He will just employ it for the last time in producing heavenly music to restore the sanity of the three mad men ; and then he will have no more to do with it. He will break his staff and bury it in the earth, and sink his magic books in the sea.

Ariel now brings up Alonso and his companions. Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio still make mad gestures. They stand in the circle made by Prospero. First, Prospero expresses gratitude to Gonzalo for his past kindness. Then he addresses himself to Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, and reminding them of the wrong they had done him, he forgives them. Ariel sings and the enchantment that holds the reason and senses of the three sinners is gradually lifted.

Ariel next departs to bring in the Boatswain and the Master. Gonzalo and Alonso still think that it is all an illusion. Alonso renders back to Prospero his dukedom. Prospero welcomes them all. In an aside he recalls to Sebastian and Antonio their late conspiracy against their King, but he lets them off with a warning.

When Alonso tells Prospero of the loss of his son (Ferdinand), Prospero says that he had also lost his daughter in the late tempest. They all look amazed and dumbfounded. Prospero assures them that he is none but Prospero, the very duke himself, who was expelled from Milan. Then Prospero reveals Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess. Ferdinand kneels to his father, and introduces Miranda to him as his bride. Both Alonso and Gonzalo bless the couple.

Ariel now brings in the Master and the Boatswain. They are as much amazed as others, and do not clearly remember all that has happened to them. However they tell the company that they have found the ship in a perfect condition. Alonso begins to think that the events that have happened, are most extraordinary, and must have more than the natural causes to account for them. Prospero promises to explain everything to him at some convenient leisure in future.

Next Ariel brings in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo. All express astonishment at the sight of Caliban. Prospero tells them of the origin and wickedness of Caliban. Caliban promises to mend himself, realizing his folly in accepting a drunkard and fool (Stephano) as his master and God. Prospero bids them all welcome, and invites them to lodge in his cell for the night, proposing that they should all sail next morning. He discharges Ariel from his service to him.

Then in an epilogue Prospero begs to be released and requests the audience to pray for his soul for his sin in practising magic. The noise of his clapping wings can only break the spell, and then he (Prospero) would be free. In fact in the epilogue the dramatist craves the indulgence of the audience.

**Critical Note.** The last scene of the play is noteworthy as the first scene. The different groups of characters which have been kept apart so long, are now brought together. Prospero acts as Providence, as the presiding genius of the action of the play, and the play, therefore, is more a romance than human document. The love-scenes between Ferdinand and Miranda are idyllic—and these love-scenes, we may say, strike the keynote of the play. Of course, they are complicated by the two conspiracies—(i) the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso; (ii) the conspiracy of Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo against Prospero. But from the beginning we know that they will be defeated—and they are defeated. But they serve to emphasize the motive of the play—forgiveness and reconciliation.

In working out this scheme of forgiveness and reconciliation certain ingenuity is shown—rather a reverting to the manner of

Shakespeare's earlier comedies. This ingenuity is hinted in Gonzalo's speech (II. 204-13) :

"In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost : Prospero his dukedom  
In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own."

The return voyage from Tunis to Italy is, therefore, the turning point of the play. From it springs the very action of the play and flow the diverse interests that engage our attention, while the previous history of the characters and of their relation to each other is gradually unfolded as the action and motive of the play develop.

The action takes up a short space of time. More than once the time-element is emphasized in the last scene. It is barely three hours. This time-limit secures the happiest unity and concentration of effect in spite of the action being reasonably diversified. The last scene is very skilfully managed, in which all the different stands are gathered up into the most artistic conclusion.

1. **Gather to a head**—mature. The metaphor of the ripening, or coming to a head of a growing boil or ulcer.

2. **Crack not**—are not failing. **My spirits obey**—spirits, or *familiars* as they are called, are impatient of human control and always chafe and fret (take the case of Ariel). These spirits, attending on a magician or witch, have often to be coerced into submission.

3. **Upright**—i.e., without bending under the weight. **Carriage**—burden ; that which is carried. 'Carriage' originally meant, (i) that which is carried ; (ii) that which carries ; (iii) the act carrying.

2-3. **Time carriage**—"Time is usually represented as an old man bending under his load. Here he is painted as in great vigour, and walking upright to denote that things went prosperously on."—(Warburton). **How's the day**—what is the time of the day ?

4. **On..... hour**—it is on the stroke of six ; it is going to be six.

4-5. **A which ..... cease**—Ariel indirectly reminds Prospero of his promise to release him as soon as the present business is finished.

7. **How fares ..... followers**—how are the King and his companions doing ? 'Fares' is a singular verb with a plural nominative. **Confined together**—i.e., kept together under restraint.

8. **Give in charge**—ordered.

9. **Just..... them**—in the same state of mind as they were in.

10. **Lime-grove**—grove of lime-trees. **Weather-fends**—protects from rough weather.

11. **Budge**—move from where they are under restraint now. **Till your release**—till you release them from your spell. The word *release* is now used in the passive sense of being released

12. **Yours**—your brother. **Abide**—remain. **Distracted**—be wildered and in a state bordering on madness.

13. **Remainder**—the rest.

14. **Brimful of**—overwhelmed with. **Dismay**—terror.

16. **Winter's drops**—(i) "melting icicles which drip off eaves of thatched building."—(*Deighton*) ; (ii) rain in winter.

17. **Eaves of reeds**—a thatched roof. **Works 'em**—acts upon them ; influences their spirits.

18. **Affections**—feelings.

19. **Become tender**—soften ; melt into pity.

20. **Mine.....human**—though a spirit, Ariel is susceptible to human feelings. We have noted above that Ariel has 2 natural affection for, and devotion to, Prospero.

21. **Air**—a spirit of the air. **Touch**—affection ; feeling or sensation.

22. **Afflictions**—pain and misery.

23. **Kind**—race. **Relish all as sharply**—taste or feel joy or sorrow as acutely as they.

24. **Passion**—fell emotion. **Kindlier**—(i) more kindly, (ii) more in accordance with the kind or race of which I am one.

21-24. **Hast thou .....art**—"if you, a spirit of air, can be touched by their distress and sympathise with them, shall not I, who share human nature, whose feelings are as keen as theirs, who experience their emotions, be more ready to sympathise with them than you are?"—(*Morton Luce*).

25. **Their high wrongs**—the grievous wrongs they have done me. **Quick**—i.e., the vital part. **Struck to the quick**—most deeply hurt.

26. **Nobler reason**—(i) reason which is nobler than vengeance ; (ii) reason which dictates compassion and forgiveness. **'Gainst**—i.e., against. **Fury**—i.e., the desire of vengeance.

26-27. **Yet with.....port**—yet I am rather inclined to follow the dictates of reason (which recommends forgiveness) than the impulse of my desire (which demands vengeance). **Rarer**—the more excellent.

28. **Virtue**—goodness. **In virtue**—in showing mercy ; in forgiving wrongs.

27-28. **The rarer action.....vengeance**—the keynote of the play. **Penitent**—repentant.

29. **Drift**—scope.

29-30. **Doth further**—does not go so far as even the slightest expression of displeasure ; totally abandons the idea of punishing the wrong-doers. **Release them**—set them free from my charms.

31. **My charm I'll break**—I shall withdraw my enchantment. **Their.....restores**—I shall restore them to sanity.

Malone adopts 'these' for 'their,' and explains thus: "The lords had no doubt concerning themselves. Their doubts related only to *Prospero* whom they at first apprehended to be some 'enchanted trifle to abuse them'. They doubt whether what they see and hear is a mere illusion; whether the person they behold is living mortal; whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature."

157-158. **You.....senses**—your senses have been befogged.

160. **Which**—for 'who'. **Thrust.....Milan**—expelled from Milan.

162. **To be.....on't**—that I might be the master of it. **No.....this**—the rest of the story may wait for some future time.

163. **Chronicle.. ...day**—a story that should be told from day today.

164. **Relation**—Narration. **Not.....breakfast**—i.e., not a story for the breakfast table.

165. **Befitting**—suitable to.

166. **This.....court**—*Prospero* is again the Duke, and his cell must serve as his court in the present circumstances.

167. **Subjects.....abroad**—i.e., no subjects on the island: **Look in**—peep inside the cell.

169. **Requite**—reward. **With.....thing**—with a thing as good as my dukedom. (*Prospero* means *Ferdinand*. *Alonso's* lost son; and his bride to boot).

170. **Bring forth**—produce. **Wonder**—miracle. **Content**—satisfy.

171. **As much.....dukedom**—as much as my dukedom contents me.

172. **You.....false**—you cheat me in game. *N. B.* Rolfe quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced chess here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess playing; and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

173. **For the world**—to win the world itself.

174. **For a score.....wrangle**—you might quarrel for a score of kingdom (without going so far as to be playing for the whole world). "There is perhaps a play on the older meaning of *score*, viz., a 'reckoning kept by notches'; it would then mean that each notch, or *score*, or as we say, stake, was a kingdom. If they were playing for a stake of a kingdom a game *Miranda* would call his cheating fair."

"I take the sense to be only this: *Ferdinand* would not, he says, play her false for the world; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair."—(*Johnson*).

**You should wrangle**—"you should be at liberty to dispute out of all reason." "*Wrangle*" again in two senses (1) contend in a

## Scene I ]

game or wager : (2) argue with me in reference to the contest. The sense intended is clearer than the sense expressed : "I would not cheat you for the world," says Ferdinand. "Nay," replies Miranda, "I love you so much that if we were playing for some high stake, you would be quite at liberty to cheat me."  
—*Morton Luce.*

177. **Shall.....lost**—i.e., the grief would be as great as losing my son twice over again. **A.....miracle**—a very great wonder.

178. **Though.....merciful**—after all the seas have spared Ferdinand's father—and though the sea wrecked the ship, they were merciful to Ferdinand.

179. **I have...cause**—I have blamed the seas unnecessarily.

180. **Compass.....about**—surround you so that you might be protected from any further evil.

182. **Goodly**—handsome. **How many here**—Miranda expresses her natural wonder at the sight of so many men.

183. **How beauteous mankind is**—compare in this connection Hamlet's apostrophe :

"What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! and, yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ?"

**Brave**—beautiful. **[New world]**—a new world is unfolding itself before the eyes of Miranda.

184. **'Tis new to thee**—"may there not be in this comment of Prospero's somewhat of a sad irony ? "When this world has ceased to be new, it will no longer, perhaps, appear to you so brave, its creatures so goodly, mankind so beauteous."—(*Allen*).

186. **Eldest**—oldest ; longest. **Cannot.....hours**—must be less than three hours.

187. **Sever'd**—separated. The point is that now both father and son find themselves to be alive, and that, therefore, the father imagines that the maiden must have kept the son apart from him. And this is in a sense true, Ferdinand was landed (by Ariel) by himself so that he might meet Miranda, with the result that his father thought him drowned.

188. **And.....together**—Alonso's heart in full of happiness and gratitude, which naturally express themselves in this hyperbole. **Sir.....mortal**—father and son make the same mistake as regards Miranda. Ferdinand, when he first saw Miranda, thought that she was the goddess of the world. Alonso repeats the same mistake. An hour or so of the son's priority of acquaintance with Miranda, enables him to correct his father.

190. **But.....Providence**—by the grace of God. **She's mine**—she is pledged to be my wife.

4-5. **I must.....Naples**—the idea is that he has discarded magic, but that magic has still power upon him and holds him captive (the spell can be broken by the clapping of the audience).

7. **Deceiver**—Antonio.

8. **Bare**—barren. **By.....spell**—until the audience dismiss him (and so he says that he is still held by their spell). The audience can break their spell by clapping their hands.

9. **Bands**—fettters.

10. **With.....hands**—i.e., by clapping. The noise of clapping hands would break the spell.

11. **Gentle breath**—the approval or praise of the audience.

11-12. **My sails.....fill**—must give me a hearty sendoff. **Project**—i.e., the object of the dramatist (for whom Prospero speaks now) to please the audience.

14. **Enforce**—carry out my commands. **Art**—magic.

15. **My ending is despair**—I shall die in despair. Refers to the fate of a magician who after his death would be carried off to hell by the Devil.

16. **Relieved by prayer**—unless others pray for a magician, his soul after his death would be taken possession of by the Devil.

"This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of Necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them."—(*Warburton*).

17-18. **Pierces**—penetrates into the heart of mercy. **Assaults .....itself**—i.e., causes the throne of Mercy itself to shake. **Mercy**—divine mercy. **Frees**—(i) condones; (ii) absolves men from all sins. **Which pierces.....all faults**—"which has such pervading power that it prevails with the All Merciful on the Throne, all frees men from all faults."—(*Morton Luce*).



# EXPLANATIONS OF IMPORTANT PASSAGES

## ACT I, SCENE I

1. **Lines 30-34**—*I have great comfort from this.....our case is miserable.*

Gonzalo takes offence at the words of the Boatswain when the latter tells him that the elements of Nature do not care for kings or monarchs or their ministers ; and that is why Gonzalo says to himself that the Boatswain is bound to be hanged when the ship would be saved from the storm and they would be all landing safe on the shore. Gonzalo says further that there is a regular mark on the face of the Boatswain which clearly indicates that he will be hanged, and cannot drown ; and therefore, the ship also will be saved from sinking. Gonzalo seems to be superstitious because he seems to believe in astrological and other portents which indicate the future of a man's life or of the events or incidents which are going to happen in the life of a man in the near or distant future.

**Critical Comment**—Gonzalo's superstition is nothing but a reflection of the superstitious minds of the Elizabethans of the sixteenth century England.

## ACT I, SCENE II

2. **Lines 178-183**—*By accident most strange.....will ever after drop.*

Prospero means to say to Miranda that it was by some stroke of fortune that they had been placed safely on an island ; but then, the height of his fortune depends upon the position of some star at this particular moment, and therefore, if he does not utilise the present moment to his advantage, he may be losing his fortune for ever. In other words, Prospero means to say that now his enemies—the king of Naples, Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, Sebastian—all are now in Prospero's power ; and therefore, if he does not now teach them a good lesson and also create some opportunity for uniting Miranda with Ferdinand, he will for ever miss the chance of himself again being the Duke of Milan and of his daughter being the Queen of Naples, when she would be married to Ferdinand, the son of the king of Naples.

**Critical Comment**—In the above lines Shakespeare seems to believe partly in Fate and partly in the human will or human efforts. Shakespeare's words in various plays which indicate his belief in fate as well as in the human will illustrate his point of view—

“It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions.”

—*King Lear.*

from Sebastian if he is really definite about Ferdinand's drowning or death.

8. *Lines 239-247—She that is queen of Tunis.....in yours and my discharge.*

When Sebastian tells Antonio that in the event of Ferdinand's death by drowning in the sea, his sister Claribel, who has been married to the King of Tunis, may be the Queen of Naples, Antonio says that Claribel lives so far away from Naples, that no news of Ferdinand's death can easily reach her unless there is some quick means of communication like the sun. Even the moon would be too slow to carry the news to Claribel that she might run to Naples to occupy the throne when Alonso would be murdered by Sebastian. Antonio further says that children would grow beards on their chins before Claribel comes to know of the death of Ferdinand, and by which time Sebastian would be able to kill Alonso and step into his crown. Antonio further remarks that Claribel's marriage has led to the shipwreck of Alonso because it was from Tunis that Alonso was returning with his relatives and ministers after the marriage of Claribel with the King of Tunis. Antonio means to say that just as the shipwreck is a work of destiny, so also the saving of a few lives (particularly, Gonzalo, Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio) is the work of Fate. For the same reason the opportunity for killing Alonso in his sleep is also the work of destiny. This killing of Alonso will be performed by Sebastian under the dictates of the same Fate or destiny.

**Critical Comment**—Shakespeare's portrayal of Sebastian and Antonio is a little unpsychological in the background in which they hatch the conspiracy. It is argued that a person narrowly escaped from death only a while ago would rather pray to God in thankfulness than plan to take the life of another man. But, as Weeke says, "Shakespeare knew that a trivial man will be trivial and a vile man vile, no matter what the setting of his life may be." This passage seems to be natural.

9. *Lines 269-283—Ay, Sir, where lies that.....befits the hour.*

When Sebastian talks of conscience, Antonio says that there is no such thing in him. Antonio takes conscience as no better than a kibe or chilblain; and hence conscience cannot trouble him even as much as a chilblain can do. He further says that if he gets a chilblain he can easily avoid the pain by putting on slippers because chilblains generally become painful when shoes are put on. Last of all, Antonio says that if he were in the position of Sebastian, he would not care even for twenty consciences in order to win the kingship of Naples; he would rather forget all his consciences if they happen to trouble him at all just as children do not feel the bitterness of quinine when it is coated with sugar.

So he suggests to Sebastian that in a moment Sebastian can put to death Gonzalo who pretends to be very wise man and who on that account rebukes others (particularly Antonio and Sebastian).

Antonio further assures Sebastian that he kills Alonso and Sebastian kills Gonzalo, there will be none left to oppose Sebastian ; on the contrary, everybody will gladly obey him just as cat licks up milk most readily or just as a clock strikes the hours most correctly in order to help people to do their work in time. He instigates Sebastian to quicken the killing of Alonso by saying that without being bothered by conscience he would pierce his sword only three inches deep into Alonso's bosom and thus put him to eternal sleep.

**Critical Comment**—Both Sebastian and Antonio are scoundrels, but then Antonio is a daring and hasty type of scoundrel, while Sebastian is a timid and slow sort of scoundrel.

### ACT III, SCENE I

10. **Lines 1-7**—*There be some sports are painful.....my labours pleasures.*

Ferdinand, while carrying the logs of wood on his shoulders, says within himself that there are some kinds of work which are painful to perform while there are others which are pleasant to do. There are a few other works, which however bad or worthless they may be in themselves, are done with patience and delight because of some noble purpose they serve. So far as the carrying of the logs of wood is concerned, it is a painful and worthless and also a mean job in itself but it is a pleasurable and bearable work for Ferdinand because he has agreed to do it for the sake of the sweet company of Miranda whose very sight relieves the pain and adds to the pleasure of the task. Ferdinand is right in one way but wrong in another. He is right when he thinks that certain tasks become pleasurable because of some other purpose they serve, although the tasks may be worthless or bad in themselves. No work is good or bad. What Ferdinand actually means is not the nature of a task but the purpose for which the task is performed. In the case of Ferdinand here, the task of carrying logs of wood is not at all bad or worthless although it is definitely a painful job for a prince like Ferdinand. But Ferdinand bears the monotony and also the pain of this task for the sake of his love for Miranda, and that is why he declares that even the job of carrying those logs of wood is a pleasant task. But what about labourers whose daily task or occupation is to carry such logs of wood ? Do they feel any pain about it ? No, because they are used to it.

**Critical Comment**—This scene is the sweetest scene of the play because in it we have the first real love-scene between Ferdinand and Miranda and their troth-plighting. The speech is contrived with consummate art, so that the reader feels no touch of surprise but recognises that this passion so suddenly sprung up, was from the characters and circumstances of the lovers inevitable.

11. **Lines 76-82**—*At mine unworthiness that no offer.....plain and holy innocence.*

When Ferdinand enquires why Miranda is weeping, she says, that she is weeping because of her own unworthiness and because the

also the vineyard with poles as hard as sock where Ceres refreshes herself. Iris says that she is the messenger of Juno, goddess of the sky as she is herself also the goddess of the rainbow. Iris entreats Ceres to leave her haunts (places frequented by Ceres) and give a welcome to Juno who would soon be arriving.

**Critical Comments**—In these lines Shakespeare shows his talent for the pictorial art. It is vividly reflected in the colourful description of land, water and the sky.

**16. Lines 126-133**—*And like the baseless fabric of this vision  
.....is rounded with a sleep.*

Prospero says to Ferdinand that the entire show of the celebration of Ferdinand's marriage together with the vision of the spirits that played the roles of Juno, Ceres, Iris and others is an empty show in the sense that it has no realistic background, i.e., it is as good as a dream or an illusion. Prospero compares the whole universe with this optical illusion. He says that the magnificent buildings, the palaces and the holy places of worship are all a mere show that has no reality about it and that is why it has melted in the air just like a dream or an illusion. Prospero further compares human life with this illusion and says that human life is unreal as a dream and that the end of life is nothing but an eternal sleep or death or forgetfulness because after death there is no consciousness, no memory, no life, nothing of the kind.

**Critical Comments**—This speech of Prospero is attached with great importance because the words of Prospero are but the words of Shakespeare himself who probably after his retirement from the theatre in London developed a feeling of complete detachment or indifference to theatrical life which appeared to him after a long struggle for existence as no better than a fanciful dream.

#### ACT V, SCENE I

**17. Lines 20-30**—*And mine shall, hast thou.....not a frown  
further.*

When Ariel describes the miserable condition of Alonso Sebastian, Gonzalo and Antonio, how they all went mad by being tortured with all sorts of strange visions and mysterious experience in the island all of which were created by Ariel and his attendant spirits, Prospero says that he being a human being and also very closely related to them all must feel more acutely for their sufferings if an air-creature like Ariel could feel so much for them. Prospero says further that although Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio have done him the greatest injury and wrong for which they richly deserve the punishment yet he would like to forget his anger and revengeful spirit and be forgiving and kind to them particularly because they felt penitent at least for the great injustice they had done to Prospero. Prospero says last of all that he would not like to extend their punishment beyond mere frown or expression of anger, i.e., he would not like to subject them to any further punishment either bodily or mental.

**Critical Comment**—This scene brings together all the characters and finally resolves all the discordant ties and leads the action to a happy conclusion. All the strands of the plot are gathered together, and poetic justice deals out even-handed retribution to the sinners and recompense to those who have deserved it. It is in these closing scenes that the grave serenity of Prospero's character—his elevation above ignoble passion—shines forth most radiantly, and the fact that this spirit characterises all Shakespeare's last plays, is one of the reasons why Prospero has come to be associated so closely with the poet himself.

18. Lines 34-57—*Ye elves of hills.....I will drown my books.*

Prospero is here addressing the nymphs, the fairies and all sorts of spirits who frequent the rivers, the lakes, the groves, who dance on the sea shore or on the green lawns in which the sheep graze in the moonlight, who find pleasure when the evening approaches, who cause the mushrooms to spring up at midnight. Prospero says that although these supernatural creatures are weak yet with their help he has been able to cloud the midday sun, to raise storms and mountain waves on the sea, to produce thunder and lightning, to rip open the mighty oak trees, to produce earthquakes and uproot the tall and stout pine and cedar trees and to open the graves and bring out the dead or make the dead alive. Prospero declares before all that now he is going to give up his magic art by means of which he has been able to perform so many impossible feats, to produce mysterious music and enchant the human sense organs with that music causing thereby many dreams, illusions and fantastic visions. He says that he is going to drown all his magic books and the magic wand into the bottomless depths of the earth and the ocean.

**Critical Comment**—The speech marks the close of the play, and also the finale by Shakespeare. Shakespeare is supposed to have given a hint through this speech of Prospero that he would neither act on the stage nor write plays any more.

The poet Collins is supposed to have stumbled upon the source of *The Tempest*, but his memory failed immediately afterwards and the mention of the story, which he believes to have suggested *The Tempest* is vague and uncertain. Warton supposed the story to be *Aurelio and Isabella*, that Collins had in mind. But *The Tempest* seems to have nothing to do with *Aurelio and Isabella*.

The connection of *The Tempest* with the Virginia incident is an admitted fact and it is quite likely that Shakespeare might have read the pamphlets, issued at the time, concerning Virginia, and that the local colour of his enchanted island might have been suggested by the descriptions of Virginia, with which Shakespeare was familiar. Then he might have obtained stray hints from this or that publication.

**Q. 3.** Compare 'The Tempest' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' with reference to Shakespeare's use of the Supernatural. Point out the relation in which the spirits in 'The Tempest' and the fairies in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' stand to human beings.

**Ans.** See Introduction (The comparison of *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*). The following points may be noted :

(i) The supernatural beings play an important part both in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ariel in *The Tempest* seems to have the same love of mischief as Puck or Robin Good fellow in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of course, Ariel is a subtler and finer being than Puck. The action of both plays is complicated by the intervention of the supernatural beings. Yet there is a difference. In *A Midsummer* the action of the play is directed and controlled by Prospero, but Ariel executes the will of Prospero. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies and the mortals become a mix-up, and the action of the fairies, particularly of Puck, which influences also the fortunes of the mortals, to ludicrous and half-serious issues. The point is that Ariel is not a free agent, but has to work under Prospero; while in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies have a free hand.]

(ii) In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Shakespeare embodies but the popular idea of the fairies. Oberon and Titania were well known in popular tradition. Puck and his numerous pranks were the subject of countryside legend. To these 'airy nothings' of the English countryside Shakespeare has given 'a local habitation and a name'. But Ariel in *The Tempest*, is no less than Caliban, an imaginative creation of Shakespeare, and owes nothing to popular legend.

(iii) Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* plays his pranks upon human lovers, and also upon the Fairy Queen, Titania,—just a tissue of confusion and entanglement is woven by his love of mischief. Ariel is connected with more serious issues; directly he is not concerned in the affairs of the mortals, but he is the instrument of Prospero, and involved as he becomes in the destinies of Prospero's enemies, he is not at all personally interested in them except that Prospero's will with regard to them should be carried out. This is also an important

difference between the two plays. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the fairies and the mortals are thrown together into a medley, and the result of it is an amusing confusion. In *The Tempest* the high work of fate is executed by a mortal upon his fellow-mortals through the agency of a spirit.

**Q. 4. Briefly characterize the group of plays to which 'The Tempest' belongs. Why are these plays called 'Romances'?**

**Ans.** See Introduction. The following points may be noted :

(i) *The Tempest* has a place among the later plays of Shakespeare. These plays are not strictly comedies or tragedies, and yet they share partly the character of a comedy and partly the character of a tragedy. They deal with the serious issues of life, but the tone and colour have a soft mellowness, and the plays usually end on the note of peace and reconciliation. These later plays—*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are fittingly called Romances. They have a Romantic setting and background ; they deal with improbabilities—strange lapses from actualities and juggleries of time and space.

(ii) The theme of these plays is wrong done and forgiven, and in this respect they are grounded in realities of life. In *The Tempest* Prospero is wronged, and finally forgives his enemies and so the play ends on peace and reconciliation. In *Cymbeline* Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter, suffers from the unjust suspicions of her husband, is supposed to be dead, and is ultimately discovered to be alive—and she forgives her husband. Similarly in *The Winter's Tale* Hermione suffers from the jealousy of her husband, is reported dead, comes into life again and forgives her husband.

(iii) There is another trick which is employed in *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. It is concerned with a lost child, or rather a child reported to be lost, who comes to life again at the end of the play. Thus in *Pericles* Marina is lost and ultimately found to be alive and is restored : in *The Winter's Tale* Perdita is cast away, and is most romantically restored. Miranda in *The Tempest* seems to be but a replica of Marina and Perdita.

The Romances illustrate Shakespeare's wisdom and humanity, born of his acquaintance with the stern realities of life, as depicted in his tragedies—his serene and unclouded outlook on life, his charity of heart and forgiveness of wrongs. They also illustrate Shakespeare's revived interest in scenes of rural beauty, his delight in innocent childhood, his joyous sense of existence, his conception of peace and good will on earth.

**Q. 5. Write a note on the use of the supernatural in 'The Tempest'**

**Ans.** See Introduction. The following points may be noted :

(i) The supernatural is made use of in *The Tempest* to bring out perfectly legitimate human ends. Prospero employs the spirit,

Ariel, to carry out his own plans. The supernatural in *The Tempest* is absolutely under human control. The action of the play depends much upon the supernatural means, but it is after all that human will which directs the supernatural means. This is the most peculiar feature of *The Tempest*. In *Macbeth* the supernatural directly affects the human destiny.

(ii) The action of *The Tempest* is entirely bound up with the supernatural machinery. The result is that the dramatic interest of the play has been partly destroyed. The element of suspense is almost absent. The reader can anticipate what is going to happen—can anticipate almost the end of the play. In *The Tempest* there is but little scope for free will, the conflict as motive and the dramatic evolution of character. The supernatural is the predominant factor of the play.

✓ Q. 6. Explain “dramatic unities and show how they are observed in ‘The Tempest’.” Point out the intermixture of classical and romantic elements in ‘The Tempest’.

Ans. (i) The dramatic unities are the three unities of time, place and action. These three unities are derived from classical tragedies. The unity of time demands that the play should not exceed the limit of twenty-four hours, that the action of the play should have no longer time on the stage than the actual time in which it may be supposed to happen. The unity of the place demands that the scene of action should be one and same place, and should not be shifted to another place. The unity of action demands that there should be one main plot of the story, to which all other incidents must be subordinate.

(ii) Shakespeare, a writer of romantic plays, has usually been indifferent to the dramatic unities. Time and space are dissolving essences with Shakespeare. But to the unity of action, not in the sense of classical writers, he pays some attention. If Shakespeare introduces a sub-plot or sub-plots, the unity of action he seeks is more or less unity of impression. Shakespeare has ever been the advocate of the romantic lawlessness in drama, as Ben Jonson has been the advocate of classical discipline.

(iii) It is curious, therefore, that Shakespeare should have observed the classical unities in *The Tempest*.

Shakespeare shows that he can meet Ben Jonson on his own ground. In the first place, the action of *The Tempest* is of a duration from three to four hours—the only instance in which Shakespeare confines the action within such strict limits. In *The Winter's Tale* the action is spread over a longer interval of time. Secondly, the action of *The Tempest* does not go beyond the island, and is mostly laid before Prospero's cell. Thirdly one motive—happiness and well-being of Miranda together with the subduing of his enemies gives unity to the play.



(iv) The theme of *The Tempest*—the evolution of his plot is essentially romantic. It is a play in which romantic fancy runs riot. Yet in structure it follows the principles of classical drama.

**Q. 7. What are the characteristics of Shakespeare's dramatic art as illustrated by 'The Tempest'?**

**Ans.** (i) *The Tempest* is one of the shortest plays of Shakespeare. It is accounted for by the theory that *The Tempest* was either written to be presented at a wedding festivity, or abridged for that purpose. But the most curious point is that *The Tempest* observes the three classical unities—the *unity of time* in that the duration of the play is from three to four hours—the *unity of place* in that nothing happens outside the island, the scene being laid mostly before Prospero's cell—the *unity of action* in that the motive of Miranda's happiness and well-being knits together the play.

(ii) In *The Tempest* the wildest romantic fancy is united to the classical unities. The romantic elements in the play are Prospero's magic, the performances of that rare spirit, Ariel, the innocent and unsophisticated love of Ferdinand and Miranda, etc. These romantic themes are bound together by classical principles. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare seems to meet the challenge of Ben Jonson who often made a joke of the extravagance of his romantic fancy.

(iii) The dramatic interest of *The Tempest* is considerably weakened by making Prospero's will supreme over everything else in the play. The action is directed and controlled absolutely by Prospero. Magic gives him power over the forces of nature and over the destinies of men. Conflict of motives and characters—which is the very essence of dramatic composition—is totally lacking in *The Tempest*. The exquisite romance of love, and the partly ideal senses and characters excuse the dramatic weakness of the plot.

(iv) The supernatural machinery colours and determines the whole conception of the play. Nothing happens but through the instrumentality of Ariel except perhaps the love between Ferdinand and Miranda, which springs of itself.

**Q. 8. Characterise the 'romances' of Shakespeare. What are the moral lessons taught by them? Show that they are specially emphasized in 'The Tempest'.**

**Ans.** Shakespeare's latest group of plays—*Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest* are known as 'Romances'. They are 'Romances' because they have a romantic setting and background, deal with idealized sense and characters, paint pathetic pictures of innocent childhood and injured womanhood. But these romances are not, however, oblivious of the realities of life. There are people to inflict wrongs, and there are people who suffer them patiently. The evil passions that rage in Shakespeare's tragedies of the middle period are not absent from the world of romance, but the difference is that the wrongers, instead of meeting their inevitable doom as they do in the tragedies, are forgiven, and restored to the good graces of the wronged.

upon them if they did not repent. They are all distracted with terror and confusion.

The main interest of the fourth Act is the pair of lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. They are entertained with a show, created by Prospero's magic, when Prospero wants to bless their betrothal. Towards the end of the scene Caliban and his two companions are punished for their conspiracy.

In the fifth Act the different groups are brought together. Ferdinand, the lost son, is restored to his father; the motive of forgiveness and reconciliation is fully expounded, the dispersed crew and passengers meet again, etc.

(ii) *The Tempest* is a Romance in which the seriousness of tragedy is combined with the mirth and laughter of the comedy. The writing of the romance marks a definite stage in Shakespeare's dramatic career. The tragedies paint a world in which ambition, lust, self-will, jealousy, etc., work their doom—a world in which the mysterious complication and entanglement of sin involve the innocents also. In Shakespeare's tragedies the effect of wrong-doing as it seems to spread itself blindly, crushes also the innocent. In Shakespeare's tragedies the tone sometimes becomes so bitter—and the arrangement of the world and its vices so steeped in gall and wormwood that the reader may very well suppose that the evils must have entered his soul like iron. However, in his romances he recovers his old healthy outlook, which his experiences take a sober colouring. His romances (*Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*) illustrate Shakespeare's charity and humanity—his serene outlook on life, his harvest of wisdom, above all his romances speak of a soul at last at peace with itself and with the world. On reading his romances we may well cry :

"O thou after toil and storm  
May'st seem to have reached purer air."

(iii) Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is also known as Robin Good-fellow. He was a familiar figure in the fairy legend of the English countryside. In presenting him, Shakespeare but colours and embellishes the popular tradition. But Ariel is the offspring of Shakespeare's own imagination; and therefore he is known to have a character distinct from that of any known fairy, or spirit or, elf. Ariel is described as a spirit of air and fire, when he is contrasted with Caliban, the creature of earth and water. But there is some resemblance between Puck and Ariel. Both have a love of mischief. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Puck plays pranks not only upon the mortals but also upon Titania, queen of the fairies. He is responsible for all amusing blunder and confusion among the mortals. Similarly in *The Tempest* we enjoy the ducking of Caliban and his two companions in the filthy-mantled pool. Ariel has a sense of humour too, as shown in his narration of this incident to Prospero. The resemblance extends no farther. Ariel is a rarer, subtler being than Puck. Music seems to be his means of self-expression.

**Q. 15. Comment on the following :**

**"It has been suggested that Prospero, the great enchanter, is Shakespeare himself."—E. Dowden.**

**Ans.** See Introduction.

*The Tempest* is supposed to be one of Shakespeare's latest plays. Prospero renounces magic in the following lines :

"T'll break my staff :

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book."

This is interpreted as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. Sensible critics will go no farther than read a symbolical meaning in the above lines. But there are some who cannot be content but by identifying Prospero with Shakespeare in specific details. For example, Prospero's speech : The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces, etc." ending with :

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep,"

is supposed by the latter as representing Shakespeare's own sentiments. Stopford A. Brooke naturally protests against such unmanly, putting sentiments, however beautifully expressed, being attributed to Shakespeare. The supposition that the breaking of his staff is a farewell to the stage is within the range of probability, but to identify Shakespeare with Prospero in all his speeches and deeds is to ride the hobby too hard. Shakespeare is a dramatist—and the art of a dramatist is *impersonal*. The very laws of dramatic composition forbid a dramatist giving himself off in any of the characters he creates.

**Q. 16. "Forgiveness and freedom—these are keynotes of the play"—(Dowden). Discuss.**

**Ans.** See Introduction. The following points may be noted :

(i) Forgiveness is the leading motive of the play. The ship is wrecked, but Alonso and his companions, the Boatswain, the sailors are all saved. The motive is unfolded until later in the play :

"The rare action is

In virtue than in vengeance."

All that happens in the play is worked up to this end—even the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian to murder Alonso falls into this all-embracing scheme of forgiveness. So Prospero simply lets Antonio and Sebastian know that he is not unaware of their fate conspiracy, but does not denounce them to Alonso. Alonso and Antonio, he makes up his mind to forgive, when they fall into his hands.

(ii) There is another motive working as potently throughout 'The Tempest'. Ariel who serves Prospero even longs for freedom. Freedom seems to be the very breath of his existence—and without freedom he is seen to be pining away. But Prospero makes it clear

charged with carrying out this task. Gonzalo supplied them with food and linen, which stood them in good stead. Gonzalo also supplied him with books from his library.

As to the connection of this narrative with the shipwreck that engages new Miranda's attention, Prospero points out to her that Fortune, which seems to be favouring him now, has placed his enemies in his power : that if he were to rise again, he must take advantage of this moment. He implies that the shipwreck which Miranda had witnessed lately is but a sequel to the narrative of his past misfortunes, which now relates to Miranda.

**Q. 31. Briefly narrate what may be gathered from the play of the previous history of the principal characters.**

**Ans.** First Prospero tells his history to Miranda. We learn that he was Duke of Milan, and that being himself devoted to study, he deputed his real powers to his brother Antonio with the result that Antonio allied himself with the King of Naples (Alonso), and one midnight managed to remove Prospero and his daughter, Miranda, then a baby, and that Prospero and Miranda, being exposed at sea in a frail boat, drifted to the lonely island (off which the shipwreck, described in the first scene, takes place).

Incidentally we learn the history of Ariel and Caliban. Ariel, as we see, is the attendant spirit of Prospero. But he seems to get impatient of Prospero's power over him and to be in a mood of revolt. Prospero now recalls Ariel's past reminding him of the state in which he was found (by Prospero) and threatening to put him back into the same torture again if he were disobedient. In this connection we learn that Prospero found Ariel imprisoned in a cloven pine, from which state of torture he was released (by Prospero) ; that Ariel originally served a foul witch, Sycorax, who had been banished to this island, and being "a spirit too delicate to act her earthy and abhorr'd commands", he was put into the cloven pine where he howled away twelve years in pain.

About Caliban we learn that Sycorax bore him on the island : that Prospero took a lot of pains to educate and humanize him but all proved in vain ; that Prospero forbade him the company of Miranda after he had made an attempt upon her honour : that Caliban served as a slave and drudge of Prospero.

We learn also Antonio's treachery to Prospero, in which Alonso, King of Naples, was associated with him, the kindness of Gonzalo in providing Prospero and Miranda with food and linen when they were banished from Milan.

**Q. 32. What traits of character does Caliban display ? Has knowledge been a benefit to him ? Does Prospero seem unnecessarily harsh to him ?**

**Ans.** Miranda cannot stand Caliban :

*Mir.* 'Tis a villain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

Later we learn that Prospero at first lodged him in his own cell until he made an attempt upon the honour of Miranda. Yet Prospero cannot do without him. He does all the menial service for Prospero. But Caliban is an unwilling drudge. If he had the power, he would have rebelled against Prospero.

Caliban is begotten by the devil upon the witch, Sycorax. And his inheritance seems to be *malignity*. He ever curses Prospero in language befitting a hag-seed, begotten by the devil, like himself, Prospero's honest efforts to educate him have failed. Caliban readily admits that Prospero at first showed much kindness to him, and that he was grateful to him (Prospero). Then Caliban attempted the honour of Miranda, and Prospero's kindness was changed into hatred. When Prospero alludes to this matter, Caliban takes a malicious delight in contemplating how if he had not been prevented, he would have peopled the island with Calibans.

His traits are enumerated by Prospero. He is very lazy—he cannot be made to work except by fear of stripes. He would take no “print of goodness, being capable of all ill.” Prospero taught him language. And the best use that Caliban finds of it is to curse Prospero. Caliban is ill-natured and perverse; so all Prospero's best efforts for him are wasted. And here is Prospero's confession of failure :

“But thy vile, race  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good  
natures  
Could not abide to be with.”

For his perversity and laziness, Caliban is often tortured with cramp, “side-stitches,” etc., and hunted by spirits, and so on. If Caliban is a type of American Indian, as he is supposed to be by many critics, then we find that he has been reduced to slavery, and however Prospero may have good intentions towards him, Prospero cannot be justified in making a slave of Caliban. Caliban might very well exclaim :

“I must eat my dinner.  
This, island's mine, by Sycorax my mother  
Which thou takest from me.”

Prospero has robbed him of elementary human rights. The fact of Caliban being reduced to slavery, for which Prospero is responsible (on his own admission) cannot be justified.

**Q. 33. How is Ferdinand introduced? What is Miranda's first impression of him? What is Ferdinand's impression of Miranda and of Prospero?**

**Ans.** Ferdinand, son of Alonso, King of Naples, is separated from the rest of the survivors after the shipwreck. According to Prospero's command, Ariel landed Ferdinand by himself in an inn out of the way corner of the island.

As Ferdinand sits alone, mourning his father whom he supposes to be drowned, suddenly he hears strange music in the air. The music

by Ferdinand's distress. With her womanly instinct she sees at once that Ferdinand is not used to this thing. So she says :

"It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease : for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against." (III. i. 28-31).

Miranda's sympathy brings out true manhood in Ferdinand. It does not simply encourage him to confess his love ; it makes a man of him. If there is something of the lover's exaggeration in the sentiments he utters, yet they have the very breath of sincerity, passion and nobility :

"Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake.  
Am I this patient log man." (III. i. 63-67).

Miranda's love transforms him from his butterfly existence at his father's court into a serious-minded youth, who has now a purpose in life.

**Q. 43. Write an explanatory comment on Ferdinand's speech**  
—"There be some sports are painful, etc."

**Ans.** In this speech Ferdinand refers to the task of bearing logs. In itself the task is unpleasant—and humiliating : his nature revolts against it. But it points to "rich ends." Hence it is possible for him submit to this task. He has Miranda constantly in his mind while he works. Hence he seems to be detached from the task in which he engaged, and hardly aware of its unpleasantness. He is going through with it for the sake of Miranda. The very idea positively turns the task into a pleasure. Her sympathy in his hard task is a treasure to him :

"my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such  
baseness  
Had never like executor." (III. i. 11-13).

Her sympathy lifts him far above his task. The task is something outside his self ; it occupies the threshold of his consciousness. He is rather busy with the thought of Miranda :

"But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours :  
Most busy least, when I do it." (III. i. 14-15).

**Q. 44. "I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda."**  
—Mrs. Jameson. Discuss.

**Ans.** The scene is the log-bearing scene. Ferdinand is piling up the logs, but all the time he seems to be rapt up in the sweet thought of Miranda. As a matter of fact, the task seems to be performed almost mechanically—it hardly enters into his active consciousness. Believing that her father will be busy with his study, Miranda steals to him ; she is quite unaware that her father watches

them from a distance, unseen by them. After all it is a scene that delights a father's heart.

In its native simplicity the scene is an exquisite idyll. No convention of artificial life mars its harmony. In Miranda speaks the voice of womanhood, uncorrupted by 'society' and emerging into a consciousness of its natural craving and its rights to love and be loved. First, it is expressed in genuine and tender sympathy for Ferdinand in his hard task. Sympathy is a great solvent. It stirs the depths of Ferdinand's heart :

"Mir.

If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;

I'll carry it to the pile." (III. i. 23-25).

That has an exquisite touch. No woman, aware of the conventions of society, would have made an offer like that ! Her sympathy, so tenderly and candidly expressed, touches Ferdinand into grace and nobility. Ferdinand bred in society, forgets the artificial code of behaviour and society and speaks as elemental man speaks to elemental woman. Ferdinand keeps nothing back from her. He has met women in his life, and he has been fascinated by them for diverse gifts—but none like Miranda, "so perfect and peerless," "created of every creature's best."

That is a genuine tribute to Miranda's unspoilt womanhood—her simplicity, her innocence, her unsophisticated frankness etc. But the most remarkable part of the scene is Miranda's own behaviour in relation to love. She has no training from society. The conventions of society are often a safe guide in matters of love—at least they seem to protect lovers from any act of indiscretion. Now Miranda has but to trust her own instinct. To say the least, she behaves correctly in the most critical moment of her life. Perhaps she owes it to the absorptive nature of her father's training. We have, therefore, the most exquisite love-scene here, in which simplicity and innocence, instead of lapsing into unblushing forwardness, go with grace and dignity. An ordinary dramatist might have been exposed to two dangers in depicting this scene ; he might have either painted Miranda as a brazen hussy, who might have easily compromised herself with Ferdinand, or he might have painted her as a conventional girl of society, masking her physical desire in an appearance of innocence, keeping at a safe distance. Miranda herself seems to be surprised that ;

"And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows." (III. i. 80-81).

That is a woman again. After all what is the good of playing a game of hide-and-seek with herself ?

"Hence, bashful cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me." (III. i. 81-83).

That is the very language of innocence, unfettered by convention. Shakespeare's exquisite art gives the scene the best grace of poetry and sentiment.

The voice of the Spirits produces in Alonso the most exquisite torture. The punishment of Caliban and his associates is in a crude form—and is a mere appeal to physical fear, whereas the punishment of the King and his train is calculated to produce an exquisite terror—the terror of the body and the terror of the spirit. In fact, Alonso suffers more from the torture of the spirit—the most exquisite and refined torture, ever produced by a sense of crime.

**Q. 58. "How does my project gather to a head?"—Explain the dramatic significance of this speech of Prospero.**

**Ans.** On the one hand love between Ferdinand and Miranda has progressed according to Prospero's intention and expectation. Satisfied with the result of Ferdinand's test, Prospero formally betroths Miranda to Ferdinand and calls up the pageant in which Juno and Ceres bless the betrothal. This is one part of Prospero's project.

The second part of his project is concerned with his enemies—Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. In this matter Prospero needs Ariel's help more than in the other. First, the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso is defeated through the instrumentality of Ariel. Secondly, through the instrumentality again of Ariel and his fellow-spirits (in the banquet scene, Act IV) the sense of crime is brought home to Alonso; and Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian are all three thrown into a desperate mood. Thus while on the one hand love between Ferdinand and Miranda runs a smooth course, which is quite satisfactory to Prospero; on the other, all his enemies are brought under his power. In the meantime Caliban's conspiracy against his life has been foiled. He is triumphant over his enemies, and he is happy for the blossoming of love between Ferdinand and Miranda, which he had desired. He may well say, therefore, that his project now gathers to a head. The purpose of which he raised the tempest in the opening of the play is now fully accomplished. It now remains for him to confront his enemies and forgive them.

**Q. 59. Give the summary of Prospero's speech—"Ye elves of hills, etc."**

**Ans.** The speech is Prospero's farewell to the Spirits whom he has so long commanded. They are the tiny spirits of hills, rivers, lakes and groves: spirits that on the sands with the waves of the sea; fairies that dance in the ring in the moonlight. By their aid, though they are weak, when left to themselves, Prospero has been able to darken the midday sun, to call forth the tempestuous winds and lash the sea into fury, to split open the oak with lightning, to cause the solid promontory to shake, and to pluck up the pine and cedar by their roots. At his command graves have opened and released the dead to walk the earth. But now he renounces the magic. The last use that he makes of it is to produce some heavenly music to restore the sense of Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian. After this he promises to break his magic staff, and bury it deep in the earth whence it may not be recovered.



**Q. 60. Sketch the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation between Prospero and his enemies.**

**Ans.** As the effect of the banquet scene and the supernatural voice denouncing Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian, they seem to be overwrought and demented, Ariel (of course invisible) now brings them in. Alonso, Antonio and Sebastian make frantic movement. Alonso is attended by Gonzalo Sebastian and Antonio are attended by Adrian and Francisco. They enter the circle which Prospero has made. Prospero's magic makes solemn music which has a soothing effect upon their sense. Prospero first addresses Gonzalo and thanks him for having preserved his life. Then he addresses Alonso, Sebastian and lastly Antonio, and forgives them for their treachery to him in having expelled him and his daughter from Milan. He readily forgives their crime. The spell is worked off, and their reason and judgment, yet clouded, slowly begin to recover. None of them can as yet recognize him. Ariel then attires him in the ducal robe. Prospero then bids Ariel bring in the Master and the Boatswain. Prospero, the Duke of Milan, stands before them, and welcomes Alonso and his train. Alonso can hardly believe his eyes. It might be an illusion! However Alonso is glad to meet again Prospero, to whom he renders back his dukedom. Prospero embraces Gonzalo. He too is inclined to disbelieve his eyes. Prospero speaks aside to Sebastian and Antonio, giving them to understand that he is aware of their late conspiracy against Alonso. He forgives his own brother.

**Q. 61. What detachment from human interest does Ariel show at the supreme moral moment in the lives of the sinners?**

**Ans.** Ariel has nothing to do with the inner. All his activity is limited to obeying the orders of Prospero. First, he brings in Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, who are still under the effect of Prospero's charms, and whose reason and judgment seem to be of clouded. Prospero solemnly addresses them, dwelling on their sin. Ariel simply stands off. He does not seem to be at all interested in the sinners. He waits for further orders from Prospero. Prospero bids Ariel fetch his ducal robe, and promises to set him free immediately afterwards. His own freedom is the only thing that interests him; otherwise he stands aloof from the solemn drama of the sinners. As he helps to attire Prospero, he sings, "Where the bee sucks there suckel," etc. as seems to enjoy the prospect of his freedom in contemplation:

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

(V. i. 93-94).

**Q. 62. What is the significance of the game of chess?**

**Ans.** The game of chess is the final climax of the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation. Alonso is glad to meet Prospero again. He might have been happy—for he has totally repented his sin—but for the loss of his son (Ferdinand). The restoration of Ferdinand to

Alonso will complete the drama of forgiveness and reconciliation. How to effect this? The game of chess seems to be the neatest solution. Alonso bewails to Prospero the loss of his son. Prospero too (jestingly) alludes to the loss of his daughter (for he has lost his daughter to Ferdinand). On hearing of his loss Alonso wishes that they both (his son and Prospero's daughter) were living now and so they were the king and queen of Naples. Prospero welcomes them all to his cell. He promises to bring forth another wonder—the last wonder that he will ever accomplish. It is then that Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered into Alonso's view—and they are playing chess.

**Q. 63. How is the current of action turned to coincide with the love-story of the play?**

**Ans.** The two main elements in the action of the play are : (1) the love between Ferdinand and Miranda ; (2) the punishment of the crime of Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio. These two elements are kept apart from the beginning. After the shipwreck Ferdinand is landed by himself, and he is missing from the party of the King and his courtiers. Ferdinand meets Miranda, and he falls in love. Ferdinand has to submit to a test and satisfy Prospero before he sanctions their betrothal. In the meantime Prospero takes steps to punish the sinners. Ariel and his fellow spirits are employed for this purpose. They bring in a banquet, to which they invite the King and his train. Now as soon they sit down to the banquet, Ariel appears as a harpy, and the banquet disappears. Then a supernatural voice denounces the sinners. It is in the scene of forgiveness and reconciliation that two elements are brought together and united. The game of chess which Ferdinand and Miranda play in Prospero's cell has a dramatic significance. It is the culmination of the drama of forgiveness and reconciliation, and finally restores the balance and harmony of the play.

**Q. 64. What graceful compliment does Prospero make to the audience in the Epilogue?**

**Ans.** In the Epilogue, Prospero of course speaks as a dramatic character. His *role* is that of a magician. Consequently as a magician he needs the prayer of the audience to save his soul. As a matter of fact he submits to their kind consideration and sympathy, and begs to be released from their spell :

"But release me from my bands  
With the help of your good hands."

In these words Shakespeare craves the indulgence of the audience for his play. In other words, if the play has any merit or excellence, it is for the audience to appraise it.

**Q. 65. Discuss the evidence for and against recognizing the Epilogue as the work of Shakespeare.**

**Ans.** See Critical Note above.

## OBJECTIVE-TYPE QUESTIONS AND THEIR ANSWERS

1. **What is the title of the play ?**  
(A) The Tempest, (B) A Tempest, (c) Tempest.
2. **Who wrote the play ?**  
(A) Ben Jonson, (B) Marlowe, (c) Shakespeare.
3. **Who is the hero of the play ?**  
(A) Ferdinand, (B) Prospero, (c) Alonso.
4. **Who is the heroine of the play ?**  
(A) Miranda, (B) Claribel, (c) Ceres.
5. **Who is the monster in the play ?**  
(A) Ariel, (B) Caliban, (c) Gonzalo.
6. **What are the keynotes of the play ?**  
(A) Compassion, (B) Forgiveness and freedom, (c) Revenge.
7. **Who plans to murder Alonso ?**  
(A) Sebastian, (B) Antonio, (c) Both of them.
8. **Whom does Miranda marry ?**  
(A) Ariel, (B) Ferdinand, (c) The King of Naples.
9. **When was the *Tempest* written ?**  
(A) 1511, (B) 1611, (c) 1711.
10. **The *Tempest* is a—**  
(A) Romance, (B) Farce, (c) Tragic-Comedy.
11. **Who is the spirit of the air ?**  
(A) Ceres, (B) Juno, (c) Ariel.
12. **Who is the present Duke of Milan ?**  
(A) Prospero, (B) Antonio, (c) Gonzalo.
13. **Who is the King of Naples ?**  
(A) Sebastian, (B) Alonso, (c) Antonio.
14. **What is the chief quality of Prospero's characters ?**  
(A) Love, (B) Forgiveness, (c) Revenge.
15. **What is the main trait of Miranda's character ?**  
(A) Innocence, (B) Cleverness, (c) Love.
16. **Who is Prospero's slave in the play ?**  
(A) Ariel, (B) Caliban, (c) Ferdinand.
17. **Who originally conspired against Prospero ?**  
(A) Alonso, (B) Antonio and Sebastian, (c) All.
18. **Who first repents having done wrong to Prospero ?**  
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